This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

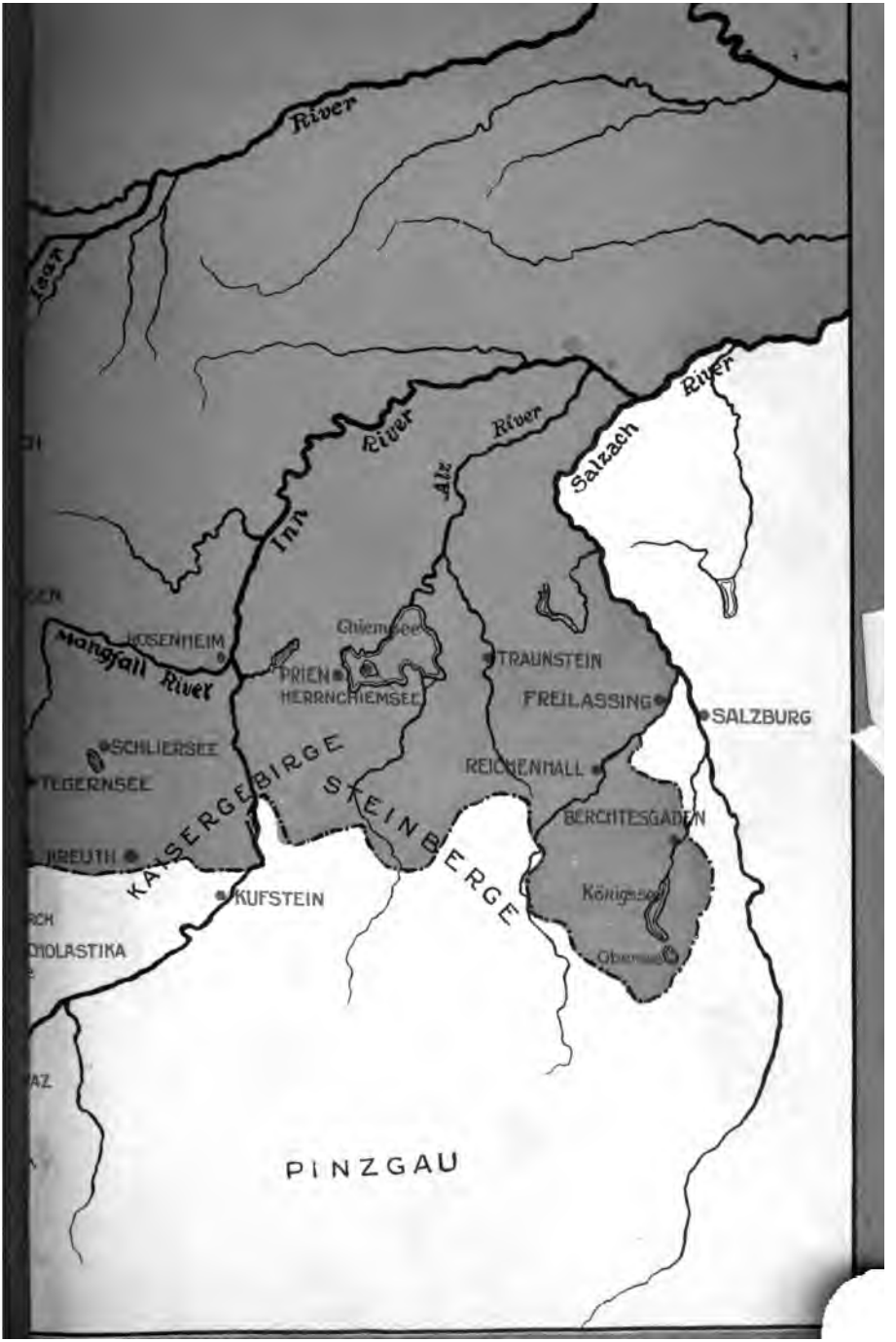
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

AMONG BAVARIAN INNS

FRANK ROY FRAPRIE

Ger
9799
06

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
THE BEQUEST OF
WILLIAM LAMBERT RICHARDSON
A.B. 1864, M.D. 1867
OF BOSTON


River
Isar
River
Inn
River
Alz
River
Salzach
Mangfall River
ROSENHEIM
Chiemsee
PRIEN
HERRNCHIEMSEE
TRAUNSTEIN
FREILASSING
SALZBURG
SCHLIERSEE
TEGERNSEE
KAISERGEBIRGE
STEINBERGE
REICHENHALL
BERCHTESGADEN
BREUTH
KUFSTEIN
Königsee
Obersee
SCHOLASTIKA
PINZGAU

Ibm

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG BAVARIAN INNS

UNIFORM VOLUMES

Little Pilgrimages Among English Inns

By Josephine Tozier

Little Pilgrimages Among French Inns

By Charles Gibson

Little Pilgrimages Among Bavarian Inns

By Frank Roy Fraprie

The Fair Land Tyrol

By W. D. McCrackan

Each, 1 vol., library 12mo, cloth, gilt top, profusely illustrated, $2.00

L. C. Page & Company
New England Building
Boston, Mass.

THE WALLS, ROTHENBURG.

PILGRIMAGES

Jacobian Inns

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

0

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES

Among Bavarian Inns

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS AND TO VARIOUS QUAINT INNS AND HOSTELRIES IN AND OUT OF THE ANCIENT TOWNS, TOGETHER WITH REMINISCENCES OF STUDENT AND ARTIST LIFE IN MUNICH

BY

Frank Roy Fraprie

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON

L. C. Page & Company

MDCCCCVI

Ger 9799.06

HARVARD COLLEGE
Feb 24, 1933
LIBRARY

Bequest of
Dr William L. Richardson

Copyright, 1906
BY L. C. PAGE & COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

All rights reserved

First Impression, November, 1906

COLONIAL PRESS
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, U. S. A.

W

TO

My Mother

AND THE MEMORY OF

My Father

PREFACE

In the following pages I have recorded some of the impressions I received during my residence in Bavaria, and have tried to convey if possible some idea of the beauty of the scenery and the pleasantness of life in this interesting part of Germany. While, of course, the characters introduced are not actual personages, they represent types familiar to every traveller abroad, and the events and customs described are truthfully depicted.

The people of Munich, more than those of any other city of Western Europe, love pleasure and "Gemüthlichkeit," an untranslatable expression signifying comfort, ease, and joy of living. Its great attractions in art and music, and the cheapness of living there, should make Munich, the Bavarian capital, a favourite city of residence for foreigners. It lies, however, out of the beaten track of European travel on the route over the Brenner Pass, the least popular of the

transalpine railways, at least among English-speaking tourists.

So, too, while the Bavarian highlands are annually visited by very many Germans and Scandinavians, their beauty is largely unrecognized by those of our tongue. Some knowledge of German is necessary for convenience in travelling in most parts of Bavaria, but whether or no equipped in this respect, the traveller will find scenery as beautiful as any in the Swiss Alps, a country where extortion from travellers is almost unknown, and a hospitable and kindly peasantry, who still retain in large measure the simplicity of life of their forefathers.

If this book shall interest any of its readers in this pleasant land, it will have served its purpose, and satisfied its author.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	My Introduction to Munich	1
II.	The Isarthal and the Starnbergersee	15
III.	The Bavarian Highlands — Füssen to Reutte	40
IV.	Reutte to Partenkirchen	60
V.	Oberammergau and Linderhof	83
VI.	Partenkirchen to Mittenwald	99
VII.	Mittenwald to Tegernsee	122
VIII.	Chiemsee to Königssee	151
IX.	Munich — Auer Dult and Oktoberfest	172
X.	The Approach of Winter	193
XI.	Sylvester and Carnival	212
XII.	A Fishing Trip on the Dachauer Moos	249
XIII.	Augsburg	264
XIV.	Nuremberg	283
XV.	Rothenburg on the Tauber	300
	Index	329

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Walls, Rothenburg (*see page* 310)	*Frontispiece*
The Old Academy and the Cathedral, Munich	3
Munich from the Isar	16
Peasant Houses	22
A Road in the Isarthal	28
Starnberg	34
Füssen	43
The Spitalkapelle, Füssen	45
Castle Neuschwanstein	52
Garmisch	66
The Partnachklamm	72
The Monastery of Ettal	85
Oberammergau	88
The Zugspitze from Partenkirchen	102
Mittenwald	106
The Walchensee	116
Innsbruck, the Hofkirche	130
Egern on the Tegernsee	150
Berchtesgaden	166
The Königssee from the Kesselalpe	168
The Obersee	170
The University, Munich	172
Leopoldstrasse with the University, Munich	175
The Bavaria Statue	189
The Mariensäule (Column of the Virgin), Munich	237
The Hoftheater, Munich	243

List of Illustrations

PAGE

Reeds at Olching 257
Phillipine Welser and Her Home in Augsburg . 274
Augsburg. — Carolinenstrasse. Hotel Three Moors and the Fuggerhaus. The Golden Hall 282
Nuremberg, the Castle from the North . . 288
Nuremberg from the Castle 296
Rothenburg. — The Potter's Shop. An Old Courtyard. The Kobeltzellerthor 300

Little Pilgrimages Among Bavarian Inns

CHAPTER I

MY INTRODUCTION TO MUNICH

IT was eight o'clock on an August morning when I reached Munich after an all-night ride from Dresden in a second-class carriage. I had hoped to be able to sleep, but my compartment sheltered three very wide-awake Germans, who played cards almost all night and disputed loudly and long over each hand. As my acquaintance with spoken German was only six weeks old, I did not get much benefit from their conversation, and I was much relieved when they departed at Bamberg, and gave me a chance to turn down the light and stretch out on a seat for a couple of hours' sleep. The rising sun had forced me to a contemplation of the

landscape, which, however, I was too sleepy to enjoy.

After depositing my belongings in the cloak-room and purchasing a map of Munich, I found an empty table in the restaurant and ordered some strong coffee. The waiter brought with it a large basket full of rolls and another of small, flaky cakes, which he set on the table, apparently for the morning's supply. The cakes seemed to go very well with the coffee, and as I had had nothing to eat since half-past five the day before, I took one after another until the basket was empty. Then I called the waiter and pointed to the empty receptacle with a request for more. He replied there were no more. I showed him some on another table, but he said they were not his, and that I had eaten his morning supply, twenty-four. So I was obliged to take an ordinary roll with my second cup of coffee, while he discoursed in the corner with another waiter, probably on the enormous and ill-regulated appetites of foreigners.

Meanwhile I had studied my map and found that my immediate destination was very near the station. The professor under whom I was to study for the next year had

his headquarters in the Old Academy, and he had written me that I would find him there between nine and ten in the morning. So I went out of the station, across the Karlsplatz, and through the picturesque embattled Karlsthor, and soon found the Old Academy. This is an old college of the Jesuits, and now contains many valuable scientific collections, and the lecture-rooms and laboratories of certain departments of the university.

The janitor showed me to my professor's anteroom, and he appeared at once on receipt of my card. I asked him if he spoke English, as I could not converse in German. He told me he could, but that I was now in Germany and he gave instruction in German, so I must understand it, and the sooner I began to talk it the better. Then he began in German, and I never heard him utter another word in English, unless we happened to be using an English book or magazine, when he would sometimes ask me to give a precise translation of some complicated phrase.

He informed me that lectures would begin in six weeks, that he was going on four weeks' vacation meanwhile, and that I was

free of the laboratory and collections, and could work as much as I pleased on some simple problems which he laid out. He thought, though, that I had better spend most of my time learning German, so that I could profitably hear lectures when the term opened. Finding that I had no place of abode, he summoned an assistant, bade him find me a room, and departed.

The assistant was anxious to air his English, so we got along famously. He assured me that I wanted a room in the immediate neighbourhood, so we plunged into a maze of crooked streets and read advertisements of rooms to let pasted on water-pipes and outer doors. After traversing practically every street in the real heart of Munich, inside the old walls, I took the very first room we had inspected, in the Hofstatt, a curious blind alley which afterward turned out to be not blind at all, having a very complicated exit through a maze of factory yards, where one who did not know the ropes soon got hopelessly lost.

After helping me to make a bargain with the landlady, the assistant decided he was hungry, and, informing me that I would find him at the laboratory at two, disappeared.

I made my way to Neuhauserstrasse again, and walked up and down, inspecting the restaurants from the outside. I finally ventured into the Domhof, probably because its windows were entirely removed, and I could see people eating inside. When I got seated and inspected the bill of fare, I decided I had made a mistake. The menu was written in German script, which to this day I cannot decipher readily. After much study, however, I managed to unravel the first item after soups as "gebratenes Huhn," which I knew to be chicken, though I had not the faintest idea how it was cooked.

I pointed to it, however, when a little girl in a white apron approached me. She did not take much notice, saying something about the "Cassierin," but remarked "Hell oder dunkel?" This mystified me, and she varied her question to "Was wollen Sie trinken?" The idea of a beverage seemed tolerably well expressed, even to one ignorant of German, so I timidly ventured on "Wasser." "A Springel?" was her response; "Arienheller oder Giesshübler?" Not knowing that these were bottled waters, I demanded Apollinaris, which is much more expensive and turned out to be very flat.

The "Cassierin," the title by which Munich waitresses in the restaurants must be called, as they feel insulted if termed "Kellnerin," now appeared and took my order, expressed by pointing, and I was soon gratified with half of a fine roast chicken. I finished it and paid the waitress by the simple process of giving her ten marks and letting her take what she pleased. Then I gave her a liberal tip, and was rewarded with a pleasant "Mahlzeit. Kommen Sie wieder," as I went out.

I did go again, that evening, it then being Monday, and twice the next day, and twice each day that week until Saturday. I knew that waitress and that restaurant, and I knew that they had roast chicken. I did not know anything else on the bill of fare, and I could not read German script, so I ate twelve meals composed of one-half a roast chicken and one bottle of Apollinaris, with rolls *ad libitum,* at three pfennigs apiece. Each time that I gave the order, the waitress's smile grew broader, and smiles appeared on the faces of the other waitresses and the regular guests, who soon got to know me and my order.

Saturday noon I was determined to have

something else to eat, for I was beginning to loathe chicken. I sat down, waved away the bottle of Apollinaris which came without being asked for, and began to struggle with the bill of fare. I spelled out letter by letter the various items. "Nierenbraten," "Pöckelbrust," "Kaiserbraten," "Forelle blau," and the rest conveyed no significance to me then, though later they were staples of my daily diet, but near the end I found a combination of hieroglyphics which unfolded itself as "Roastbeef englisch."

The waitress by this time was behind a post, with her apron stuffed in her mouth, and several of her regular customers were shaking with suppressed laughter. I called her out and bravely enunciated "Roastbeef englisch," and she hastened away to the buffet, where she gave her order amid gales of merriment.

I now called the water-girl, who was quite friendly because of her various small tips, the more grateful because, as a rule, nobody tipped her, and ordered "ein Glas Wasser." It came, about two swallows in a very small tumbler, because people are not supposed to drink water in Munich. In fact, water is often charged for in the restaurants

there. Then my roast beef came, and I was delivered from the tyranny of roast chicken.

The proprietor must have heard of my chickens, for he came by, and, instead of merely bowing, as usual, addressed me in English and soon found out my difficulties. He explained to me what a number of dishes were, and at my suggestion had his bill of fare written in Roman script instead of German thereafter, although he told me very few foreigners ate in his restaurant.

Meanwhile I had spent my days in the laboratory, and my evenings in my room studying German. One of my fellow students was an Englishman named Stephens from Lancashire. He was an Oxford man, and was imbued with a spirit of research which had led him to specialize at Munich in a direction impossible to him in England. Frugal-minded also, he had discovered that a year at Munich cost but two-thirds as much as one at Oxford, and would count equally toward his degree. His pension was far out in Schwabing, so one evening he took supper with me at the Domhof, and then proposed a game of billiards. As the tables there were all in use, we went forth in search of others, and he led me

through a maze of quiet streets and arched passages until we arrived at the back entrance of the Café Luitpold. Entering the billiard-room, we found no difficulty in getting a table, and soon the ivory spheres were clicking musically under his skilful touch. I was a comparative novice at the game, so that I had plenty of leisure to look about. After studying the handsome decorations of the room, especially the painted lunettes symbolizing the various arts and crafts, I directed my attention to my neighbours.

I soon discovered that the players at the next table spoke English, and, as the narrow spaces between the tables brought us frequently into physical contact, the ice was soon broken, and we made their acquaintance. One proved to be a painter from New York, named Newman, and the other, Philip Stewart, hailed from Edinburgh. Our games were concluded at about the same time, and they proposed that we adjourn to the main hall.

Here we took seats at a corner table which bore a device consisting of a large nickel-plated monogram on a marble base. Phil, as we soon were calling Stewart, explained that this was the symbol of the

International Sport Club of Munich, a society which contained members from about thirty different countries, who spoke fourteen different languages. It was under the patronage of one of the royal princes, and maintained teams which played tennis, bicycle polo, hockey, and association football. It possessed, like many student organizations, a right of preëmption to its special table, as evidenced by the symbol, and no matter how crowded the café might be, no outsider would venture to sit there, even were the table unoccupied. If he did, an irate waitress would inform him that the table was "besetzt," and he would perforce take his departure, as nothing would be served him there.

Phil called our attention to a neighbouring table which was also empty because decorated with a fine silver statuette of a knight in armour bearing an embroidered silken banner. Above the table were neatly hung a dozen flat-topped red caps, such as, in different colours, we had seen many students wearing. This table belonged to a corps of students, who kept their caps there and spent their spare time there also, even going so far as to have their letters ad-

dressed to the restaurant, as was evidenced by a letter-rack which hung below the caps, and on which several missives were displayed. In short, the restaurant served as a club-room, always lighted and heated free of cost for the members, who were only asked in return to buy what meals and beverages they needed at the times when they found it convenient to be there.

We asked Phil what would happen if a stranger should appropriate one of the caps, something which would surely happen in an American college town. This question had to be referred to the waitress, who could not say, because no one had ever been known to do such a thing. We pressed the question, however, and she conferred with some students at another table, and then announced that if the stranger were "satisfaktionsfähig," that is, of a standing in society which would allow him to be challenged, an officer, a university man, or a noble, the corps would challenge him to a duel with broadswords, according to the student code; otherwise it would abandon a café whose proprietor would allow it to be insulted by one against whom it could not proceed in a gentlemanly manner.

Meanwhile members of the Sport Club had been dropping in, and we were introduced to several. The assembly grew so large that it overflowed to the next table, and general jollity ensued. Everybody talked to his neighbour in the language he knew best, and no one could pretend to keep track of a conversation which, while mainly in German, had offshoots in Hungarian, Greek, Russian, and even Japanese. Needless to say this was before the recent war.

The Americans, Englishmen, and Swedes, to the number of about a dozen, gradually collected about the extra table, and this later became the general custom, so that a few weeks afterward a new emblem appeared on it, a trophy of small silk flags, to which every one who could speak English was entitled to add the flag of his nation. The Stars and Stripes were at the top, and during the winter almost every American who came to Munich drifted to this table and there found congenial company. At its zenith this table numbered thirty associates, and seemed destined to be a permanent institution of Munich, but two years later, when I revisited the café, it had dwindled to three faithful souls, an American, an Englishman, and

a Greek. They had taught their waitress English, and welcomed to their group English-speaking travellers, but mournfully declared that the good days had departed, and that few kindred souls came to join them. The International Sport Club still survived, but had removed its headquarters to another restaurant and had practically no English-speaking members.

At the time when I made its acquaintance, however, the English influence was very strong, and the principal sport of the club was "soccer," or association football. In this sport, although the members would not come out for regular practice, so that team play was impossible, the club was very strong. The team had beaten all comers for a year, and wound up shortly after my arrival by administering two rousing defeats to All-Bavaria, after which the players dubbed themselves champions of Germany. This came to the ears of the Vienna Football Club, and a challenge was the result. This time the players realized that an international match meant work, and they practised hard for a week. Full of confidence they went down to Vienna, and the rest of the club assembled that evening at the "Stamm-

tisch," or club-table, to celebrate the victory. But when the president appeared with the telegram and read briefly, "Wien, 2; München, 0," the champagne remained unopened and the table soon emptied. That was the last football match. Poker and skat were much easier to play and offered the chance of substantial rewards, and the club settled down to them for the winter.

CHAPTER II

THE ISARTHAL AND THE STARNBERGERSEE

THE professor soon went into the mountains for his vacation, and Stephens and I were left alone in the laboratory. While we could work there as much as we pleased, we found that the "diener," or caretaker, was always delighted when we announced that we would be absent for an afternoon or a whole day. The weather was really too fine for work, and we made numerous excursions. We first explored the city itself, visited the museums and galleries, and exhausted the "Sehenswürdigkeiten" down to the parks. The most notable of these is the English Garden, laid out by Count Rumford, whose statue stands in the Maximilianstrasse. This celebrated man was named Benjamin Thompson, and was born in 1753 in Woburn, Mass., although he later removed to Concord, New Hampshire, then known by the name of Rumford. His pro-

clivities being royalist, he found it necessary to flee to England during the War of Independence, his proffered services being refused by the patriots. He ultimately drifted to Munich, where his varied talents found ample scope in the service of the Bavarian ruler. He did a little of everything, from laying out parks and planning buildings to running the royal gun-foundry, where he performed experiments on heat which had their share in the overturn of the phlogiston theory.

The English Garden is a large and diversified park, partly laid out in beautiful meadows and plantations, and partly in a perfectly wild state. It contains numerous watercourses, and a fine lake on which skating in winter and boating in summer form two of the staple amusements of the Munich populace. Places of refreshment are not lacking, and the Monopteros, a beautiful Greek round temple on a high mound, enjoys a fine prospect, embracing the towers of the city.

Leaving the English Garden on the left, we occasionally followed the Prinz Regentenstrasse past the new Bavarian National Museum and across the Isar to the Peace

Monument, from the terraces about which we got a beautiful view of the city and enjoyed many fine sunsets. North and south stretches the beautiful Maximiliansanlage with shady walks and fine gardening. One way leads to and past the suburb of Bogenhausen, and the other passes by the Maximilianeum, a school for the royal pages, and a conspicuous object from the city by reason of its elevated situation. The park follows the Isar to the south beyond this as far as the Volksbad, one of the most magnificent bathing establishments in Europe, presented by a wealthy citizen to the city, and furnishing all kinds of baths at extremely low prices.

On a fine Saturday afternoon we took the tram-car to the Isarthalbahnhof, situated at the extreme south of the city. There we found an enormous crowd, bound as we were for some one of the attractive resorts of the Isar valley. Finding places in the train with some difficulty, we were soon on the way, and after a short ride alighted at Grosshesselohe, accompanied by hundreds of our fellow passengers.

There was no doubt as to the road to follow. One had only to go with the crowd.

At the end of ten minutes' walk we reached the well-loved restaurant and garden, and a most animated spectacle presented itself to our eyes. Not only was every table and seat in the house, on the verandas, and in the garden occupied, but the overflow covered every available spot in the neighbourhood. Every tree sheltered its collection of merry people, who ate what they had brought with them in baskets, and, as there were nowhere near enough waitresses to serve the multitude, brought their own beer from the tap, and thus saved a tip. Of beer and mugs there were plenty; they are the only articles of which there is always a sufficiency in Munich. This is a necessity, for beer is one of the staples of life to the true Münchener.

Beer, that is, Munich beer, is one of the prides of the city. The citizen proudly calls his native town the "Bier- und Kunststadt," that is, the city of beer and art; and at the present time, when the Berliner claims that the art of Germany now centres in Berlin, the Münchener beams with delight as he proves that Berlin can never equal his beer. In this he is right; Munich beer consists of nothing but malt, hops, and Munich

water, and it is to the last that it owes its supremacy over all beers of the world. It is brewed under the strictest supervision, and the penalties for adulteration or poor quality are enormous.

To the people of Munich it serves as a food. The percentage of alcohol is low, and the food value is high, but, for all that, the Germans are beginning to realize that the excessive use of beer is dangerous to their national prosperity. The German papers, in discussing the reason for the failure of the German athletes to make a good showing at the Olympic games in 1906, printed much expert medical testimony to the effect that beer affected the heart very unfavourably, and rendered the muscles flabby. Be that as it may, the poorer people of Munich will go without bread before beer, and there is no man so poor as not to be able to drink it at least once a day.

The children are given a taste of beer before they are weaned, and it is not at all uncommon to see infants of two or three sitting at a table in a beer-garden with their parents, gravely sipping from their own little mug.

With all the beer that is drunk in Munich,

intoxication is extremely rare. Only when the strong beers are on tap in the spring is a drunken man likely to be seen in the street, and the amount of this beer that can be brewed and sold is under close restriction.

The German drinks beer sitting, and slowly. The beer is good, he likes it, and he wishes to enjoy it to the utmost. To quench his thirst, he may drink half of his first pint at one pull, and the rest inside of ten minutes. For succeeding pints he takes half an hour, and, if especially frugal, he may make two or three last him a whole evening. On the other hand, there is almost no limit to the number a practised drinker may put down in the course of a sitting without showing the slightest effect. The man who can drink twenty quarts in an afternoon and evening is not uncommon.

The students in their "Kneipes," the drinking evenings of the various clubs, use the beer in quite different fashion. They are not satisfied with drinking the beer in the ordinary way out of mugs, and also out of great club beakers which circulate from man to man, but must drink "beer-duels," as they are called. For this purpose, two mugs are carefully filled by judges chosen

for the purpose. These take care that the mugs are each full exactly to the mark, and that the amount of foam is equal. The two contestants then face each other, and at the word of command lift the mugs, place them to their lips and pour. I say pour advisedly, for there is no time to drink beer in a duel. The only chance of success is in being able to open the throat all the way down to the stomach, and literally pour the beer into the funnel thus produced. When the last drop is down, the contestants have to pronounce some word previously agreed upon, usually a difficult combination of vowels and consonants, and the man who gags or speaks before the beer is all down is eternally disgraced. Such sports usually take place in the winter evenings, however, and are seldom seen at a summer garden like Grosshesselohe.

The restaurant is situated on the very edge of the steep bank of the Isar, which flows far below in the bed which it has cut for itself through the plain. It has been a favourite resort for the people of Munich for centuries, and every Sunday and holiday, when the weather is fair, one sees the same multitude here that we found. We enjoyed ourselves

for awhile in the garden, and then set out on foot up the valley. The first village beyond Grosshesselohe is Pullach, and here, as it was the eve of Sunday, we happened to find the sexton cleaning the church and the door open. As we were curious to see the interior of a village church, we entered, and were agreeably surprised to find a Gothic interior dating back to the fifteenth century. The altar decorations were all old Gothic, and two paintings dated back to 1492, as the sexton proudly told us. The stained glass windows were modern, but very good, and, on the whole, we found the church well worth visiting. We told the sexton so, and it seemed to give him even more pleasure than the mark which we also bestowed upon him, although this made his eyes gleam with joy.

Clambering down the steep banks of the river a little above Pullach, we found a wire-rope ferry across the river. The boat was on the other side, but a call brought out a small boy, who clambered into a clumsy boat, and soon landed it on our side of the river. We got in and were quickly carried across. The manner of operation was new to us. A stout wire fastened to the mast of the boat had

on its end a ring which slid on the steel wire stretched across the river sufficiently high to clear the rafts which bring timber down the Isar. After the boatman had pushed off from the bank, his whole labour was to steer the boat so that the rapid current impinged slantingly on one side of the boat. This furnished the motive power which propelled us across the river, the ring sliding along the wire as we progressed.

The ferryman was only sixteen years old, as he informed us, and lived alone, winter and summer, in a little one-roomed hut in this lonely place on the bank of the river. Here he was at the call of a traveller at any hour of the day or night, and for his services was allowed to charge five pfennigs per passenger in the daytime and ten at night. Yet he seemed contented with his lot and had no complaint to make except that he had once or twice been robbed of a part of his earnings by wayfaring rascals.

We turned to the south and followed the course of the stream. Stephens began to study with interest the steep banks, which consisted of gravel infiltrated and cemented with lime and silica in such a way as to make an almost impermeable mass, although of

very recent geological origin. We found some very beautiful crystals, and when we had finished our geological studies, our pockets were several pounds heavier than when we started. Then we travelled up the steep slopes, through a lovely beech wood and across green pastures until we saw ahead of us the two towers of Castle Grünwald, our objective point.

When we came out on the level plateau before the castle it was nearly sunset. We hastened to get a photograph or two of the picturesque old structure before it should be too dark, and then adjourned to the neighbouring inn, the Schlosswirt. We penetrated into the common room and ordered some refreshments, while we discussed what we should do next. We had planned to see considerably more of the valley this afternoon, and then return to Munich for the night, but we had spent so much time in geologizing and botanizing that our plans had miscarried.

We decided that we would stay overnight, and, on inquiry as to a room, were assigned a beautiful corner chamber with two small beds literally smothered in feather beds, despite the hot weather. A remonstrance to

the chambermaid secured the removal of these and the substitution of two minute coverlets which about half-covered the beds. We viewed these with much more satisfaction, but a cold wind dropped down from the mountains after sundown, and before morning we were heartily sorry that we had spoken.

After inspecting our room and making what improvements in our personal appearance were possible on no luggage at all, we returned to the guest-room for supper. It was now well crowded with the peasants from the neighbouring hamlet, and an old man who sat at our table proved very garrulous. I did not get much benefit from his conversation, owing to his atrocious dialect, but Stephens seemed to get along very well. He explained that the dialect seemed to bear about the same relation to good German that the speech of Lancashire, his home county, did to English. I was rather skeptical as to this explanation, but had to accept it for lack of a better.

About eight o'clock in the evening, much to our surprise, who should walk into the room but the rector of the American church in Munich. He was equally surprised to see

us, but, after we had told why we were there, he explained that he rented rooms for the summer in the castle, which he invited us to visit then and there. So we adjourned to his study. He apologized that he could not invite us by daylight the next day, but he was obliged to take an early train to Munich to hold service.

This castle was an old hunting seat of the dukes of Bavaria, and is known to have belonged in 1294 to the Duchess Mechildis, daughter of the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg, and mother of the Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria. How much older it is is not definitely known, but tradition has it that some of the walls are remnants of a Roman fort. Whether this is the case or not, there are within half an hour's walk the undisputed remains of another Roman castle, and still others in the immediate vicinity. The great Roman road from Salzburg to Augsburg crossed the Isar just above here, and the forts served for its protection.

The Duke Albrecht IV. put Grünwald in a good defensive state in 1487, but when the court hunts were later diverted to the newer pleasure castles, the place was neglected, and became a prison for important

political criminals, fully equipped with dungeons and torture-chamber. In 1602 it was still further degraded to a powder-magazine, in which state it remained for more than two centuries and a half. It is now in private possession, but must be preserved in its original condition.

After an early breakfast in the inn, we sallied forth on a further trip up the valley. The rector met us just as we started and walked along with us on his way to the ferry, by which he was to cross the river. We were admiring the beauty of the landscape, and Stephens was moved to remark that it would be an ideal spot for a landscape painter. The rector agreed with him. "In fact," he said, "one of the greatest of landscape painters lived here for awhile, and made many studies of the scenery in the vicinity. That was the great master Claude Lorrain. He was here before his career had well begun, but nevertheless he greatly admired the beauty of the spot, and it undoubtedly had a great influence on his later style."

Then he took us back into the midst of prehistoric time by pointing out in the valley the site where, stretching from east to west,

a row of early Germanic grave-mounds were found. We soon reached the shore of the river, where our ways parted, the rector heading for the ferry, while we were bound for the Roman road. This we discovered not far up the river in the shape of a lane called the Hohlgasse. Where it reached the riverside, a little bridge led out to a great rock mass in the river, crowned with a flag. This is the Rock of St. George, a mighty stone twenty feet high, thirty feet long, and ten feet thick. What its origin is, is not clear, but legend calls it a pier of the bridge by which the Romans spanned the river. If so, they found it here, brought by some mighty flood, for not even the Roman engineers could have moved that massive block.

We climbed the hill to view the scanty remains of the Roman fort, a sight which afforded no particular satisfaction to the eye and required a great deal of the imagination, and then looked across the valley to the Hotel Conradshöhe, its piazzas and gardens already well filled with guests. As we should have to go back a couple of miles to get across the river at the ferry to Höllriegelskreuth, we concluded to push on. So we took the path to the Isar bridge at Schäft-

larn. We found on the way consolation for the fleshpots of Conradshöhe, for at Mühlthal there is in the lower mill a little inn with a finely panelled Renaissance room, and a little farther on the Fishers' Inn in a most charming situation. So on the whole we got to Schäftlarn in good marching order.

Here is one of the great monasteries which formerly so abounded in Southern Bavaria, to the number of more than twenty, that the district was termed the Pfaffenwinkel, or Priests' Corner. It was founded in 762, and, although several times destroyed by fire, enjoyed a prosperous career until it was secularized in 1803. King Ludwig I. bought the building and gave it to the Benedictine order, which now maintains a school there. The monks also conduct a brewery which enjoys much more than a local reputation.

After visiting the monastery church, we had a chance to test the fine brew produced by the lay brothers. Then we climbed up to the station and got a train to Wolfratshausen, deciding that the five miles was more easily accomplished in this way than on foot. Wolfratshausen is finely situated on a high hillside at the confluence of the Loisach and the Isar, and enjoys a beautiful

view of the Alps, from the Wendelstein to the Zugspitze. Unfortunately they did not deign to show themselves to us very clearly, which pleased us as being a portent of fine weather, but was unwelcome as far as the view was concerned.

The town offered a large choice of hotels and inns of all types, and we selected the humble Naziwirt, with its beautiful viewpoint, called the Nazihöhe, rather than one of the more pretentious hostelries. Here we enjoyed a good meal, and soon found ourselves ready for the next stage of our tramp. The host told us we should visit the church of Nantwein, a little outside the town. Here Nantwein, a pilgrim from Rome, well furnished with money, was falsely accused of a heinous crime by an unjust and covetous judge, and executed on a gridiron like St. Lawrence, who is with him joint patron of the church. The bones of the martyr worked miracles, having especial power to cure blindness, and the church was a great place of pilgrimage until the skull was removed to London, since when the saint has performed no cures. We decided to omit the visit, and started west, bound for the Starnbergersee, which we reached at Leoni after a couple

of hours' brisk walking, mostly through woods.

The Starnbergersee, formerly called the Würmsee, because the Würm is its outlet, is the most frequented of the Bavarian lakes, and inferior only to the Chiemsee in size. It possesses a most entrancing situation, far enough away from the mountains to make of them a most majestic background, without being overpowered by them, and so changeable in its moods and lights that one scarcely sees it twice the same in a summer. The water is of a beautiful light green in clear weather, much lighter than many of the Alpine lakes, but every change of weather gives it new colour. With the changes of air and light, of cloud and mist, it passes through every possible tone of green; in wind and storm it becomes a sombre gray, in early spring it is silvery, on a cool autumn afternoon golden, in the moonlight a sheet of molten silver, but most majestic of all when the thunder-storm rides the mountain squalls and the whitecaps grow thicker and thicker on the ever darkening surface, until the whole scene is suddenly blotted from view by the gray sheets of rain.

On a clear summer afternoon, when a

storm is on the way, when the water "runs," as the local saying is, that is, the little waves chase each other in a mad dance up to the banks, when the mountains drop their veil of mystery and come nearer and nearer, until they seem just at the head of the lake, and every glacier and furrow is as clear as if etched on steel, the spectator can see one of the fairest landscapes of earth. Seen from Starnberg, the foreground is the shining lake, with its stately steamers and innumerable sailboats and canoes; farther away stretch the beautiful outlines of the wooded hills, covered with villas, while in the blue distance the Alps, like a half-revealed Eden, ever nearer, ever clearer, soar on high; in the centre, straight away over the green plains and hills, are the mountains beneath which the Kochelsee lies hidden, the Jocheralm and the Herzogstand; behind these are the gigantic limestone steeps of the Karwendelgebirge; away to the east the chain of the Benediktenwand, with its massive precipices and sharp-cut outlines, fades into still more distant peaks; to the west masses itself the Wetterstein, rising ever wilder and wilder, to ascend at last to the magnificent Zugspitze, an empty throne, waiting for its ruler from

on high, at the feet of which the Algauer Mountains, and, farther on, the Swiss, stretch away and vanish in the far distance. It was such a scene, surveyed from Feldafing, which so affected Julius Braun, the Egyptologist, returned from travels over almost the whole earth, that he exclaimed: "There is only one spot in the whole world which can compare with this in lofty, various, and yet ever unalterable beauty, and that spot is the Golden Horn at Constantinople."

We reached the lake at Leoni, from which a cable railway runs up the steep hill to Rottmanshöhe, nearly three hundred feet above the level of the lake, and enjoying a wide view of the mountains and the lake. Here are a comfortable hotel and a tower erected as a memorial to Bismarck.

We wandered along slowly from Leoni to Castle Berg in the afternoon sunlight, admiring the beautiful park, through which we often caught bewitching glimpses of the turrets of the castle, more attractive at a distance than on a nearer view. It is less than three centuries old and often rebuilt, and has been a favourite residence of the Bavarian kings, especially of Ludwig II., who met his death in the park. As there

were no witnesses of this tragic affair, it is not definitely known how it occurred. The king went to walk in the park attended by Doctor Gudden, and an hour or two later the bodies of both were found in the lake. From the marks of struggle, it would seem that the king started to throw himself into the lake, but was seized by the doctor. In a frenzy he struck down the doctor, who was a powerful man, held him under water until he drowned, and then walked or crept some distance farther into the lake and was himself drowned. A memorial chapel now marks the spot.

From Berg we took the steamer and made the entire round of the lake, returning to Starnberg for the night. Of course we did not in this trip visit all the towns of the lake, but at various times we became familiar with them all, and learned of the beauties which I am setting forth.

Starnberg, at the foot of the lake, is the largest town, and has been for centuries a favourite resort of the people and court of the capital. On the hill sits the old castle, but its glories are long passed away. It was built in the sixteenth century, but its most glorious scenes began in the late seventeenth

under the auspices of the pleasure-loving Duchess Adelaide of Savoy. In 1662 there was launched on the lake the *Bucintoro,* a colossal pleasure frigate built in imitation of that on which the Doge of Venice was yearly wont to perform the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic. It had three decks, one for the crew of one hundred and ten, one for the court, and one for the music. It was gorgeously decorated inside and out with statues, paintings, and wonderful carvings of mythological deities, and carried sixteen cannon. In this sumptuous vessel the court made its excursions on the lake, starting from a summer-house erected at the foot of the garden, which also served as a place for many costly entertainments. The glory of these structures was short-lived. Less than a century later, the *Bucintoro,* long unseaworthy, was broken up, and three years after the summer-house was pulled down and its stones used for a church.

On the west bank lies Possenhofen, dominated by the castle of the same name, birthplace of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Queen Marie of the Two Sicilies, daughters of the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. Just beyond is the beautiful village

of Feldafing, enjoying the loveliest view of water and mountains of any place on the lake.

Near Possenhofen lies the Roseninsel, the only island in the lake, private property of the kings of Bavaria. It contains a small villa built by King Maximilian in 1853, surrounded by gardens in which he planted more than fifteen thousand roses of all kinds. He had planned to replace the Pompeiian villa by a lordly castle, but died before it was commenced. The remains of prehistoric dwellings were discovered in the waters around the island in 1864, and may still be seen at various places at a depth of from six to eighteen feet as round black stumps of poles.

Not quite so ancient as the lake dwellings, which antedate history, but still dating back to at least the eighth century, is Castle Garatshausen, south of Possenhofen. It was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War, but rebuilt on the same plans, and presents a romantic appearance with its turrets emerging from the trees of its park.

The next town on the lake is Tutzing, an important place and a favourite summer resort. It has the usual amusements of the

lake places, swimming baths, rowing, walking, and driving, but offers nothing of unusual interest to the casual visitor. Among the many villas, one is still pointed out as having been the home of George Ebers, the Egyptologist and novelist. Like almost every place on the lake, it possesses a castle with beautiful gardens, which may sometimes be seen on making a request of the owner.

Bernried, also with its castle, with grounds open for inspection, is much visited by landscape painters because of its beautiful and ancient beeches and oaks, which, with pleasing vistas of green turf and many small lakes and watercourses, make its environs a succession of artistic motives.

From Bernried it is but a short sail to Seeshaupt, the head of the lake, a small village of little importance. Thence returning, we skirted the easterly edge of the lake, which is far inferior in beauty and importance to the west side. We enjoyed a wonderful sunset on our way back to Starnberg, and got to our inn after dark, ready, after our long day, to sleep soundly.

The lake had made a deep impression on me, and my dreams were all of its wonderful

history. They carried me back to the times when the Celtic inhabitants lived for security in their pile-dwellings, where now the Roseninsel stands. Then I saw the later Germanic times, when the island, made of soil brought from afar, became a holy burial-place, three times raised to a new level and repeopled with new dead, and when a heathen temple stood there and its altars gleamed with sacrificial fires. I dreamed of Garatshausen with a stream of chivalrous champions galloping down from its gates, clad in gleaming steel for war, shield on arm and gay pennons fluttering above plumed helm, and the no less gorgeous but more peaceful hunting train emerging from the same gates, gay with palfreys and ladies fair, with winding bugle and cheerful laughter in the bright morn.

Then came a more sombre picture of the convent church of Bernried, with the choral song of the monks sounding across the silent waters, or a line of black-cowled brethren slowly moving along under the green shadow of the beech-trees, whose trunks, for size, age, and beauty, can hardly be matched in the world.

Last and most brilliant, before I lapsed

into oblivion, came the imaged picture of those evening pageants when the Bavarian Electors, imitating the pomp of Versailles, embarked on the gilded galley for the chase of water-birds or deer driven into the lake: when the water-monster, with its two glittering fountains above, and its hundred oars moving like the legs of a centipede below, swam majestically along among countless boats of all sizes, — a world of beauty, extinguished even in memory, like the Venetian fireworks which blazed in the summer night in celebration of gala-days.

CHAPTER III

THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS — FÜSSEN TO REUTTE

ONE afternoon I dropped into the American Reading-room in the Theatinerstrasse to look over the latest New York papers. I glanced at the visitors' book lying open on the shelf and read there the names of three of my travelling companions on the *Zeeland* from New York to Antwerp. They were Mrs. Holliston, of Lowell, and her son and daughter. The son, Frederick, was a Harvard graduate, who intended to study in the Polytechnic at Zürich, while the mother and daughter had planned to settle in Dresden for the winter. There the daughter, Josephine, was to study painting, while Mrs. Holliston perfected her German.

I wondered how they happened to be in Munich, but was destined to be soon enlightened, for, on entering the inner room, the three were sitting there. Hearty greetings

followed, and, as several of the other occupants of the room looked annoyed at our breaking the rule against conversation, I proposed that we adjourn to the Hofgarten opposite for an ice. So we were soon seated under the trees at a small round iron table, listening to a fine military band, and eating ices and "Schnecken," made of strips of sweetened bread coiled up into large flat spirals.

The Hollistons told me that Josephine had changed her plans and was going to do her painting in Munich, and that Fred would work in the chemical laboratory of the Munich University for a semester at least before going to Zürich. I was naturally pleased at this, for I had found the whole family most agreeable companions on the ocean, and asked where they were staying. They were temporarily at the Russischer Hof, but were going to start the next day on a trip to the Bavarian highlands. They urged me to go with them, and I quickly decided to go if Stephens could do so also. They declared they had no objections, and I telephoned to the laboratory and caught him just as he was ready to leave. I asked him to join us in the Hof-

garten, and he arrived in about ten minutes. As soon as he heard the plans, he said it was just the opportunity he had been looking for. So when we separated, it was with the understanding that we should meet at the railway station the next morning in time to take the 8.10 train to Füssen.

Stephens and I made our way to Kaufingerstrasse and prepared for the journey by purchasing each a "Rucksack," a convenient and comfortable bag used in Bavaria instead of a knapsack, and a water-proof cloak of camel's hair, very light but still warm. In the rucksacks we placed the few articles necessary for a pedestrian tour, and then packed some extra changes of clothing in a small portmanteau, which was to be sent ahead by post when we travelled on foot. We had our heavy walking-shoes well equipped with hobnails, and then considered ourselves ready for the trip. Stephens, at the last minute, decided he must have a green felt hat with a chamois beard in it, but I persuaded him that a Scotch cap went better with a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers.

We were all on time in the morning, and duly started off on the long ride in a slow

train to Biessenhofen, where we were to change to a local train for Füssen. The Hollistons had numerous stories to tell of their wanderings in Europe in the two months since they had landed, and the time passed quickly and pleasantly. The snow-clad mountains to the south came distinctly into view as the morning advanced and the mists cleared away, and grew in majesty as we approached them. It was the first time most of us had ever seen high peaks so near at hand, and the sight was tremendously impressive.

When we arrived at Füssen, we found that we were the only passengers who were going to take the Alpenrose omnibus, so we gave the driver a mark and told him to pick us up in an hour. Then we took our cameras and set out to view the sights of the town. Füssen is most picturesquely and romantically situated in the banks of the Lech, and is dominated by a fine mediæval castle overlooking the river. This, which was once the princely residence of the bishops of Augsburg, was built in 1322. It has now sunk to the position of a prison and a poor-house, and in consequence only the hall and the chapel are open to visitors. The town

is far more ancient than the castle, having been a Roman station of some strategic importance. It lies at the base of the Fernpass, a route into the Tyrol and thence to Italy which was anciently of considerable importance. The name Füssen was formerly Fauzen, which is derived from Fauces Alpium, the jaws of the Alps, the Latin name.

Adjacent to the castle are the abbey and church of St. Mang or Magnus, a companion of St. Gallus, one of the earliest Christian missionaries to Germany. The abbey was founded in 629, but the present buildings are of the eighteenth century on older foundations. Preserved in the church, along with other relics, is the walking-stick of the saint. He used this to destroy snakes and vermin, and its power seems to have persisted after his death. This led to its being often borrowed to exterminate troublesome vermin in the fields or villages round about. It was so much in demand for this purpose at times that Oberammergau has a record to the effect that, on a certain occasion when it was sent for to allay a plague of mice among the crops, it could not be had because of a previous engagement elsewhere.

Füssen in working hours appears to be almost a deserted town, for the larger part of the population is engaged in manufacturing, but at the times of beginning and ceasing work the streets are full of hurrying passers-by.

After we had walked about for awhile, we returned to the main street in time to meet our omnibus, and started for Hohenschwangau. We passed on the left the Spitalkapelle, a small church brilliantly adorned outside with curious frescoes, and then crossed the Lech by a modern bridge. The road follows the bank of the river for some distance, giving a fine view of the town and its surroundings, and then enters the royal grounds. These are much like an English park, with beautiful glades and lawns among plantations of trees, all intersected by many roads and paths. Driving is allowed only on the main approach, but pedestrians may wander where they please.

The road finally led us up to the little village of Hohenschwangau. We were sorely tempted to stop at the picturesque little Liesl Inn, but had already made our choice, and soon drew up at the Hotel Schwegerle zur Alpenrose. Though this

has extensive dining-rooms for the accommodation of the trippers from Munich who visit the castles, it is still a rather unpretentious but very comfortable hostelry. We found pleasant rooms, and were soon ready for the good dinner which awaited us.

We decided to put off visits to the castles to a later date, and spent the afternoon wandering about the beautiful little Alpsee. Here we found magnificent views of the mountains and of the two castles. When we were tired of walking, we took boats on the lake and drifted idly about in the sunset. The light slowly left the blue water and it became dark and forbidding, while the peaks above still glowed with celestial fire. The beauty of the scene quieted all desire to talk, and we sat lost in thought and wonder till the last fire-tipped point was darkened and the cold stars glittered above the ghostly peaks. Then we silently rowed ashore and reluctantly mingled in the noise of human life.

The next morning we decided to visit the old castle of Hohenschwangau. The mountainside on which it stands is laid out in numerous walks with frequent resting-places, and, as we were in no particular

hurry, we spent some time in reaching the castle. In fact, although we felt it to be a duty while we were here to follow the guide in his round of the public rooms, and listen to his monotonous description of the wonderful furnishings and magnificent pictures, it was with some weariness that we did so. Royal palaces in Europe have an amazing similarity. Their chief characteristic is splendour in the shape of heavy carving and gilding, and massive furniture. The taste of the decorations is often questionable, and comfort is entirely absent. Privacy for the royal occupants seems to be little thought of, and the American usually decides that he would rather be comfortable than a king.

The castle is built of yellow stone and stands on a rock pedestal separated from the mass of the mountain by a deep ravine, giving fine views of the lakes on each side. The Romans appreciated the strength of the position and erected a fort on the site. The first mediæval castle belonged to the Guelphs, but in 1191 it passed to the Hohenstaufens, then dukes of Swabia, and from here the fifteen-year-old Emperor Conradin started on his ill-omened journey after the

iron crown of Lombardy. This castle was known as Schwanstein or Schwangau, the haunt of the swan.

In the sixteenth century it became Bavarian, and in the next two centuries was several times besieged and captured. The Tyrolese destroyed it in 1809, and when Maximilian II., then crown prince, purchased it, it is said the price was but a hundred dollars. He entirely rebuilt it, and had it decorated with frescoes by Munich artists, representing scenes from German legend and history. On the first floor are the Hall of the Swan Knight, Lohengrin; the Schyrensaal, with pictures from Bavarian history; the Lady's Room, illustrating the life of a mediæval lady, and the Bertha Room.

This pictures the story of the birth of Charlemagne, who was born on Bavarian soil, according to the South German legend, which tells that Pepin the Little, King of the Franks, had heard much of the beauty of Bertha, daughter of the Duke of Bavaria. He sent his chamberlain to seek her in marriage, ordering him to bring her to the court he was then holding at Weihenstephan, an abbey near Freising. The chamberlain

had a daughter himself, and was not averse to being the father-in-law of a great king, so he brought her back with him as Bertha, while the real lady was banished to the heart of the great forest, which at that time covered the whole of Bavaria south of Munich, and imprisoned in the care of a miller who was in the chamberlain's pay. Meanwhile the wedding was celebrated at Weihenstephan with great pomp, and the king lived with the false queen for some time.

The miller had instructions to put the beautiful Bertha to death, but his heart was so won by her gentleness and fresh youth that he was unable to make up his mind so to do, and she lived on in the isolated Reismühle. Fate led King Pepin that way on a hunting trip, and, losing himself in a storm, he found shelter in the miller's hut. Bertha was still wearing her betrothal ring sent by the king, which the false chamberlain, to his own undoing, had neglected to deprive her of. Pepin immediately claimed his bride and took summary vengeance on those who had deceived him. The chamberlain lost his head, and the false queen was packed off to a convent, while a messenger was sent post-haste to the Pope for

a divorce. This was some time in coming, and Bertha remained meanwhile at the mill. So it came to pass that the future Roman emperor, Carl the Great, as the Germans call him, first saw the light at the little Bavarian village of Reismühle on the Würm, not far from the Starnbergersee.

The second floor of the castle contains the rooms of the king, also decorated with frescoes of historical scenes and early legends. The late King Ludwig II. made this castle his favourite home, and his simply furnished study and sleeping-room were here. The view is so magnificent that one cannot wonder that he loved the place, even though it is small. The present Prince Regent Luitpold, although well past eighty, is a keen sportsman, and spends many days of the year tramping through the forests after roebuck and other game. At these times he often stays at Hohenschwangau, which is then not accessible to the public.

King Ludwig II. found Hohenschwangau too small, even though he habitually dwelt there almost alone, having a horror of companionship which later developed into mania. On a spur of the Berzenkopf, just opposite the old castle, but much higher,

stood the old ruin of Vorder-Hohenschwangau. Here in 1869 the king began the construction of the magnificent pile known as Neuschwanstein. This castle is planned more or less after the Wartburg, but is on a far more magnificent scale. It is in a splendid situation, and commands the most glorious views on all sides, especially of the lakes and Hohenschwangau, backed by the high mountains to the south, and of the tremendous gorge and waterfall of the Pöllat, with the lofty Marienbrücke to the east. Four charming lakes, as well as the glittering Lech winding across the broad plain, are in sight from the castle windows, and the view is as fine as any in Switzerland.

The castle itself, though internally unfinished, is most magnificently and gorgeously decorated. The visit requires an hour or more for a cursory inspection, for loitering is not permitted. One attendant leads the party and explains, and another brings up the rear, locking the doors behind him to keep his flock ever moving forward. The royal apartments are on the third floor of the Palas or main building, and are reached by an ascent of nearly a hundred steps in the high north tower. All the rooms

are adorned with legendary or historical paintings, which supplement those of Hohenschwangau. Ludwig II., impressed by the romantic pictures, drawn from mediæval songs, in the ancestral castle where he spent a great part of his youth, had his own castle decorated mainly with paintings of a romantic nature. They form a cycle of pictures of the most important German legends of chivalry, based on the old poems and not on the texts of the Wagner operas. The historical paintings, which are few in number, represent only the minnesingers and the relation of religion to the throne. On the fourth floor is the magnificent Minstrels' Hall, ninety feet long, adorned with scenes from the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach.

After seeing the two castles in one day, we were very glad to return to the Alpenrose and rest on the banks of the lake under the spreading maples, leaving further excursions to another day. The one we had especially planned was to the Jugend, a clearing in the wood near Neuschwanstein which affords a wide prospect over the Alpsee and Schwansee, surrounded by forest-covered heights. Between them, on what

seems to be but a tiny promontory, rests the gleaming yellow Hohenschwangau, a toy castle from this height. Far away are the other two lakes, the little Muhlbergersee to the right and the Hopfensee in front. Nearer at hand is the broad plain through which the Lech runs.

A few minutes' walk leads one to the iron Marienbrücke, three hundred feet above the stream, and the best place for seeing the castle of Neuschwanstein. Behind is the Pöllat waterfall, seventy feet high and beautifully romantic in its surroundings. Although we had climbed a long way to reach here, even the ladies forgot their fatigue in the entrancing beauty of the spot. King Ludwig chose well when selecting the site for his castle and his bridge, and the spot will long remain in the memory of those who see it.

Gathered on the greensward before the Alpenrose that evening, a council of war was held as to what our next move should be. Mrs. Holliston wanted to go directly to Oberammergau and then to Partenkirchen, but Stephens declared that we should not think of leaving the region without going over the Fernpass. As he said

that a full appreciation of its beauties could only be had by a considerable amount of pedestrianism, Mrs. Holliston was at first inclined to veto the proposal. We prevailed on her to go as far as Reutte, however, before deciding what to do next. So the next morning she and Frederick took a carriage to Reutte by way of Füssen, while Josephine, Stephens, and I started on foot down the Fürstenstrasse, which is not open to any carriages except the royal ones.

The road ran along high above the Alpsee and crossed the Austrian frontier shortly before reaching the little village of Pinzwang. Here we turned to the left and passed through the verdure-clad defile known as the Kniepass. This pass narrowly confines the Lech, but as we came down toward Pflach, the ravine opened out into a flat and grassy plain completely surrounded by mountains, which has well been termed "The Picture Gallery of the Lechthal." The peaks are grouped in such a manner around the plain, which is almost circular, that they give one almost the impression of having been made to order for the spot. The plain was evidently at one time a lake-bed, but is now as flat and green

as a billiard-table. Around its edges the bare, brown mountains reach straight up to snowy summits against the blue sky, and give glimpses of yet higher ranges beyond. The Lech, pale blue in colour, winds tortuously across the plain from where Reutte stands, a picturesque little town at the edge of the ancient lake, filling the cleft where the mountain wall divides to let through the baby river.

The carriage had passed us long before this, and when we reached the Post Inn we found our friends ready to sit down to an ample repast which they had ordered for themselves and for us. We were ready for it after our eight-mile walk, but after eating were so much refreshed that we felt able to take up the invitation of the others to accompany them on a trip to the Stuiben Falls, one of the most beautiful series of cascades in Europe. The walk there took only about three-quarters of an hour, and the lower fall, about a hundred feet high and beautifully framed in verdure, was well worth the trip. The upper fall is much smaller, but lovely in colouring, and was well worth the extra exertion of climbing to it, even after seeing the lower one.

When we got back to the inn late in the afternoon, it had been decided that we should take carriages early the next morning to Nassereit, on the other side of the Fernpass, and that one should accompany us back, carrying Mrs. Holliston, and giving the others a chance to rest themselves at intervals by riding stretches in turn.

Leaving Reutte the road runs due south and soon reaches the Ehrenberger Klause, a defile between steep rocks. This was fortified by the Romans, and was later a fortress of the Ostrogoths under Theodoric. The mediæval castle here was often attacked, but never captured until in 1552 the Elector Maurice of Saxony stormed it, and thereafter captured Innsbruck with his army of twenty-two thousand men. The Emperor Charles V., who was lying sick at Innsbruck, and who relied on the invulnerability of the castle, barely escaped surprise and capture, and had to retire into the mountains in a litter. Twice the castle resisted the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War, but was again captured by the Bavarians early in the eighteenth century. It was finally dismantled by the French in the Napoleonic

wars, like so many other German castles, and since then has been a ruin.

The road then passes the villages of Heiterwang, built on another filled-up lake-bed, and Lähn, so named for the many avalanches which have again and again destroyed it. With singular persistence and, as we would think, foolhardiness, the villagers, after each visitation, have reconstructed their village on the original site. Lähn lies on the watershed between the Lech and the Loisach, and the road descends from it to Lermoos, lying on the edge of a wide green valley. The town is nearly surrounded by some of the highest mountains of the Tyrol, and is one of the most romantic spots in this end of the Alps. North lies the great Zugspitze, the highest mountain of Germany, lifting its snowy summit almost ten thousand feet. East lies the Wetterschroffen, the end of the mighty Wetterstein range, whose other peaks show cold and white beyond. To the south and west the Sonnenspitz and the Gartnerwand rise more than seven thousand feet, barely parting to let the road and river through.

Between us and the Wetterstein lies the moor which gives its name to the village,

covered with the workshops of varied industries, but full of danger to those who venture upon it without fully knowing the paths. We were content to follow the road which skirts it, giving us ever new views of the surrounding mountains.

The nine miles of road between Lermoos and Nassereit offers scenery as sublime as any in Europe. We had been told that the views were finest when coming from the south, so proposed to ride to Nassereit and walk back. This course offered also the advantage that the major portion of the walk would be down-hill on the return trip, as the summit of the pass is only about three miles from Nassereit. This summit, called "Auf dem Fern," the watershed between the Lech and the Inn, is more than four thousand feet high, and offers a grand and varied panorama of mountain and forest. In the middle ages it was one of the most travelled routes from Germany to Italy, and brought not only the wealth of the south, but also the dreaded plague. The road is dotted with chapels and little burial-grounds devoted to victims of this terrible scourge. Of late years the route has been almost wholly neglected, but now the people of

Augsburg, hopeful of bringing back to their town some of its mediæval commercial importance, are planning a railway over the pass to connect the systems of Germany and Austria. When built, it will afford a much-needed connection between South-central Germany and the Tyrol.

To one side of the new road, down from the summit of the pass, stands the castle of Fernstein. The old road passes through the castle, which was strong enough to hold back for a day and a half the twenty-two thousand men of Maurice of Saxony. Other ruined castles and two blue lakes make this part of the pass most picturesque, and we were heartily sorry when the roofs of Nassereit came into view. Mine host of the Gasthaus zur Post at Nassereit urged us to travel on to Obermeimingen to get a fine view of the Inn valley, knowing that if we did so, we would have to put up overnight with him on our return, but, in spite of his glowing descriptions, we decided to return to Reutte that same day. This we did as arranged, strongly impressed with the views of the Fernpass as we returned, even finer, if possible, than those we had enjoyed in coming.

CHAPTER IV

REUTTE TO PARTENKIRCHEN

THE coachman who drove us over the Fernpass had been much interested when he heard that we were going to drive to Partenkirchen, and perhaps farther, and had offered to carry us there in a three-seated carriage at a reasonable rate. We closed a bargain, and ordered an early breakfast for the next morning, and, while we were at the table, the cracking of whips announced that our jehu was without. Stephens and Miss Josephine announced that they had finished their meal and would see to the stowing of the luggage. As they were rather apt to be discovered together in some remote corner when every one else was ready to start, we wondered a little at their offer; but, as no one else was anxious to do the work, they were allowed to depart after some comments on their disinterestedness. When the rest of us finally emerged, ready to start, the

mystery was explained. The luggage was indeed safely aboard, but the two volunteers had preëmpted the back seat, so that curious eyes might not linger on their mutual intercourse. As this seat was the poorest as far as seeing the road was concerned, no one objected, but the pair came in for some amount of chaffing before we got started. They did not seem to mind, however, so we soon let them alone.

Our road led out of Reutte toward the east, and about half a mile from the town we paused a few moments to see the church of the little village of Breitenwang. This church contains a monument to the Emperor Lothair, who died here while returning from Italy in the year 1137. The villagers still point out the house in which he died. The churchyard is quaint, as may be imagined from its antiquity, and the mortuary chapel of the emperor contains some interesting carvings representing the Dance of Death.

As the road curved upward from the valley on the shoulder of the Tauern, we walked to relieve the horses, as is the custom in Bavaria whenever the grades are steep, and obtained a most magnificent view of the

amphitheatre of mountains in which Reutte is situated. The coachman was only too ready to impart the names of the peaks, a long and useless catalogue, but his dialect was so broad that we understood little of his conversation when it drifted away from elementary speech relating to the necessities of life.

We soon came to the narrow glen of the Ache, the outlet of the Plansee. This little stream, dropping rapidly in its course to the Lech, forms the Stuiben Falls, which we had previously visited. We could not resist the temptation to take the time to visit them again, so we climbed down into the ravine and followed the path up its course, past all the falls, of which there are four, and so regained the road some distance beyond the point where we left it.

Not much farther on, we reached the Little Plansee, a most beautiful and solitary lake, rimmed by gloomy mountains, which are reflected in its dark and quiet waters. The lake contains no fish, and no sign of life is visible on its banks save the wheeling of an occasional bird. For the beauty of grandeur and lonesomeness, this lake has few rivals among the Alpine lakes, rivalling in

this respect, though on a much smaller scale, the Königssee in the Salzkammergut, the fame of which is wide-spread, while the Little Plansee is rarely heard of.

The Great Plansee evidently at one time formed a part of a lake whose remains are now reduced to the two lakes of this name. It is also a very beautiful sheet of water, as romantic as, though less deserted, than its smaller neighbour. The road winds pleasantly along the shores of the lake at almost the water's level. Midway along the strand lies the Austrian customs station, with a little chapel near by. Here is also a famous inn, now greatly enlarged, called the Forelle, or Trout, the very name of which betrays the fact that the lake is a favourite resort of anglers. A little boat-house shelters the boats which occasionally give a glimpse of life to the otherwise deserted waters of the lake. The fish caught in the green water form the staple of any meal taken at this lonely inn, which is open only during the summer, the roads being practically impassable during the winter because of the great snow-drifts which collect in the mountain valleys. In the summer season a stay at this remote inn will prove very attractive to the

lover of wood and mountain, for the forests in the neighbourhood are almost virgin. The royal palace of Linderhof may be reached from here by a walk of several hours along a little-used road through unbroken forest.

We had stopped at the inn only for a trifling refreshment for man and beast, but when we mentioned to the host and the pretty little Bavarian peasant maiden who brought the beer, that we knew Herr Stewart, who spent several weeks there every summer, there was at once great excitement. The host could not hear of allowing any friend of Herr Stewart's leaving his house without partaking of some Tyrolean wine at his expense, and immediately it was set forth in fine old glasses, and proved excellent indeed. We were loath to leave the quiet spot, but felt that there were scenes ahead which would not allow us to spend even a day here, and so, after hearty farewells from host and waitress, we took our way along the shore of the lake and into the forest again.

The road here was none too good, and our horses plodded slowly for much of the way through the grand old trees and along

the Kaiderach brook, the frontier between Germany and Austria. At this season it is but a thread of water, but its wide bed full of boulders and gravel proves that in the time of autumn rains or melting snows it becomes a mighty torrent. After awhile the forest thins, and at Griesen our road fell into the highway from Lermoos, and we met again our companion in the Fernpass, the turbulent little river Loisach. The road now became less wild, but we still had beautiful views of the mountains, especially of the majestic Zugspitze, which dominates the landscape in all this region.

Presently we drove into the wooden village of Garmisch, two miles from our goal, Partenkirchen, but served by the same railway station, and now grown to be practically part of it. The double town is a great summer resort and the tourist centre of the Bavarian highlands, although foreigners are still scarce here. We had heard well of the Post at Partenkirchen, and intended to make it our headquarters, so did not stop at Garmisch, but kept on alongside the Partnach, which here joins the Loisach, to our destination.

As our carriage rolled under the arched

doorway of the Gasthaus zur Post, the genial host, holding in his hand the blue cap with the post-horn, which signified that he was the royal postmaster, greeted us with the hearty "Grüss Gott" of Southern Germany. At his call, the house was soon in a bustle. The boots was busy with our luggage; the master himself sought out the keys of our rooms; and a couple of buxom maids piloted us up the old stairs and through the intricate corridors of the upper story to our rooms, beautifully situated at the back of the house overlooking the meadows, the flowing Partnach, and the marvellous mountain background of the peaceful scene. It was evident that Partenkirchen counted its wealth in herds, for the meadows, the foot-hills, and the mountain pastures were all dotted with cow-sheds. These were rough log cabins, the roofs held down by heavy stones against the winter gales, forming a shelter for the precious hay cut in the short summer, and for the animals of the owner in the bleak winter days. These sheds cover every available bit of ground in this part of the country, where hay is almost the only crop, the summer being too short for grain to mature.

After getting settled in our new residence,

we went below, to find our coachman comfortably established astride a chair in the courtyard, a "Mass" or liter mug of beer in one hand and an eight-inch cheroot the thickness of a pipe-stem in the other, holding converse with the prettiest girl about the place. We paid him off, and he soon had his horses back in the traces after their dinner, and was off on his way back to Reutte.

We in the meantime had begun plans for the week or so which we intended to remain in the place. Not that we thought we could exhaust the sights or excursions of the neighbourhood in that period, but that we had allotted it so much of the time at our disposal. Before we left we decided that one might make the town headquarters for a summer of excursions, and not exhaust the region.

One of the principal attractions of Partenkirchen is the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany. This is barely less than ten thousand feet in height, and its ascent is long and tedious, though now so roped and marked that it offers no particular danger, although guides are not to be dispensed with. The first night is spent at the Knorr Hut, whence the ascent is commenced at day-

break, so that the remainder of the climb can be accomplished before the snow begins to melt. A comfortable house is maintained at the summit, with entertainment for the inner man.

The climb is not without the possibility of adventure, as is shown by the experience of four travellers who, during our stay, attempted it without a guide. The four accomplished a good part of the way without trouble, but finally left the path to follow the telephone-poles. These soon crossed a chasm which the climbers could not negotiate, but, instead of retracing their steps, they attempted to find a road for themselves. Descending a steep slope, they found a ledge along which they attempted to travel, but soon reached the end. They then started back, but found to their dismay that the slope down which they had come so easily could not be ascended without axes and a rope, neither of which they had.

So they sat down in a melancholy row, with their feet dangling over a deep gulf, and proceeded to call for help. As they were half a mile from the path, and travel for the day was over, this produced no results. Meanwhile the sun got around on

the face of the mountain where they were, and water came down from above in streams, completely drenching them, and making the rocks so slippery that they did not dare to stand up even to ease their position. As the morning wore on, they were discovered with a telescope from below, and their predicament was telephoned to the summit. The guides at the summit replied that the mountain was now so hot that the loose rocks were sweeping the path like a cannonade, and that it would be suicidal to venture to their rescue until sunset or later, when the cold would stop the loosening of stones. So the unfortunates were seen through the telescope to sit there all day long without daring to stir, and without knowing whether help was coming to them or not. They knew that they would be missed sooner or later, and searched for, but, as the sun went down and their wet clothes froze stiff, they almost lost courage. Still they clung to each other and talked to keep their courage up and to keep awake. Any man who stopped talking was pinched and pummelled by the others to keep him from sleeping, and thus the interminable hours of the night passed on.

Meanwhile a rescue-party had started

about sunset from each end of the route. They had to find their way by lanterns, and had not a little danger and hardship to undergo themselves, but they joined forces a little before midnight, and some time later reached the lost four, who had sat in one spot sixteen hours. They were absolutely incapable of moving, and had to be carried by their rescuers. After they had been warmed and put to bed, however, they recovered rapidly, and were none the worse for their adventure after a day or two. For all that they proclaimed that they were for ever cured of any desire for mountain climbing.

Their experience was sufficient to drive out of the heads of our party any desire we may have had to climb the Zugspitze, and our alpenstocks did not get that magic name burned on them.

Our first excursion from Partenkirchen was a mild mountain climb, however, so before we started we all went to a little store devoted to the sale of souvenirs, and purchased sticks. The alpenstocks used in Bavaria and the Tyrol are of two kinds, long straight staves about six feet long, and stout canes with curved handles. Both are usually

made of saplings about an inch in diameter, either peeled or with the bark left on. They are tipped with an iron spike driven or screwed into the end, sharpened to give a firm hold even in hard soil. The ladies of our party both chose the long sticks, and so did the gallant Stephens, who had got to the point where everything that Josephine did showed perfect taste, although he was too bashful to tell her so. Holliston and I let them take their peeled and varnished poles, which always had to be grasped near the middle, and chose for ourselves crook-handled canes of weichsel, a species of cherry, upon which we could lean for support when tired.

We each of us had a camera or a field-glass slung over our shoulders or in our rucksacks, where we also stowed a miscellaneous assortment of guide-books, waterproof cloaks, sweet chocolate, and other articles indispensable for an afternoon stroll in the mountains. Thus equipped, we set out across the green fields in which the cows were grazing, toward the Partnachklamm, a rocky gorge through which the stream makes its turbulent way down into the plain. The ladies were at first inclined to be afraid

of the cattle, which were grazing without a guardian, as is often the custom in the highlands. But the animals took absolutely no notice of us, even when we passed within a few feet of them, and the ladies concluded that they were harmless, although both of them seemed inclined to keep very close to the nearest man.

A half-hour's walk through the meadows brought us to the first bridge at the mouth of the gorge. The day was hot, and it was a pleasant relief to plunge into the gloom of the cool forest which fills the ravine, clambering up the high and precipitous sides, and shutting out almost every ray of the little light which might otherwise filter into the narrow cleft. The path winds picturesquely over the inequalities of the rocky walls; now up, now down it goes, but at each attempt gains a little in height, drawing away from the turbulent torrent which roars and brawls over the boulders and gravel of its rocky and narrow bed. Now and then the cliffs become so steep that further progress seems impossible, and then the path, yielding to the inevitable, crosses to the other side on a rustic bridge and resumes its ascent. At one point the walls of the

gorge cut perpendicularly through a most remarkably contorted and folded system of strata, a beautiful collection of synclines and anticlines in miniature, as our geologist, Stephens, pronounced them. He became so enthusiastic that he unlimbered his camera and proceeded to make a set of photographs, a lengthy process, owing to the poor light. We left him here, telling him we would await him at the fourth bridge, where he presently found us absorbed in the majestic scene. This bridge spans the gorge, here but fifty feet wide, at a height of two hundred and twenty feet. The thundering torrent far below seemed a live thing as it drove at the boulders and ledges of its bed and dashed itself into impotent spray in its efforts to clear its course. Alongside the torrent we could see the narrow and slippery "Triftweg," the path which the lumbermen use in guiding their logs down the stream. The air was cool and damp, for the sun seldom shines into this narrow cleft, and all we could see overhead was a narrow strip of blue sky.

While we stood on the bridge an old forester came along, and paused to lean on the rail and enjoy a pipe. Fred Holliston of-

fered him a cigar, which he gratefully accepted, and the soothing fumes of which incited him to reminiscent conversation. The gorge had been familiar to him for many years, and he spoke enthusiastically of its aspects under different conditions. In the winter, he said, the water pours into the gorge and freezes as it falls, forming the most fantastic piles of ice, which daily increase and change semblance, but always keeping open a passage at the bottom of the gorge. The snow covers the rocks and the pines, and when the rare rays of sun or moon light up the glittering fastnesses, the effect is gorgeous in the extreme.

Then comes the time when the snows begin to melt above, and the full stream tears and gnaws at the bases of the ice castles. Their foundations crack and gape, their pinnacles shiver and fall, and the great white blocks of gleaming ice go hurtling over the cataracts and down the precipices to form seemingly impenetrable masses in the pools and narrows. Then the gentle waters, warm from the sun's touch on the pastures above, flow over and through the great cold masses, and they disintegrate and disappear under the soft influence which

soon accomplishes what no amount of dashing and crashing in the grasp of the cold winter torrent could achieve.

When the ice is all out of the gorge, and the water is coming down at its fullest flow, the timber from the high-lying forests is floated down. The wood-choppers have been busy for a long time felling and lopping the trees, and they lie in piles on the banks waiting for the favourable moment. When this comes, they are tossed or rolled over the banks into the rushing stream. It would be too much to expect these long sticks to float quietly down without trouble. One catches in the bank or on some stone, and soon a jam is formed, which increases in size and complexity every minute. The Triftweg is covered with water, and if it were not it would be as much as a man's life is worth to venture into the gorge at the level of the drive. A tackle is rigged from some overhanging tree at the top of the ravine and a man is lowered, seated on a stick thrust through a loop at the end of the rope. He wears a heavy wooden helmet to protect his skull from falling stones, and carries a long iron-pointed pole to keep himself away from the walls, and to free the

logs. Although this kind of work is terribly dangerous, accidents seldom occur. Our forester had himself in his youth been one of the lumbermen, and told us some tales of his adventures in this occupation. He also told us that the gorge was once upon a time the usual place of execution for the witches of the neighbourhood, and that it was less than a hundred years since the last one, in spite of her well-proven supernatural powers, was unable to save herself from death when hurled down, and was dashed to pieces upon the rocks far below us.

At this point the ladies' appreciation of the beauty of the scenery began to wane, and we decided that it was time for us to move upward. The old forester advised us to go to Vorder-Graseck, where there is a restaurant and a beautiful view of the mountains, but we had started for the summit of the Eckbauer, more than a thousand feet higher, and decided not to change our plans.

We bade farewell to the old man, and, climbing out of the ravine, found that our path was cut in zigzags across the grassy slopes, sprinkled with flowers. We thought that it would be easier to ignore the windings, and strike straight for the point where

the path met the forest again, but soon decided that grass slopes which were almost perpendicular were not the easiest of walking, and concluded to stick to the path. We then for the first time realized the difficulty of mowing and securing hay on these high pastures. The mowers climb back and forth over the steepest slopes and literally cut over every inch where a blade of grass will grow. After the hay is cured, it is carried in great bundles on the backs of men and women to the nearest shed and there stowed away, much of it to be later laboriously carried to the valley far below in the same primitive way.

So we went on over the Alp, or mountain pasture, for that is the true meaning of the word which we are wont to use in the plural as a general name for high mountains, a meaning which it does not bear in the country of its origin. After awhile we entered the forest again, and the path still zigzagged in a most tantalizing fashion, a long détour only carrying us fifteen or twenty feet above the spot directly below us on the path. It was hot and close in the woods, and never a glimpse of anything but brown trunks and green leaves did we get. We struggled on,

however, and at last the wood thinned before us, and we stepped out into another pasture, and saw not very far above us the little rustic inn which stands at the summit.

It was closed for the season, and the cowherd who inhabited it did not have even a glass of milk for us, so we contented ourselves with chocolate and cold spring water, while we reclined on the close turf and gazed on the magnificent panorama spread before us. In the east stretched the Karwendelgebirge, and around toward the west lay, one after the other, the Wetterstein-wand, the Dreithorspitze with the Schachenalp and Frauenalple, the Alpspitze, the majestic Zugspitze, the Kramer and Krottenkopf. On the north stretched away the Bavarian plain, clothed in mist, and just below us on the south was the deep, well-timbered valley of the Ferchenbach, a tributary of the Loisach.

When we arrived at the summit, the western peaks were free from clouds, but, as we gazed, white streamers began to float off the summits and drift down into the valleys. They gathered in density, and soon the peaks were wreathed in white veils. Darker and darker grew the cloud mass;

it swelled and rose over the Zugspitze, poured down into the Reinthal, obscuring the glaciers at its head, and spread over toward the Dreithorspitze. Suddenly a red flash lighted up the base of the cloud mass over the Zugspitze, and then came the low growl of the thunder. A second cloud came drifting over the Wettersteinwand, and it, too, began to waver with forked lightnings. The sun was obscured now and the whole western heaven one black mass, but we could not bear to leave the fearful majesty of the sight.

The fury of the storms increased as the two drifted together. To west and to south were two pyramids of fire, rapidly approaching each other. At first the flashes had been vertical and scattered, and the thunder low and distant, but now the two great clouds darted long horizontal lightnings at each other, and the celestial cannonading roared and rattled and reverberated in the most frightful and incessant fashion. The rain fell in sheets on the distant mountain slopes, hiding from our view the forests, but it did not seem to be nearing us. As the storms approached each other, the lightning increased to one continuous sheet of vivid fire

which was almost impossible to gaze upon. The thunder increased to a terrific uproar which drowned all possibility of nearer sound being heard. The ladies clung to us, and begged us to go to shelter, for it seemed that such a scene of elemental violence was not made for human eyes. The sublimity of splendour became intolerable, and we listened to their almost hysterical entreaties and sought the shelter of the hut. The cattle were huddled together behind the house, lowing in a subdued tone, but the herder was beyond heeding them. We found him within, on his knees before the crucifix, in an agony of terror.

Leaving the ladies inside, I went out again to take another photograph. The fury of the tempest was abating. The two opposing clouds had formed a junction, and the furious celestial interchange of thunderbolts was at an end. The blaze was still incessant, but was again directed downward, and the thunder was not so terrifying. The rain was advancing down the Reinthal, however, and darkness was coming with it. It was evident that, if we did not wish to be benighted on the mountain, we must descend quickly. I warned the ladies that we must

go. The cowherd, still shuddering with fear, said that he had never seen such a storm in the hills, and confessed that he had thought it was the last day.

With a last look at the rapidly approaching rain-clouds, we plunged into the forest on the east side of the Eckbauer, and literally ran down the steep slopes, two of us supporting Mrs. Holliston, while Stephens helped Josephine along. It took us only a few minutes to reach the sloping pastures, and then, with rain and hotel both in full sight, it was a race as to which should first reach the Kainzenbad. We rushed into the veranda as the first great drops fell, and a moment later the whole landscape was literally dashed from view by a torrential downpour which dropped like a curtain between us and the mountainside. Breathless and exhausted, we sat in the hospitable porch and waited for the rain to stop. But it settled into a steady downpour, and we resigned ourselves to staying to dinner, telephoning to Partenkirchen for a carriage to take us home later. We did not try the iodine and sulphur spring which gives the hotel its name, but enjoyed our very good dinner, and decided that if we ever came

again to Partenkirchen in summer we would stay at the Kainzenbad, with its beautiful outlook into the peaceful valley and away to the high snow-clad summits. While we were reflecting thus, our carriage came to bear us away to our own inn, with its quaint rooms and old-fashioned feather beds, which wooed us to sleep amid the ceaseless rustle of the rain outside.

CHAPTER V

OBERAMMERGAU AND LINDERHOF

THE world-famous village of Oberammergau may be reached by a drive of two hours or so from Partenkirchen, and our party of course had to take the trip. It was a beautiful day and our spirits were high as we dashed through the woods and pastures over the smooth highway. The road follows the Loisach through a wide green valley dotted with farmhouses and hay huts, and bordered by wooded hills. The route is not particularly interesting until we reach Oberau, where the road to Oberammergau branches off at the foot of the Ettalberg.

The new road ascends the hill with moderate grades, but is not particularly attractive, so we got out where the two ways separated and let the carriage go on empty, while we took the old pilgrimage path on foot. There used to be a settled belief in the Ammergau that this hill was a special ar-

rangement of Providence, in order to make the pilgrimage sufficiently toilsome to be a merit for those who desired to assist at the solemn devotion of the Passion Play. Over this grade of more than twenty per cent., for centuries toiled wagons and conveyances of all kinds, loaded with passengers, on the days of celebration.

This rocky barrier no doubt has had a determining share in the simplicity and isolation of the village and its inhabitants. Nowadays the omnipresent electric railway runs from Murnau right into the village, so that access is as easy as possible.

The path up the Ettalberg, though steep, is well shaded and picturesque. There is no doubt that it is a portion of the great Roman road from Augusta Vindelicorum, now known as Augsburg, to Verona. Over this steep hill toiled the Roman legions, clad in clanging bronze, and the peaceful caravans of pack-mules laden with all the wares of the southland destined for the adornment of the fair-haired women of the North. The Ammergauers made a good living by assisting in the carriage of goods over the hill, the train-mules not being able to carry their ordinary loads up the ascent. So

great were the difficulties, in fact, that an imperial decree, said to be still extant, ordered the trading caravans from the south to rest overnight or Sunday in the Ammer valley before proceeding farther.

At the top of the hill stands the monastery of Ettal, with a church so large as to be startling in these mountain solitudes. This was built in the Gothic style by the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, but was remodelled in the baroque style in the eighteenth century. It is the finest example extant of the Bavarian baroque architecture. The church was incomplete when the monastery was dissolved in 1803, but the great height of the dome renders the interior very imposing.

The reason for the building of the church here is told in the legend as follows: Ludwig the Bavarian, after his coronation in Rome, was on his way back to Germany in the year 1327. Spending the night in the Benedictine cloister in Pisa, he was visited by an angel, who presented him with a statue of the Virgin made of a stone which no one knew, that is, porphyry. He made a vow to the angel to take it back to Germany, and at a spot in the Ammer valley,

which would be miraculously indicated to him, build a Benedictine monastery and a church for the image.

When he got back home, he made a pilgrimage to discover the exact spot where the church should be built, and, in so doing, rode up the steep and stony bridle-path over the Ettalberg. At the top his horse fell on its knees three times. In these degenerate days we should probably call the state of the road sufficient justification for such a proceeding, but the emperor decided that the statue had given a miraculous sign, and soon started his church. It was completed in 1332 on an entirely new plan, being twelve-sided. He planned it as the temple of a new order, founded on the pattern of the Knights of the Holy Grail. The order was to be composed of thirteen knights of noble birth with their wives, and twenty monks. The monks were to live according to their vows, the knights and their wives in holy and righteous love.

In the course of time the knights disappeared, but the monks survived, and became masters of land and life in the Ammergau. They were often tyrannical lords, but they taught the people the art of wood-carving,

through which the village was famous and prosperous for centuries, having agencies for the sale of its wares in countries as distant as Russia and South America. They also cultivated the villagers' taste for music and the drama, suggested the vow which led to the production of the Passion Play, and even wrote this. They were learned men, and possessed a library of one hundred thousand volumes at the dissolution of the monastery in 1803.

The miraculous image is of Italian porphyry and weighs about twenty-five pounds; that is to the scientific man. In popular tradition it still retains its original power of defying the laws of gravity, and is as light as a feather or as heavy as lead, according as the life of the one who lifts it is pure or otherwise, while it is invisible to those who are hardened in sin. As many as seventy thousand pilgrims have been known to visit the shrine in one year. The image was once taken to Munich and placed in the Theatinerkirche, opposite the royal palace, but the monks begged so hard for its return that it was subsequently restored to them.

When the monastery was dissolved, its land was divided among the neighbouring

villages, and Oberammergau received a good share. It had long been prosperous as a result of its trade in carvings and its religious drama, and now most of the villagers are exceedingly well off, as compared with the majority of Bavarian peasants. They possess many cattle, which find good pasturage in the neighbouring hills, and every house has its bit of meadow-land, often with garden and orchard besides.

We walked slowly into the village, admiring the view of the fertile valley, and found our carriage already stabled at the Alte Post, where we accordingly decided to stay for the rest of the day and overnight. The village offers in itself nothing noteworthy except the theatre, as, like most of the Bavarian mountain villages, it has often been devastated by fire.

Of course we regretted that we could not see the famous Passion Play which is performed here every ten years. This is a survival of the old-time miracle plays, a form of religious instruction very popular in the middle ages, and especially adapted for a populace unable to read. At one time no less than sixty Bavarian villages had more or less regular representations of the Passion

Play, and it still survives at Brixlegg in the Austrian Tyrol, where it was given in 1903.

The origin of the Oberammergau performance is as follows: More than two hundred and fifty years ago, when all Germany was suffering from the ravages of the Thirty Years' War, the plague devastated the mountains and villages of the Bavarian highlands. Mittenwald and Partenkirchen suffered severely from it, as did all the other large towns of the region, but Oberammergau, shut in its own valley and secluded from the world, at first escaped. In order to keep free from the visitation, the authorities drew a cordon about the town, what would to-day be called a "shotgun quarantine," and forbade both ingress and exit. The inhabitants were well content to stay at home and be safe, and there seemed to be no especial reason why outsiders should want to come in. But there happened to be a native of the town working at Eschenlohe, a village at the base of the Ettalberg, and, as the plague was raging there, he decided to go home. Doing so by the mountain paths at night, he escaped the guards and reached his home, where he died three days later. In a short time forty of the villagers had succumbed

to the terrible disease. The whole place was in an agony of terror, and in their fright it occurred to the good villagers that a pious vow might possibly appease Heaven and secure them relief. After solemn deliberation as to what would be most efficacious, the resolve was finally made to perform then and every year thereafter, with all due reverence and solemnity, a play which should set forth the life, death, and mediation of Christ.

The plague spread no more in the village, it is said, and the vow was faithfully and conscientiously kept from that year, 1634. In 1680, a fresh start was made, and since then the play has been given only at the beginning of each decade. Extra performances were given in 1815, to celebrate the return of peace after Napoleon's downfall, and in 1871, to make up for the performances lost the year before, when the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War had called many of the actors to the ranks, and caused the play to be given up after a few representations. In each of these cases, special permission was obtained from the Pope.

The early form of the play was not as reverent as it is now, being written for peas-

ant intellects, which would not appreciate subtleties of word or action. In the eighteenth century it was gradually debased by the introduction of scenes and characters which seem to us almost burlesque. About 1740 a Benedictine monk named Rosner introduced, to accompany Lucifer, who was one of the original *dramatis personæ,* a multitude of demons and imps, together with Death, Sin, Hate, Envy, and many other symbolic personages. These were supposed to relieve the sadness of the tragedy, and the comic element thus introduced kept up the popular interest. This version was used until 1800.

The representation of such plays in many Bavarian towns had so shocked the higher religious authorities, especially the Archbishop of Salzburg, that all religious plays were suppressed by the state about the beginning of the nineteenth century, no exception being made in favour of the oath-bound men of Oberammergau. So in 1810 the necessary permission to give the play was obtained only with the utmost difficulty and on condition that it should be conducted in a reverent and seemly manner.

The play was again remodelled by a monk

of the neighbouring cloister Ettal, all the symbolical and diabolical personages omitted, and the doggerel verse replaced by pure prose, mostly taken from the Scriptures. The music still used was then composed by Rochus Dedler, schoolmaster of the village, and an able musician. The play in this form was used until 1840. In 1830 the pastor of the village church refused the use of the churchyard for the performance, and a theatre was erected outside the village, which was found to be much more convenient, and has since been used. At first only a part of it was roofed in, and as the performance was given on the advertised days, rain or shine, a large part of the audience suffered severely in either case, the more so as the spaces between the seats were so narrow as to allow no chance for a change of position. It was rebuilt in 1889, and now affords a covered room for four thousand spectators.

The play was again revised between 1840 and 1850 by Pastor Daisenberger, and it is largely due to his poetic and artistic talents that the fame of the play is so wide-spread. The performance of 1850 was carefully prepared by him, and the actors were trained for several months in advance. He succeeded

in infusing into them a most religious spirit and attitude of mind, essential for the successful production of such a devotional work. This feeling has now become traditional in the village. The same peasants take part in two or three performances and then instruct their successors, and all take great pride in keeping the standard the same from decade to decade.

As to the description of the play itself, it may be found without difficulty by those who are interested. The literature of the subject is voluminous, both in English and in German, and those who have seen the play are better fitted to describe it than the present writer.

Most of the writers, from 1850 to the present time, have united in commending the simplicity of the performers and the earnestness of their piety, but have feared that ten years of contact with the world would make the next performance less successful. Up to the present time this does not seem to have happened. Oberammergau has become a summer resort, but the peasants stay at home and keep themselves to themselves much as they did before the railway came, when the terrible climb over the Ettalberg

on a road with grades as steep as twenty-one per cent. was the only way to the village. The "Sommerfrischler," or tourists, are in evidence only a couple of months, and the old village life is little changed during the rest of the year.

One of the safeguards of the play is that the players receive very little for their services. Most of the profits go to the village treasury and are used for charitable and communal purposes, and the payments made to individuals do not much more than compensate them for their time.

Mrs. Holliston was very anxious to find and talk with some of the characters in the play, and found that there was no difficulty in doing so, for they were in almost every house in the village. She spent the afternoon in wandering about for this purpose, and brought home an armful of wood-carvings, as did we all. The Oberammergauers are very proud of their carving, and assert that they are the oldest carvers in Bavaria, and that they taught the art to the people of Berchtesgaden in the Salzkammergut, where it was established as early as the twelfth century.

The next morning we visited another of

the royal castles, that of Linderhof. Driving out of the village, we soon left the peaceful valley and plunged into the Graswangthal, a lonesome wooded ravine, stopped for a moment at the village of Graswang, and then were again in the woods, with now and again beautiful glimpses of the high mountains, with the Zugspitze crowning the range. At the Linder Forsthaus the drive to the castle left the main road and soon brought us to the palace. This, like the rest of the highland castles, is open daily from May 16th to October 11th, except on June 13th, the anniversary of the tragic death of Ludwig II.

Linderhof was built in 1869-78 for Ludwig II. in the style of Louis XV., and is surrounded with extensive gardens, which seem out of place in this lonely mountain valley. Ludwig was born at Nymphenburg, and passed much time at Schleissheim. These two castles, both with grounds and buildings in the French style, little imitations of Versailles, materially influenced Ludwig's taste. To his mind the greatest period of Bavaria was that when it arrayed itself on the side of France. So this palace shows his affection for French styles.

Twelve people are usually admitted to the castle at once, and so we had to wait a little before we could enter. We wandered about in the gardens, admiring the fountains and terraces. We visited the Monopteros, a round temple with a statue of Venus, and the chapel, and finally sat in the shade of the mighty linden, with its monument to the mad king.

Here a guide came to tell us that the party was made up, and we started on the trip through the building. The entrance hall and staircase are imposing and gorgeous. They contain an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., the "roi soleil," with his golden sun on the ceiling above it, and a great Sèvres vase given by Napoleon III. A marble staircase leads to the upper floor, where are ten rooms, all decorated by Bavarian artists. There is nothing especially noteworthy in them, although all are gorgeously and pleasingly furnished and decorated. One gains the same general impression of useless splendour which royal palaces usually give, but has afterward no very clear recollection of what has been seen.

After visiting the various rooms we passed out into the gardens behind the castle, which

are well adorned with statues, vases, and flower-beds. A great Neptune fountain spouts water from tritons and horses when the cascades behind are flowing, which occurs only at stated times. On the north side of the garden we come to a cliff, where the attendant, by pressing a spring, causes a block of the rock to revolve, giving entrance to the Blue Grotto. This consists of three caves, one behind the other. The first is softly illuminated by a flood of pink light. The middle one is very large; stalactites and stalagmites overgrown with vegetation are abundant, and in the middle is a little lake covered with water-lilies, on which swims Lohengrin's swan-boat. The background is formed by a painting of Tannhäuser's dream-life in the Venusberg. These wonders are best seen from two costly view-points, the King's Seat and the Lorelei, built of coral, crystal, and sea-shells. The lighting is magical. First comes the wonderful blue light of the grotto of Capri, which changes into equally beautiful tones of red, pink, green, yellow, and violet.

Passing through the small third grotto, the rock turns again, and we emerge into the sunlight. Directly before us is the Moorish

kiosk, a temple in Oriental style, magnificently adorned inside with Turkish furniture, majolica vases, and a number of gorgeously painted bronze peacocks.

After a short time spent in wandering through the gardens, twelve o'clock came, and then the water was turned on in the fountains. We admired its beautiful flow, and then returned to the entrance, where we had dinner in the restaurant. By the time we had finished, our carriage was ready for us, and we started on the long drive back to Partenkirchen, which took all afternoon.

CHAPTER VI

PARTENKIRCHEN TO MITTENWALD

THE facts we had learned about Roman roads and stations in the Ammer valley led us to make some inquiries as to the history of Partenkirchen. We found that the town existed in Roman times, and gets its name from Parthenum, the title of the Roman castle which here guarded the great highway from Venice to Augsburg. This name probably came from the Parthians, who were enrolled in the Cohort I. Herculea Rhætorum, which was garrisoned here.

In the middle ages Partenkirchen was a very important halting-place and market town on this great road, and was also a headquarters for smugglers, who trafficked between Bavaria and Austria or Italy, and were so bold as to openly dispose of their goods at the public market here. The trade of the town decayed as the route became less important, after the discovery of a sea route

to the Indies and the consequent decline of Venice. In the last century it was three times visited by disastrous conflagrations, and now has little importance except as a summer resort, although there is considerable wood-carving done here in recent years.

In a sense Partenkirchen may be said to have once made history. In 1157, in a room of a house which still stands, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa met the proud Duke Henry the Lion of Bavaria, and begged him in vain for assistance in his military expedition to Italy. As a result, after the war was over, Henry was expelled from his duchy, which was given to Otto of Wittelsbach, who had given the emperor the most valiant aid. From that day the Wittelsbachs have ruled in Bavaria, and are now the oldest reigning dynasty in Europe.

The next morning after our return from Linderhof, Stephens proposed a walking trip to the Badersee and Eibsee, but the proposition was not very enthusiastically received by the ladies, who thought a very little walking would suffice them. Finally he and I started off alone, the Hollistons deciding that they would take a short trip

to the Kuhflucht, a picturesque waterfall near Farchant, on the road to Munich.

Our way led through Garmisch, and then southwest up the Loisach valley. Where the Hammersbach joins the larger stream we found an inn with a cool garden and veranda. As it was a warm day, a little refreshment seemed desirable, so we rested awhile and did justice to some native brewed beer of excellent quality. A mile or so farther on we reached Untergrainau. Here the inn bore the pleasant name of the "House with the Beautiful View," and again we stopped to cool off. We did not stay here long, but plunged into the woods on a foot-path, which soon brought us out at the Badersee.

This lake is so small that twenty minutes will suffice for a walk around it. But, small as it is, it possesses an island and is extremely rich in fish. It also boasts a nixie, but she is of stone, the work of a Munich artist, and never rises from the emerald-green depths where her maker placed her. The water of the lake is of wonderful beauty of colour and clear as crystal. The bottom is beautifully and variously coloured, and the whole effect, best seen by rowing around the lake, is charming. The temperature of the water

is very comfortable for bathing in summer, and the lake never freezes in winter, being fed by underground springs. It is surrounded by beautiful woods of both deciduous and evergreen trees, which, with the huge impending bulks of the Zugspitze, Waxenstein, and Riffelspitze form an entrancing picture across the clear waters.

After an excellent lunch at the Badersee Hotel, we started off again toward the Eibsee, which we reached after a rather stiff climb of half an hour or so. This lake is of considerable size, being three miles long and more than half as broad. It offers one of the most romantic landscapes in the whole Bavarian highlands, owing to the proximity of the Zugspitze, Waxenstein, and Riffelwand, which rise sheer more than six thousand feet above its level. It contains seven islands, beautiful green domes rising from the glassy surface. The Ludwigsinsel, to which a ferry is run, offers the finest view of the Zugspitze which is anywhere to be had. The mountain is absolutely overwhelming in its grandeur, as seen from here, especially at sunset, when its limestone walls glow with crimson fire and their reflections incarnadine the peaceful lake.

The islands are inhabited by fishermen, to whose ancestors the lake and islands were sold by the Bavarian government for one hundred guldens in 1803, after it had vainly tried all means of dislodging them. It is now owned by the proprietor of the hotel at the eastern end of the lake. One of the attractions of the Ludwigsinsel is a small mortar which, on payment of fifty pfennigs, is fired toward the Thörlenwand on the west side of the lake. This develops a remarkable echo, the detonation being repeated from rock to rock seven or eight times.

Returning to the hotel while the sun was still high, we decided to take a lake bath, and found the water very mild and pleasant. Much refreshed, we started on our way back, leaving the Badersee to the left and passing through Obergrainau. From here a very stiff path, which we had not time to take, leads up the Hammersbach to the Höllenthalklammbrücke. This is an iron bridge three feet wide and about ninety feet long which spans the valley of the brook more than two hundred and fifty feet above the water. The terrible cleft, with its gray and jagged walls and the wildly tossing waters at the bottom, so impressed the great painter

Böcklin that he used it as the basis for one of his paintings now in the Schack gallery in Munich.

We pushed on steadily toward Partenkirchen, and reached it before the sun's light had left the mountain peaks, tired and ready, after a good supper, for our last night's rest in the pleasant village inn.

Early the next morning we were up and dressed, ready for our next stage. This was to Mittenwald, and we had decided, as a change in our way of travelling, to use the post-wagon. In the mountains of Bavaria, the postmaster is what he once was in England, carrier of man as well as mails.

The letter-bags are carried in omnibuses or stage-coaches, which take passengers as well, and, if the accommodations are not sufficient, the postmaster is obliged to furnish extra carriages at short notice. We had engaged our places in the coach the night before, so had only to present our tickets a little before starting time. A small tip to the driver had secured the extra place on the box for me. Mrs. Holliston wanted Fred inside with her, and Stephens was only too glad of the opportunity to share another seat with Josephine, so I had no opposition. The

driver was willing enough to talk, but he was a good Bavarian, and his broad vowels and slurred consonants usually left me in a good deal of doubt as to what he meant to say, so that our conversation was not exactly brisk. The road from Partenkirchen leads past the Kainzenbad, where we had sought shelter from the tempest, and then clambers manfully up a steady grade all the way to Klais. It is a beautiful road, smooth and hard, well fenced with stone and timber on the valley side, and is in every way a worthy successor to the Roman road whose course it still follows.

Near Klais is the small Barmsee, now in private possession, where were found perhaps the best preserved remains of Celtic lake dwellings ever discovered. The stakes, in regular rows, project some distance above the bottom of the lake and are completely fossilized. From Klais we turned southeast and drove rapidly down into the valley of the Isar, with the great bare wall of the Karwendel directly behind the village of Mittenwald, which we soon saw pleasantly situated just at the foot of the great range.

The first impression on entering the town is made by the sawmills and stacks of timber,

sawed and in logs, which give it an air of much industry and importance. This is not unjustified, for the town is well known as the home of a thriving manufacture of violins, guitars, and zithers.

The houses of the town are most picturesque, for it has not suffered from fire in the same measure as many other highland villages, and many old houses still remain. The upper stories of these are mainly of wood, with roofs reaching far out over the streets. The façades are often frescoed, a souvenir of the town's former prosperity as a trading town on a great commercial highroad. The lower stories are often vaulted cellars or storerooms, which were used as warehouses in the good old times when the annual fair here was one of the most important in Europe.

Our inn, again the Post, one of the commonest German hotel names, is in one of these old warehouses, with two vaulted stories. It is a comfortable old place, sets a good table, and enjoys quite a reputation. It has a fine garden with a veranda, the walls of which are frescoed by Paul Meyerheim with clever and humourous animal paintings. From here we had a beautiful view of the

Karwendel cliffs, especially enchanting after sunset, when the afterglow reddens the dark peaks and turns the snow of the summits and deep valleys into drifts of rosy fire.

Mittenwald not only has a great renown for the past and present quality of its violins, but claims to be the birthplace of the instrument. This does not appear to be susceptible of proof, but it is certain that they have been made here for many centuries.

The violin industry, however, was not the origin of the former prosperity of Mittenwald, as witness of which the old warehouses and other buildings still remain. For these the town must rather thank its mediæval standing as a centre of trade and commerce, especially after 1487. In this year, as the result of a quarrel with the Archduke Sigismund, the Venetians decided to no longer sell their wares at the great annual fair at Bozen in the Southern Tyrol, and accordingly removed their business to the less important fair of Mittenwald. This was henceforward for many years the place of intercourse between the traders of Venice and those of South Germany. The result was great prosperity for Mittenwald, and, even though it suffered some reverses, it was in

the main permanent for one hundred and ninety-two years, until 1679, when the Venetians again began to patronize Bozen and its fair. This was a heavy blow to Mittenwald, for at this time the travel on the old Roman road from the Tyrol to Augsburg, which ran through the town, and was one of the great highways of the middle ages, had greatly diminished, and the industries of the town, in great measure dependent on the throngs which attended the fair, declined with its removal.

But even if the previous means of livelihood disappeared, the town soon found the substitute which has preserved its importance even to the present time, and affords a comfortable livelihood to most of the inhabitants of the place. On the 11th of June, 1653, there was born at Mittenwald Matthias Klotz, the real founder of scientific violin-making here. It was the most flourishing period of the violin industry in several towns of Italy; some knowledge of this had certainly reached Mittenwald, which had continuous trade intercourse with that country, and nothing was more natural than that the father of Klotz should conceive the desire of properly edu-

cating his son in this art, until then practised in the town only in the crudest way.

He was doubtless confirmed in this purpose by the fact that there lived in the neighbouring town of Absam the famous violin-maker, Jakob Stainer, who had found that the near-by mountain forests offered suitable wood in inexhaustible quantities. The thought soon came to fruition, for, as early as 1663, when he was but ten years old, Matthias Klotz had become the pupil of Nicolo Amati in Cremona. He became one of his best pupils, and, after undergoing numerous adventures, and acquiring wide knowledge and great experience, returned home after an absence of twenty years, with the intention of there founding a school of violin-makers.

A legend says that his parting from Amati was brought about by the latter's offering him the hand of his daughter in marriage. Not wishing to be permanently tied to Italy by a wife, he took a night to consider the offer, packed up his scanty belongings and disappeared before morning. His school was an immediate success, and Klotz soon had numerous pupils. There is no doubt that the removal of the fair to Bozen had

much to do with this, for many of the inhabitants had been thereby left with no means of livelihood. Mittenwald had a great advantage over other places of manufacture, as the necessary wood could be found in the neighbourhood.

The product of the manufacture was first disposed of by peddling, and it was in great measure the violin-makers themselves who carried forth large collections of their wares into the world on their backs. They had not far to go, for the near-by regions of Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Switzerland, or, at farthest, the fairs at Frankfort-on-the-Main and Leipzig were as a rule their goal. They also found valuable markets in the numerous monasteries in the neighbourhood; Ettal, Steingaden, Messobrunn, Benediktbeuern, Schlehdorf, and many others were likely to be among the first stops in their travels, and they usually left them with their burdens markedly lighter than when they entered. The commerce endured in this simple form for almost a century and a half, except that occasionally, even at this remote period, a Mittenwalder emigrated to foreign parts and there plied his trade.

In the middle of the eighteenth century

attempts were made to widen the market. A few adventurous men, notably the founders of two wholesale houses which still exist, began to make business trips to foreign lands. These were not always successful, but slowly they began to win new and distant markets. Soon stringed instruments of all kinds were shipped to England, Russia, and even North and South America. But, while the production increased, and the prosperity of the violin-makers also, the peddling by the small producers suffered and finally disappeared. The marketing fell entirely into the hands of the wholesalers, who purchased the instruments made by the small makers. The dependence of these was still further increased by the custom instituted by the wholesalers of furnishing raw material to the workers, which finally resulted in the division of the manufacture into the production by one worker of only a single part of the instrument. To-day few workmen in the whole village could make a whole violin, and these few are all engaged in assembling fine instruments and making violins to special order in one of the two wholesale establishments.

The wholesalers now purchase the timber standing in the deep recesses of the farther

mountains, and have it felled and floated down to their yards. Here it is sawed to the proper dimensions for the various parts of the instruments and then stored away to season. The best wood undergoes this process for fifty years in many cases, and is then brought forth, resonant as a bell, for manufacture. The different workers receive the necessary pieces and take them home to shape them. They are then assembled in the factories. At least eight persons are concerned in the production of a single instrument.

Mittenwald lies at too high an altitude to be an agricultural community. Even Indian corn will not ripen here, although grown for fodder, and potatoes are almost the only food crop. Hay is an important production, however, and in the time of the "Wiesmad," or hay-making, the violin shops are deserted and the whole population adjourns to the mountain pastures to get in the hay. The climate is mild in summer, a north and south wind drawing through the valley almost every night, to temper the heat which would otherwise be radiated by the high cliffs warmed all day by the sun. On the higher pastures, the nights are apt to be sharp, and the bonfires

of the night lodgings in consequence are so numerous as to give the landscape a magical appearance in the July and August evenings.

The remote valleys in this part of the highlands are often too far from civilization to make it practicable to bring their hay to the villages, or even to mow it at all, and in order to utilize it to the utmost the herds are sent up to these remote and almost inaccessible regions. They go out in June and do not return until September, being all this time in charge of a maiden who pastures them, milks them, churns the cream into butter, and once a week brings it to town. The rest of the week she spends in her lonely hut in the region of the clouds, with no companion for the lonely evenings but her zither and the mild-eyed kine which share the "Senn" hut with her. Her work by day in guarding the cows in the steep mountain pastures is so arduous that the girls often discard their skirts during this period and assume trousers in order to get about more easily.

The only break in the herder's week, aside from the carrying of the butter to town, is Sunday. Although she has to herd her cattle on Sunday, as well as on week-days, it is a

disconsolate and forlorn maiden who has to do it alone. Every Tyrolese girl has a "Schatz," or sweetheart, and early Sunday morning every path to the "Alm," or mountain pastures, feels the sturdy stride of a green-hatted Tyroler youth, dressed in his best, with silver buttons on his coat and chamois beard or eagle plume in his hat, bound for the fields where his maiden wanders. For this one day in the week the lonely hut is glorified with the loving communion of two simple souls, and the parting, as the sunset colours come into the sky, is long drawn out and affectionate.

More than once in our climb in these mountain valleys did we come across such a "Sennerin," always to receive a hearty "Grüss Gott," warm thanks for our news from the outside world, and a grateful acceptance of our tender of a small coin as payment for the cool milk so freely offered.

We settled down at Mittenwald for a few days, and clambered about in the hills to our heart's content. One day we made a long excursion by carriage to the Walchensee and the Kochelsee. We drove down the valley, crossing the Isar twice, and then for a number of miles over the wooded hills, with ever

and again wonderful glimpses of mountain peaks near and far, until we reached the Walchensee at Obernach. The road along the west side is good, but very hilly. It runs through beautiful woods most of the way, with fine views of the lake and surrounding mountains. We preferred not to drive along it, however, as we had ordered two boats to wait for us at the southern end of the lake. So the carriages went on empty, while we rowed the length of the lake.

The Walchensee is, after the Königssee, by far the most magnificent and grand of all the lakes of Bavaria. The foot-hills rise in majestic forms, clothed to their summits in dark pines, and high above them tower the gray limestone cliffs of the Karwendel and the distant Wetterstein range. The lake has numerous bays separated by picturesque promontories. The water is deep blue and never quiet, so numerous are the gusts of wind from the many mountain valleys around its circumference. It is a treacherous body of water, being cursed by sudden squalls and showers which drop down from the hills and whip its surface into waves of extraordinary height and violence. The fishers and pleasure-loving summer visitors

are ever ready to fly to the banks for refuge if a dark cloud but chances to be seen in the distance.

This propensity to ferocious storms and the great height of the lake in the mountains, over twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level, have caused the neighbouring villagers to connect many gloomy sayings and legends with the lake. There is a firmly held belief among the peasantry that some day the huge body of water will burst its bounds, and that, plunging down across the Kochel and Starnberger lakes, gathering force and sweeping away all the petty obstacles in its path as it goes, it will devastate the whole Bavarian plain and overwhelm Munich itself as it pours down into the Isar valley, scorning to be confined by the low banks of the Würm. To avert this calamity, for many years a daily mass was said in a church in Munich, and a golden ring was annually thrown into the lake to appease the wild spirits which were supposed to have their abode in its mountain caverns.

The lake possesses a single uninhabited island called Sassen, within a stone's throw of the southern bank. Here is perhaps the loveliest view of the lake, and the island was

a favourite resort of King Maximilian II., who often held his hunt breakfasts on its wooded slopes.

Arrived at Urfeld, we mounted sturdy ponies and donkeys which were ready for us, and started on the ascent of the Herzogstand. This mountain, about fifty-seven hundred feet high, and affording the finest view in the whole Bavarian Alps accessible to the average person, is easily climbed without excessive fatigue. A fine bridle-path, built by Ludwig II., leads up nearly to the summit. The rest of the path is laid out in easy curves and forms a gradual ascent.

The view from the top is a wonderful panorama of the Bavarian Alps and part of the Tyrol. To the north are four great lakes, the Kochelsee, Staffelsee, Starnbergersee, and Ammersee. Southward in the near foreground are the Karwendel mountains, rising just over the Walchensee. To the right are the Zugspitze far to the southwest and, nearer, the whole long Wettersteinwand. Between this and the Karwendel may be seen the distant peaks far beyond the Inn, miles and miles to the south. To the left we see the Jochberg, the Benediktenwand, and the mountains around the Achensee and Tegern-

see. It is a view of majestic grandeur, seen on a clear day, as we had the good fortune to see it.

After a sufficient tarry at the top, we descended, not venturing on the climb along a narrow, rocky *arête,* where a wire rope is one's only protection against a misstep which would entail a fall of many hundred feet, to the Heimgarten, a peak a couple of hundred feet higher than our view-point. We reached Urfeld in much shorter time than that required for the ascent. Here we took our carriage again and started for the Kochelsee. We first had to climb over the Kesselberg, which we did on a fine road with no grade of more than five per cent., constructed in 1893-97 by the Prince Regent Luitpold. This takes the place of an old road, the use of which by vehicles is now forbidden. As the grade is, in places, one in four, no one is likely to desire to break the law. This old road was built in 1492 by the Duke Albrecht, and, according to one traveller who went this way in the eighties, was never repaired afterward, judging from its condition. A little to one side of the roads, a foot-path leads to the beautiful Kesselberg waterfall, much larger than the small fall

of the same name which is passed by the new road.

From the summit of the Kesselberg the road drops rapidly some seven or eight hundred feet in half as many miles to the level of the Kochelsee. This lake is quite different in character from the Walchensee. It touches on the south the cliffs of the Herzogstand, which we had just ascended, and the Heimgarten. The other three sides are low and green, and northward stretches a flat green marsh, showing the lake to have once been three times its present size. The water is pale green and habitually calm, the vexing mountain spirits of the higher lake being absent. It has, however, a characteristic ground-swell in certain states of the wind. This is caused by the Kochelnixie, striving vainly to get free to join the melancholy nymphs of the Walchensee.

Our destination for the day was Kochel, where we found comfortable quarters at the new Orterer Hotel. The town is a little way from the lake in the lap of the hills, surrounded by landscapes of the most varied grace and beauty. These have made it a favourite resort of the artists of Munich, who find there inexhaustible material for sketches

and paintings. The houses are attractive, and the peasants still take pride in their old costumes, so that the streets present a very gay appearance.

Kochel is one of the oldest settlements in Bavaria. It was already old in 740, when the neighbouring monastery of Benediktbeuern was founded, and was then the seat of a nunnery, in which Gisila, the last Merovingian queen, took the veil. This convent was destroyed by the Huns in 908. The village church dates from 1690, and is the fourth church on the same site. The village was destroyed in 1632 by the Swedes, and in 1805 and 1809 by Napoleon and the Tyrolese. The greatest fame of the village dates from 1705, when it took a prominent part in the revolt against Austria. Its greatest hero is the giant smith Balthes von Kochel, one of the last to fall on the fatal field of Sendling, in 1705, and commemorated, along with his fellow martyrs, by a monument in the market-place, crowned with a statue of the smith in hammered copper.

The young moon cast its silvery gleam over the lake in the summer evening, and we decided on a tour of the glistening waters in the motor-boat which plies around the

lake. It was a pleasant and refreshing trip, although the moon was not old enough to reveal much of the mountain scenery, and well repaid the time given to it.

After a comfortable night we took an early breakfast and ordered our carriage for the return trip to Mittenwald, a matter of six or seven hours. Arrived there, we made our preparations for another stage by post in the morning, and furnished ourselves with Austrian money, as Mittenwald is the last Bavarian village, and our next stop would be beyond the border. We found later that this was a wise precaution, as the Austrians near the border, while they never hesitate to accept a mark, are usually willing to reckon it only as a krone, a discount of more than twenty-five per cent. On returning the other way, we found the Bavarians unwilling to accept Austrian money, especially small change, at all.

CHAPTER VII.

MITTENWALD TO TEGERNSEE

THE diligence from Partenkirchen reaches Mittenwald at noon, and stops long enough to allow the passengers to eat their dinner at the Post Inn, before resuming its trip along the old Roman road toward the valley of the Inn. This left our morning in Mittenwald too short for any excursion, so we spent the time in walking about in the village. The day happened to be a feast-day, and many of the peasants of the neighbouring country had come into the town. The young people, with few exceptions, wore the ordinary clothes of civilization, but the older peasants clung to their characteristic costumes. These were not as vivid in colouring as some of the dresses which are still to be seen in the remote valleys of the Austrian Tyrol. The men mostly wore the short coat with silver buttons affected by the Bavarian farmers, and tight-fitting trousers tucked into

tight knee-boots. Many of the women had gaily coloured shawls, evidently of Italian manufacture, but the characteristic feature of their attire was a great beaver bonnet of peculiar shape, which to our eyes was anything but beautiful. We could hardly blame the young girls for discarding it, for it was no aid to good looks.

We had notified the postmaster the night before of our intention to take the diligence, and he had telegraphed to reserve places for us. The consequence was that not one, but two, wagons appeared, one of which discharged all its passengers at Mittenwald. As we had already dined, we persuaded the coachman of this carriage to start ten minutes before his scheduled time, and thus escaped having to take the dust of the first wagon.

The road at first, after crossing the Isar, continues along the level bottom of the valley for three miles to the celebrated Defile of Scharnitz, the boundary between Bavaria and the Tyrol. The Romans here defended their road by a fort called Scarbia. During the Thirty Years' War the Archduchess Claudia di Medici built formidable defences here, which caused the pass to be afterward known as the Porta Claudia. During the

Napoleonic wars the defences were still further strengthened, and the pass was regarded as impregnable. In 1805 the French attacked the defile and a bloody struggle ensued. The fortress justified its reputation, and the besiegers would have been obliged to retire discomfited but for their discovery of a way to flank the position by the use of an undefended and hitherto unknown path through the Leutasch valley. The legend of the treachery which disclosed this to them is thus told:

Bavaria during this war was arrayed on the side of France, so that the peasants on the two sides of the border were at enmity with each other. Despite this, a young Bavarian peasant was betrothed to a Tyrolese maiden who lived just beyond the frontier, and the ties of affection proved stronger than political considerations. So every evening he made his way across the mountains to the home of his true love, using for this purpose a path through the Leutaschklamm, known only to peasants and smugglers, with whom he was probably in sympathy, as most of the peasants are to this day. It is not definitely known whether the hope of a reward induced him to betray the path to the

French, or whether he was discovered on one of his nightly expeditions, and unwillingly compelled to reveal the secret. At any rate, he was forced to guide the French forces over the mountains. The position was outflanked, and the Tyrolean defenders were defeated.

The result to the peasant was disastrous; his sweetheart would listen to no justification of his action, and absolutely refused to ever again have anything to do with him. His lot in his own village was not much better. Between natural antipathy for a traitor and a feeling of revenge for his having disclosed the profitable secret path, and thereby closed their smuggling road, his companions ostracized him, and drove him out of the village. There was nothing left for him to do but to enlist in the French army, which he did, and disappeared from the lives of all who knew him.

Four years later, when the French again invaded the Tyrol, he was among the invaders; in a skirmish with a few peasants in the vicinity of Scharnitz he was shot by a woman, who was no other than his old sweetheart, arrayed in arms like many of her sisters against her country's foes. When the

French retired, leaving the body on the field, and she discovered that the enemy whom she had destroyed was her own lover, all the old feeling of her heart returned. The shock of the discovery turned her brain, and she became hopelessly insane. The remainder of her life was spent in hopeless wailings for her absent lover, whom she no longer knew was dead, and in constant grieving because he did not return.

After the French captured the defile, they spent an enormous amount of time and money in destroying the fortifications, which they did so completely that hardly a trace of them remains.

Just beyond the pass we reached the village of Scharnitz and left the Isar to follow the valley of the Drahn. This led us continually up steep grades, so that we had often to walk to spare the horses. We did not object to this, as the mountain views were well worth more than a passing glimpse, and the fields were beautiful with flowers, of which we gathered many. Nine miles from Mittenwald we climbed the last hill into Seefeld, an attractive village on the crest of the watershed between the Isar and the Inn. Here we paused long enough to change

horses, and in the meantime tried some of the Klosterbräu beer. This was served to us in the Braustübchen, a remarkable room which was decorated and furnished in the fifteenth century, and has been in use ever since.

From Seefeld the road descends in wide curves, affording fine views of the Tyrolese Alps and the Inn valley. Shortly after leaving Seefeld, we saw the beautiful little Wildsee, and on the way down to Zirl passed through a village or two, but we had no time for more than a glance at things by the roadside, for we never slackened speed for an instant during the whole seven miles. The horses kept to a continuous fast trot, and occasionally broke into a gallop, from which a vigorous application of the brake soon restrained them. Our entry into Zirl was a masterpiece of driving, but brought our hearts into our mouths. The three horses whirled us down the steep streets, around corners almost on two wheels, cutting close to the edge-stones and grazing other vehicles, sending the dogs and chickens flying helter-skelter, and finally brought us up short before the Star Inn with a grinding application of the brakes and a merry blast on the

bugle. We made the coachman's broad face broader still by the tip which we gave him as we left him, and then made our way to the railway station, where we took the train for Innsbruck.

Just outside Zirl the railway passes under the high precipice called the Martinswand, more than three thousand feet high. Up near the top of this is a cave, barely visible from the level of the river, called the Maximilianshöhle. Here the Emperor Maximilian I. was in imminent danger of his life while hunting the chamois. In the ardour of the chase he pursued a magnificent specimen of this species down the perpendicular cliff, until he finally found himself unable to move in any direction except along a narrow ledge. Following this to the end, he reached this cave, which at least gave him security against falling. He was extricated from his unpleasant predicament by a forester, who was ennobled for his feat under the name of Hollauer von Hohenfelsen. The rest of the ride of four or five miles to Innsbruck offers nothing of remarkable interest, although fine views of the mountains on both sides of the wide valley are continually to be had.

Arrived in the town, we made our way to the Hotel Kreid, in the Margaretenplatz, which, although not enjoying the fame or charging the prices of the large hotels opposite the railway station, has a renowned restaurant and offers excellent quarters at a fair price.

Innsbruck is a town of many attractions. Its location is most delightful, situated in the wide plain of the Inn, almost nineteen hundred feet above the sea, and completely dominated by lofty mountains. On each side of the river a steep range of jagged peaks seven to eight thousand feet high stretches for miles, now separating to form a wide plain as at Innsbruck, now closing in on river and railroad so as to leave only a narrow strip of tillable ground.

From the Maria Theresienstrasse, the principal thoroughfare of the place, there is a fine view of the mountain wall, apparently just behind the Arch of Triumph, which fills one end of the street. There are a number of noteworthy houses in this street and its narrow continuation, the Herzog Friedrichstrasse. The most famous of these is that of the "Golden Roof." This is a most beautiful bow-window in the late

Gothic style, which, according to tradition, was built in 1425 by Frederick "with the Empty Pockets," Count of Tyrol, as an adornment to his palace. By the expenditure of thirty thousand ducats on the heavily gilded copper tiles of the roof, he tried to show that there was more gold in his pockets than truth in his nickname. Whether this story be true or not, the window in its present form was erected by the Emperor Maximilian in 1504, when he restored the building, and the front is adorned with the arms of himself and his two wives. It was regilded and completely refurbished in 1899, so that it now gleams in the sun with all its pristine brilliancy.

The most wonderful building in Innsbruck, and the whole Tyrol, for that matter, is the Hofkirche. The church itself, though it has a fine rococo interior supported on columns of red marble, is not especially noteworthy. It is merely the jewel-box, which is itself of little importance compared with the treasures which it contains. In a way it is the Westminster Abbey of the Tyrol, for, besides its artistic contents, it enfolds the remains of the Emperor Maximilian I. and those of the heroes of the uprising of 1809,

Andreas Hofer, Joseph Speckbacher, and Joachim Haspinger. Other famous personages, including counts of the Tyrol, have their monuments here, and here lies the beautiful Phillipine Welser, the daughter of a patrician of Augsburg.

In the centre of the church stands the sarcophagus of the emperor, surmounted by his kneeling statue in bronze. The twenty-four marble tablets in high relief on the sarcophagus, depicting scenes from his life, are masterpieces of fine sculpture, and so delicate that they have to be kept under glass. The gilded iron grating which surrounds the tomb is also a masterpiece of its kind.

The greatest glories of the chapel, however, are the twenty-eight bronze statues of heroic size which surround the tomb as torch-bearers and mourners. Twenty-three were ancestors or relatives of the emperor; the others were his favourite heroes of antiquity. All but two, Arthur of the Table Round and Theodoric the Ostrogoth, which were modelled by the famous Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, are torch-bearers. These two are the masterpieces of the collection, and the same model was evidently used for both. The statue of Arthur is one of the finest types

of manhood ever produced by a sculptor, the true type of Christian chivalry.

The other statues were made by Gilg Sesselschreiber, of Munich, and Stephan Godl and Christoph Amberger of Nuremberg. Among them is one of the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg, the founder of his house. Although unknown to the guide-books and antiquaries, there is a curious custom attached to this statue, which I discovered quite by accident. I was alone in the church one day, closely examining one of the statues, when the door opened and a young peasant woman came in. She looked all around the church to satisfy herself that no one was there, but evidently failed to discover me. She went straight to the statue, knelt before it, and evidently uttered a short prayer, then bared her bosom and applied her warm flesh to the cold bronze. All this was done with the utmost haste, as if she were afraid of being discovered, as indeed she was. I let her go out without knowing that I was there. On examining the statue, I saw that this must be a common custom, for the bronze was worn bright on one or two projecting parts. Later I made inquiries among some of the peasant women in the market, and

finally found out that this ceremony is often performed soon after their marriage by the peasant women of the region. Evidently the manliness of the old emperor made a lasting impression on the minds of his people and their descendants.

While we were in Innsbruck the Turnvereins of Germany and Austria were holding their annual reunion in the town, and it was elaborately decorated with flags of various colours. The streets were filled with delegates in all kinds of uniforms, and these, with the peasant costumes and the uniforms of practically every grade in the Austrian army, filled the streets with a medley of bright hues. We had a very pleasant time in the old city, visiting Berg Isel, the historic hill from which Andreas Hofer captured Innsbruck three times in one year, listening to the concerts and eating ices in the Hofgarten, and generally enjoying the delights of city life after our travels in the mountains. Two or three days sufficed to rest us, and then we were ready for the next stage in our travels, a trip to the Achensee and the Tegernsee.

We left Innsbruck by railway, bound for Jenbach, where we were to change to a

mountain railway for the Achensee. The first stop of any importance is Hall, a town which celebrated its thousandth anniversary in 1904. It is a most picturesque little place, and has been called the Nuremberg of the Tyrol, because of its mediæval appearance. This it owes to a sudden decay of its prosperity, due to a change in trade routes. Hall was formerly at the head of navigation on the Inn, and had a lively water trade with the lower Inn and the Danube. Its salt-mines were worked as early as the ninth century and are still of importance. Their product was sent down the river and across the mountains in large quantities. Besides this, the town was on the main route from Venice to Germany. All in all, many hundred horses and men found profitable employment in the transportation of goods. Now the town has little importance except as a show-place for visitors to the Tyrol.

On a height to the north of Hall lies Absam, a little village which owes its whole fame to the birth there of Jakob Stainer, the greatest violin-maker who ever flourished north of Italy. Just where he learned to make these instruments is not known. He certainly did not visit Cremona, as is often

alleged, and he is known to have been selling his own wares when he was only twenty years old. Later he was violin-maker to the court of Austria, but was never able to keep out of debt, and so lost his official position. He died in 1683, poor and miserable, but left an undying reputation and a multitude of fine instruments, which are to-day almost as highly prized as the best products of Cremona.

Stainer took great pains in the selection of wood for his instruments. He wandered for days in the hills and valleys of the Karwendelgebirge, tapping the trees to test their tone before he felled them. He observed that those which were just beginning to die were the most resonant, and invariably felled these for his instruments. He also wandered into the peasants' houses and tapped the doors and tables, occasionally finding a well-seasoned and fine-sounding piece, which he purchased for his work. The result of his care is that his violins are said to have a more flute-like and sympathetic tone than that of the Italian instruments, but are better adapted to a small room than to a concert-hall, which the more brilliant tones of the Cremona instruments fill to perfection.

Farther down the valley we see across the river the picturesque old town of Schwaz, once famous for its silver-mines, which are now worked out. Below this on the left is the imposing castle of Tratzberg, and just beyond this is Jenbach, where we changed to the rack-road. This runs only in the summer. It took us up some surprisingly steep grades, and landed us at Seespitz, at the south end of the Achensee.

This lake is the most beautiful body of water in the whole Tyrol, and is rivalled in Bavaria only by the Königssee and the Walchensee. The mountains hug it almost as closely as do those which enclose the Königssee, and there is no road along the shore for much of its extent. At the same time the Achensee has several settlements at each end and does not possess the charm of isolation which belongs to the Königssee. The water of the lake is the most gorgeous in colouring that it is possible to conceive, ranging in different lights from the deepest indigo to the most vivid azure blue. In this it differs from most of the Bavarian lakes, the usual colour of which is sea-green.

The lake is the highest in Austria, being three thousand feet above the sea-level and

thirteen hundred feet above the Inn, which is only four miles away. The mountains around it are most imposing, rising three to four thousand feet sheer above its level, and, as the lake is only about half a mile broad, their nearness adds greatly to their apparent height. They rise so steeply from the water that the road along the east side of the lake is hewn from the rock or supported on bridges through a great portion of its length.

The Achensee is one of the lakes which show most plainly their glacial origin. Its original and natural outlet is into the Inn valley, but the great masses of débris carried by the glaciers dammed up the side valleys completely and forced the imprisoned waters to cut their way out to the north.

The lake belongs to the Benedictine monastery at Schwaz, which maintains the three steamers which ply its waters and the Fürstenhaus Hotel at Pertisau, at the southwest corner of the lake. The Pertisau is a green pasture which contains several hotels and is a pleasant and popular summer resort.

We decided not to stay at the Pertisau, but kept on with the steamer to the north end of the lake, where is situated the Gasthaus

Scholastika, now rebuilt and called Hotel Messmer. This inn was formerly kept by a spinster named Scholastika, a niece of Anton Aschbacher, one of the Tyrolese heroes of 1809. Under her sway the inn was a great resort for literary men and scholars, and her evening discussions became famous and have been immortalized in German literature by Doctor Steub. These times have long passed away, and the inn is now only a large hotel of the type so common in the highlands.

Walking down the road in the evening, I noticed at the end of the fence which enclosed the grounds of the hotel a large notice-board on which was painted the command, "Whistling and cracking of whips forbidden." Despite this I was awakened about five the next morning by what sounded like a volley of pistol-shots up the road. I went to the window and discovered a teamster sitting on a load of wood which was being leisurely drawn along by a pair of fine horses. He was amusing himself by performing with his whip, which had a lash some fifteen feet long. This is a common practice in the mountains, and the amount of noise a peasant can produce with this

instrument is startling. Not content with a single crack, an expert will swing out his lash until it stands out rigid, then, with a twist of his wrist, give it a rippling motion, and it will go off like a pack of giant firecrackers. This fellow had effectually banished sleep for me, and I dressed, took my camera, and went for a walk along the shores of the lake. The morning mist hung low over the peaks, and I was unable to get any satisfactory pictures, but I walked far enough to give me a good appetite, and returned to find the rest of the party sitting down to breakfast.

By the time we had finished this, the mail-coach was being harnessed outside, and a good-sized crowd filled the verandas of the hotel to see one of the events of the day. We ascended to our places, amid much entirely audible comment as to our nationality, which everybody had investigated in the visitors' book, our luggage, and our clothes. Being more or less modest, we were greatly relieved when, with a crack of the whip and a blast on the bugle, our four horses started into a trot and left the curious crowd behind.

We passed almost immediately the first houses of the village of Achenkirchen, which

is almost three miles long, consisting of a single row of houses on each side of the road. We soon left this behind, and the horses, no longer having children and chickens to avoid, settled down to a steady trot, which they did not often abate, the road being mostly down-hill, until we reached the Bavarian customs-house, beyond the narrow Achen Pass. The valley had been getting narrower and narrower and the scenery wilder all the way. Now the river foamed along just below us, now dashed through a deep ravine far beneath. In the pass the scenery was stern and wild, and beyond it we drove for miles through dense and unbroken forest. All told, this was the wildest and most uninhabited country through which we drove in our whole mountain trip.

When at last we suddenly broke out of the forest and drew up before the buildings of Wildbad Kreuth, so named because of the romantic seclusion of its position, in a wooded mountain amphitheatre, we were pleasantly surprised. This celebrated bathing and rest cure, belonging to the Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria, is a very large establishment, but is always crowded in summer. Its royal possessor is a full-fledged

doctor of medicine, and has greatly endeared himself to the people of Bavaria by his kindness to the poor and his self-sacrifice in preferring the relief of suffering to the luxurious idleness which might so easily be his.

The baths of Kreuth were already known in the fourteenth century, and then belonged to the monastery of Tegernsee. The abbots erected and repaired the bath-houses several times, but after the secularization of the monastery, they became ruinous. In 1817 King Maximilian I. bought them, and they were soon put into repair and use. Their fame and extent have steadily increased, until there are now more than fifteen buildings. They surround a beautiful and extensive green lawn and enjoy a noble prospect of grand wooded mountains which completely encircle them.

We did not care to take the cure, so after a bountiful dinner resumed our seats and our journey through more of the grandest and wildest scenery of Bavaria. The road was good and the horses fresh, so that we made rapid progress, and soon came to the broad Tegernsee, ringed by mountains on three sides, but with its fourth or eastern shore lined with villas, castles, and hotels. It

is, next to the Starnbergersee, the most lively and popular of all the Bavarian lakes.

When we arrived at the Hotel Steinmetz, we found that we had come at just the right moment. The ducal family was entertaining distinguished visitors at the castle, and an illumination of the lake was planned for that evening. The hotel was full to overflowing, and, if we had not engaged our rooms several days in advance, we would have found no accommodation. As it was, not only were we well provided for, but the *portier* told me that he had a boat reserved for us if we desired it, and thereby earned for himself a good "Trinkgeld," for boats were at a premium.

As darkness set in, the lake was covered with a multitude of boats adorned with coloured lights and lanterns, and gaily mirrored in the placid waters. We joined the throng, rowing about idly and admiring the beauty of the scene. Suddenly a rocket shot up, and, as if by magic, lights twinkled on the summit of every peak about the lake, and then shot up into great bursts of flame as the bonfires blazed up. All around the lake and from gaily illuminated vessels on its surface the air was filled with a glory of rockets and

spouting fires. The effect across the water was enchanting, but all too soon the illumination was over, and we reluctantly sought our rooms, whence we could see the last lingering boats slowly extinguishing their lights, as one by one they reached the land.

The next morning we visited the rooms of the castle which are open to public inspection. This building, although now only half of the original quadrangle, is large enough to contain a royal castle, a church, and a brewery. In front of and around the castle are beautiful parks laid out in the English style.

The Benedictine monastery of Tegernsee was formerly one of the greatest centres of art and the humanities in Europe, and had a great influence on the development of Bavarian culture. Its achievements in art included noteworthy accomplishments in the domain of miniature painting, glass-painting, bronze-casting, sculpture, and wood-carving. Its work in the realm of the humanities was of great importance in the history of classic literature, poetry, the drama, libraries, and the natural sciences.

According to the annals of the monastery, its founders were the two brothers, Adalbert,

a noble of Bavaria, and Otkar, Duke of Burgundy. Otkar's only son was one day playing chess at the court of King Pepin with a son of the latter, who got angry in the course of the game, and dealt him a blow with the chess-board which proved fatal. Overcome with grief, the bereaved father took his leave for ever from the court of the king, and carried his brother with him back to their possessions. They founded a small church on the Tegernsee, dedicated to the Saviour, and then went to Rome for permission to found a monastery. This they obtained, and the establishment was begun in 754. Adalbert was the first abbot, and Otkar entered as a lay brother. Othmar, abbot of St. Gallen in Switzerland, sent a hundred and fifty monks to fill the cells of the new building. The brothers endowed the young foundation with 11,800 hides of land and twenty salt-pans, and it prospered for a time.

The tenth century was one of disasters for the abbey. The Huns came down on it in 907, and in 920 the Duke Arnulph drove out the monks and divided their land among his knights. To crown all, the buildings were destroyed by fire in 947. In 978, when

the Emperor Otto II. restored the monastery, its lands had dwindled to 114 hides.

Now, however, under the learned Abbot Gosbert, who ruled from 982 to 1001, the abbey became a resort of learned men. The school became famous for its instruction in classic literature, especially that given by Froumund, who became a monk in 1017. Besides being master of the school for many years before this date, he wrote many beautiful songs, poetical letters in Latin, and the Ruotlieb, the hero of which went on an adventurous trip to Africa, whence he came back filled with wisdom. He also wrote a festal ode on the occasion of the reception of Henry II., Duke of Bavaria and later emperor, at the monastery.

In 993 the first bell-foundry in Bavaria was started here. In 999 the monks had attained proficiency in painting on glass, reputed to be their invention, for Gosbert wrote to Count Arnold, "in your happy days the sun for the first time throws his rays through parti-coloured glass paintings on the floor of the basilica."

Under Abbot Seifried in 1060 the monk and poet Metellus composed his "Quirinalia," a book of hymns to St. Quirinus, whose

relics caused a still-existing spring to gush forth at St. Quirin, a place in the immediate neighbourhood. He also wrote a collection of bucolics. Even before this date the monastery had attained the rank of a royal abbey. The abbots styled themselves princes, and the four hereditary offices were held by Bavarian nobles.

Under the art-loving Abbot Eberhard II. (1068-91), the learned monk Regenfried brought to the monastery as many books as the high altar could hold, and the library, which later became so famous, gained rapidly in size and importance. The monks were not only expert in caligraphy and illumination, but decorated the church with paintings, a panelled ceiling, and painted windows. The monk Wernher was not only an expert smith, but understood the art of casting bronze, and of fusing the most beautiful colours into glass, so that five windows made by him were the pride of the monks. He was also a wood-carver, caligrapher, and illuminator.

Under the Abbot Rupert (1155-86) the fame of the school increased. The scholar Werinher, who died in 1197, translated in 1173 a Latin legend of the Madonna into

German. This exists to-day only in a version rewritten by a later scribe, the beginning of which is the following famous verse: "Du bist mîn, ich bin dîn; des solt du gewiz sîn, du bist beslozzen in mînem Herzen; verloren ist das slüzzelin: du mûst immer drinne sîn. (Thou art mine, I am thine; of this canst thou certain be, thou art fast closed within my heart; the key is lost, and fast therein thou'lt ever be.)" He also composed the oldest dramatic song-play in German, "Of the Rise and Fall of Antichrist" (whose legions the German emperor as defender of the Church had overcome). The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was present at the first performance of this drama at Tegernsee, and the performance was brought to a dramatic climax by the appearance on the stage of a herald from the King of Jerusalem, who summoned the emperor to the liberation of the Holy Land.

In 1214 the monastery was partly destroyed by fire, and it appears to have recovered from the catastrophe but slowly, for when the famous minnesinger Walther von der Vogelweide (who by the way was no defender of either Pope or clergy in his lays) visited there in 1217, he was given

only water to drink, a reception which caused him to leave promptly. In the fourteenth century, even more than in the thirteenth, the monastery was poor and heavily in debt.

In the days of Abbot Kaspar (1426-51) prosperity returned. He erected new buildings, enriched the library, vaulted the choir of the church, had the choir-stalls carved by the lay brother Johann von Baychenbach between 1450 and 1454, brought in the sculptor Hanns from Munich to enrich the marble sarcophagi of the founders with reliefs, and added largely to the church plate.

Abbot Konrad V. rebuilt the monastery church in 1471-78 of cut stone, and embellished it with paintings, fortified the monastery, built a new library and procured many new manuscripts, and increased the number of the holy vessels. Bernhard, abbot from 1673 to 1714, restored the church and the abbey buildings, and employed Hans Georg Asam to execute the frescoes of the church roof. The last abbot, Gregory II. (1787-1803), like his predecessors, added to the treasures of the library. He also increased the physical cabinet, started a her-

barium and collections of medals, copper-plate engravings, and natural history, and improved the facilities of the school.

The secularization of the monasteries in 1803 wrought havoc with the treasures of Tegernsee: much of great value was destroyed, artistic works of the greatest beauty disappeared, and great wagon-loads of books and parchments were sold at ridiculous prices. The State Library at Munich obtained 5,580 books from the library, of which 1,478 were manuscripts and 1,584 incunabula. The buildings and land were sold to Count von Drechsel, who tore down the west front, with its noble marble staircase, to make room for a garden. In 1817 King Maximilian I. of Bavaria bought the buildings and turned the south wing into a royal castle, and by descent it has now come into the possession of Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria.

This superficial sketch of the history and achievements of the monastery may indicate that the cloisters of the middle ages were not entirely hives of drones, fattening on the land, but that they were often centres of civilization and education in the midst of a benighted populace.

The excursions and sights in the vicinity of Tegernsee are numerous, and attract every summer an enormous number of guests to the many hotels and pensions which abound on the shores of the lake. The list would be tedious, although the places themselves are attractive, in the mild manner often characteristic of popular summer resorts.

CHAPTER VIII

CHIEMSEE TO KÖNIGSSEE

WE had intended to return from the Tegernsee to Munich, but the weather was so fine that we hardly wanted to go back, especially as we were told that it was still hot in the city. Mrs. Holliston decided that she had had enough of post-wagons and carriages for awhile, and so she and Josephine decided to stay at the Hotel Steinmetz for a few days. We three young men, however, laid out a trip to the extreme eastern end of Bavaria, for the purpose of visiting the Salzkammergut.

We took the train at Gmund at the north end of the lake, changed cars at Holzkirchen and again at Rosenheim. Here we had an hour or two to wait, owing to some failure of connections, and spent the time in walking about the town. It is a very old place, dating back at least to the thirteenth century, and is, because of its nearness to the Alps,

a favourite tourist resort. Its principal business is the manufacture of salt from brine, which is not obtained on the spot, but piped from Reichenhall, forty-two miles away, over mountain and valley, across the rivers Inn and Mangfall, to the boiling-pans.

Our train finally arriving, we got aboard, and, after passing the little Simssee, soon reached Prien, the largest town on the Chiemsee. Here we alighted and took the omnibus which was waiting to convey us to the steamer. The Chiemsee is the largest lake in Bavaria, and is, at the first view, rather disappointing. Its banks are not interesting, being low and characterless, and its principal claim to attractiveness, aside from its good fishing, is the fine though distant view of the Alps which it presents. This is not of any great beauty from Prien, which lies too low, so that the view is masked by the low hills to the south; but from the islands, and especially from Seebruck, at the north end of the lake, the sight is magnificent. The whole chain of high mountains appears to stand directly out of the water and forms a majestic semicircle, reaching from the Wendelstein near the Schliersee to the Gaisberg near Salzburg.

The lake contains three islands, Herrenwörth, Frauenwörth, and the Krautinsel. The names denote their uses. One once contained a monastery, the second a convent, and the third and smallest was a vegetable-garden for both the religious institutions.

The steamer soon landed us on the largest island, where we bought our tickets to view the castle, which is exhibited at the same rates and times as the other two castles of Ludwig II. Near the landing-place stands the restaurant, close to what is called the old castle. This is part of the monastery, being the former residence of the prelates. The monastery was founded in the eighth century and had a very checkered career, being involved more or less in the temporal wars and feuds of the neighbouring princes. It was finally disestablished in 1803, like so many others in the " Pfaffenwinkel."

The first purchaser pulled down the towers of the church and turned it into a brewery, which still makes excellent beer. The monastery was turned into a farm, which was sold in 1873 to a syndicate. The purchasers began to cut the beautiful forests of the island, whereupon King Ludwig II. interfered, bought the island, and began to

erect there the greatest of his castles, in imitation of Versailles. During the building he spent much time here, living in the monastery, which is now used for hotel purposes.

Versailles was erected by Louis XIV. as a symbol of kingly greatness. Ludwig II. regarded his imitation of it as the ideal of kingly architecture, style, decoration, and furnishing. But while Louis XIV. avoided the beauty of nature in his palace, Ludwig II. placed his three in the most beautiful situations possible: Neuschwanstein, representative of the German spirit of chivalry, on a wild and romantic mountain pinnacle; Linderhof, typifying the fine taste of elegant society, in the odorous wooded valley; Herrenchiemsee, symbol of the might of kings, on the isolated island beneath the mighty Alpine chain. Like Louis XIV., the German king had no thought of expense in his building. A year before his death, his ministers wished to limit his expenditure, but he replied that the building was his sole enjoyment and happiness in life. The palace is unfinished, the north wing, four hundred and eighty feet long, remain-

ing incomplete, while the south and east wings to correspond are not begun.

The gardens planned for the front are not finished and are shut from sight by fences. The fountains no longer play, because of the cost of the water, but one forgets the rather dismal external impression when the glories of the interior come to view. It would be idle to attempt to describe them; the guide-books give a catalogue, but it is only when seen that they can be appreciated.

The decorations are all masterpieces of Munich art. Mirrors, paintings, carvings, castings, carpets, lustres, furniture of all descriptions, riot and blaze with the gleam of crystal, the lustre of pearl, the glitter of gold and silver, the sheen of silk. The *chambre de parade* alone is said to have cost $625,000. Another room is lighted by seventy-seven gold and crystal chandeliers, holding twenty-five hundred wax candles, and is completely surrounded by plate-glass mirrors thirty feet high. We could not reason in the face of such magnificence. We simply wandered on, overwhelmed by the gorgeous rooms, and wonders ceased to impress us before we had seen all.

It was a relief to get out-of-doors again, and, wandering to the southern edge of the island, enjoy the mountain scenery. Then we took a small boat and were rowed over to the Fraueninsel, where there is an idyllic little fisher village and a famous artists' hostelry called the Linden Inn. This possesses a wondrous album of sketches in picture and word by celebrated artists, which was begun in 1828. The remarkable introduction relates that four Munich artists went sailing on the Schliersee, which is thirty or forty miles away. A tempest came on, the lake overflowed its banks, and they were tossed on the face of the waters for three days. Then the flood subsided, and they landed on a green island, where the natives fed them on potato salad and cutlets, and told them that they were on an undiscovered lake called the Chiemsee. If previously unknown to artists, it has never been neglected since. It offers not only the wonderful colouring and beautiful Alpine views of many of the other lakes, the woods and architecture of the monks' island, the primitive village and fishing life of the nuns' island, the isolation of the vegetable island, but is also subject to wild storms which

have all the fury of a tempest at sea, even though without all its grandeur.

On the south side of Frauenwörth stands the convent of the Benedictine nuns. This was founded by the first Christian Duke of Bavaria even earlier than the monastery. One of the first abbesses was Irmengard, daughter of King Ludwig the German (860), and it soon became very prosperous. Its nuns were all daughters of the nobles of Bavaria and the Tyrol. It suffered the usual accidents of isolated settlements, having been several times destroyed by fire, last in 1730. In 1803 it suffered the general fate of secularization, but was not destroyed, and some of the nuns were allowed to remain. In 1837 King Ludwig I. gave it back to them with a small endowment, and it was turned into a girls' school. The porch of the church is of the eleventh century and is one of the finest specimens of German architecture extant.

We returned to the landing after inspecting the island, and took the steamer on its next trip around the lake. The view of the mountains is finest from the Fraueninsel, the mountain valleys all converging on this spot, but there is also a very fine view from See-

bruck, at the head of the lake, where the south bank is barely visible, and the mountains appear to rise directly from the water.

Returning to Prien, we took the train again, and soon entered some of the most entrancing scenery of Europe. The views of the Salzburg Alps are extremely fine, and the country through which the railway passes is very interesting. At Freilassing we changed to the branch line to Bad Reichenhall, under the giant Untersberg, on the banks of the Saalach. This is a very renowned bathing cure, owing its fame to the salt-springs, which were known to the Romans. The town is surrounded by a circle of mountains, prominent among which is the Untersberg, one of the famous places of German legend.

Under the Untersberg is a great subterranean country, where sit and hold court the Kaisers Karl der Grosse, known to us usually as Charlemagne, and Friedrich Barbarossa. In the mountain cathedral more than six hundred monks continually hold divine service at two hundred altars, to the music of more than thirty organs. On the blooming meadows of this fair land wander long-dead princesses of the Salzburg, Berch-

tesgaden, and Bavarian lands, and armed knights storm across the field of tournament to the beat of drum and blare of trumpet.

The old Emperor Karl heeds nothing of this, but sits at a marble table, his head on his hand, pondering the fate of Germany, and waiting until his beard shall have grown three times around the table. Then, in Germany's hour of deepest need, he will lead forth his mail-clad warriors, invulnerable, invincible, crush her enemies, and resume his earthly throne to make Germany lord of the world.

Now and again the door stands open, and some mortal finds his way into the chamber where the two kings sleep. One of them will awaken and ask him some question, as, "Is the grass still green in the mountain valleys?" or, "Do the crows still fly over the Untersberg?" On receiving an affirmative answer, the old monarch says, wearily, "The time is not yet come," and relapses into his thoughts. Then a gray and ancient monk leads the wanderer away, shows him the lordly court of the emperors, and even opens to him the old, old books which tell the history of future times. But woe betide the unlucky wight who dares to inquire

into his own future. The answer he gets is a stern, "Inquire not into God's secrets," and a buffet on the head which deprives him of consciousness. When he comes to, he finds himself in some lonely mountain valley, with none of the treasures which he had been permitted to gather before his unlucky question, and with a sore head as sole reminder of his visit.

The neighbourhood is supposed to be full of underground passages, which lead the mountain-dwellers to neighbouring churches and chapels, which are often seen to be lighted at midnight for their services. Through these they also often visit the dwellers in the mountain valleys, especially at the weddings of well-esteemed peasants, to whom they bring rich presents and earnest admonitions to a God-fearing life.

This region retained until toward the close of the last century a curious form of justice known as "Haberfeldtreiben," which dated back to the local popular courts granted by Charlemagne. What the word means is not known. Its literal significance is "oat-field-driving," but the German authorities find no reasonable explanation of its origin.

The practitioners formed an oath-bound

society composed of local chapters, each under a master. The exact workings are doubtful, as no member ever broke his oath, even under very severe judicial pressure. When some person in a peasant community attracted the attention of the society for offences not reachable by the law, usually immoral life, sometimes usury or oppression, he got two verbal warnings to cease. If these did not suffice, the signal was given, and on some dark night a band of two or three hundred masked men would suddenly appear in the neighbourhood of his house.

This was the greatest mystery and best proof of the perfect organization of the society. The participants invariably came from distant valleys. They must have had a most perfect schedule for marching and used secret paths, for no one ever saw them on the way to or from the meeting, and they appeared all at once, as from the earth. In fact, if outsiders asked them who they were, they said they were Charlemagne's men from the Untersberg.

Once on the spot, they acted with the utmost rapidity. A line of sentinels armed with guns was rapidly formed about a tract of a square mile or two. Every passenger

was turned back at the point of the musket. If a carriage or foot traveller pleaded urgent necessity, an armed escort accompanied him through the surrounded territory, but not a word was spoken during the passage.

Meanwhile, the assembly had formed before the house of the accused. A volley of gunshots woke him and his neighbours, and he was bidden to come to the front window unarmed, but not to speak. Then the spokesman declared that this was King Charlemagne's court, come from the Untersberg to inquire into the conduct of the mortal. The accuser was ordered to stand forth, and began to recite the misdeeds of the culprit in doggerel verse. This was done in the loudest and clearest manner possible, so that all within ear-shot should hear well. At the close of each couplet, the entire assemblage broke out into a burst of noise, as loud and derisive as possible. With groans and catcalls mingled the noise of horns, cow-bells, wooden rattles, tin pans, and a volley of gunshots, kept up for five minutes or so. Then came quiet and another accusing verse, followed by another tumult, and so on to the end of the list. When this was reached there was a final burst of noise,

and then the assembly melted away in an instant, leaving not a trace behind.

No harm was done to person or property. If crops were trampled, money was left to pay for the damage. If a window-pane were broken, silver tied up in a cloth was tossed in to pay for it. A number of communes were fined because such a meeting was held in them, and the fine was mysteriously returned to them. Judicial proceedings never disclosed the culprits, but public sentiment finally turned against the practice, and it is now obsolete.

Bad Reichenhall is one of the best-known health resorts of Germany. Its cure is composed of salt baths and salt air, the latter being artificially made. This is accomplished by allowing salt water to flow over high hedges of dry twigs, which diffuse a considerable amount of salt spray into the air. This slow trickling of the dilute brine over the twigs was formerly used as a means of concentrating the salt solution, but is now employed only in connection with the cure.

The salt-springs issue about fifty feet underground, and are thence pumped to the surface. There are twenty-four of them, of varying degrees of saltiness. One, called

for centuries the "Noble Well," or the "Blessing," contains nearly twenty-five per cent. of salt, and with another, called the "Karl Theodor Spring," yields enough brine to produce half a ton of salt every day. Four of the springs are boiled without preliminary evaporation, the rest are used for bathing purpose or have to be further evaporated in the air before it is profitable to boil them down.

The four Bavarian salt-works at Berchtesgaden, Reichenhall, Traunstein, and Rosenheim are connected by a series of pipe-lines more than fifty miles in length, surmounting all sorts of natural obstacles. The object of this is to carry the brine for boiling to points where wood is cheap and abundant, which is not the case near the springs where the brine flows forth.

We went down into the salt-works and saw a very curious sight, a large stream of fresh water gushing out in the midst of the salt-springs, and conducted away by an underground canal half a mile long and big enough to float a boat.

Every visitor to the town who stays a week is obliged to pay a tax of fifteen marks, but

we escaped this, as we left after one night's stay at the Golden Stag.

The next morning we left by train for Berchtesgaden. The railway grades are very steep in places, and the trip is slow but extremely beautiful on account of the wonderful mountain panoramas to be seen at various points. The valley of Berchtesgaden is perhaps the most beautiful on the north slope of the Alps and is extremely popular as a place to visit. Seven or eight thousand guests and sixty to seventy thousand "trippers" is the summer average.

The principal historic interest of the town lies in the fact that it was for nearly seven hundred years the capital of an independent ecclesiastical principality, so small that it was said to be "as high as it was wide." Its rich salt-works and the industry of its inhabitants in wood-carving and the manufacture of toys gave it much prosperity, and it more than once fell a prey to the avarice of its neighbours, the bishops of Salzburg, only to be rescued by Bavaria.

The salt-mine is visited by every traveller, and we were no exceptions. Along with a number of Germans, we bought our tickets, and were inducted into the mysteries of

miners' clothing and lamps. We then plunged into the tunnel, clambered down a long flight of steps, and continued our progress toward the centre of the earth by the simple but somewhat exciting process of sitting down on a smooth slide and coasting into unknown depths. After awhile we reached a salt-lake, over which we journeyed in a boat. The lake was feebly illuminated, and produced weird sensations as we thought of the tons of rock over our heads. Beyond the lake we took another slide down to the bottom of the mine, a deep hollow from which all the salt has been dissolved. The method of extraction is to sink shafts into the salt layer and run in fresh water, which is pumped out when saturated, to be later evaporated. This is rendered necessary by the impurity of the salt in a large portion of the deposits, which renders mining the solid material too expensive. Part of the brine is boiled down in the town, part carried to the other salt-works mentioned above. Some of the salt layers are pure enough to be blasted out, and there is a considerable production of rock salt from the mines.

The number of beautiful and profitable excursions which can be taken from Berch-

tesgaden is unusually great, but we had come principally to see the Königssee, by far the most beautiful lake of Bavaria, and equal in majesty to any of the Swiss or Italian lakes. The mountains rise directly and almost vertically from the water, some of them sixty-five hundred feet above its dark-green level.

The lake can be seen only from boats, which make the circuit in about five hours, propelled by the sturdy arms of peasant youths or maidens, clad in picturesque costumes. There is a small village at the north end, with inns and shops, for over fifty thousand visitors annually come to the lake, but aside from this there is no settlement or place for one on the steep banks, except at the little green promontory of St. Bartholomä, with its church, inn, and royal hunting-lodge.

The order in which the boats shall set out is strictly regulated by a boat-master, who is king of the lake. We were lucky enough to have two girls assigned as rowers for our boat, and they proved very talkative when they discovered that we were foreigners. They were laughing, when the boat-master picked them out for us, at the

clothing of some German tourists, clad in full Tyroler costume, but with snow-white knees showing between the short trousers and the thick hose. The girls called them "Salon-Tyrolers," and were rather inclined to class us with them. Two of our party had had experience in college shells, however, one at Oxford and one at Harvard, and they soon asked the girls to surrender the oars. This they were perfectly willing to do, expecting soon to have the laugh on the boys, for the oars were clumsy and the boat heavy. Our fellows, however, put mile after mile behind without turning a hair, and the girls were soon ready to admit us to the fellowship of watercraft, and laughed no more.

We soon came to the echo, where, according to the regulations, "neither more nor less than two shots may be fired," and which repeats the sound ten times. The journey continued close to the high rock wall, from which several waterfalls stream, until we landed on the green promontory of St. Bartholomä, formed by the débris of the Eisbach breaking forth from one of the clefts of King Watzmann.

Asking one of our rowers why the moun-

tain bore this name, she told us a tale of Watzmann, an ancient king of the Berchtesgadener land, a wicked and cruel tyrant, with a wife and seven children all as heartless and cruel as himself. His only pleasure in life was hunting, because he had no feeling for man or beast, and in the pursuit of this sport he could not only maim and kill the wild animals, but could spur and ride to death his horse, and ruin the crops of his peasants by riding over them.

Once on a day, returning from the chase unsuccessful, he met on the road a peasant's wife with a baby in her arms. In his spleen he set his fierce dogs upon her, and, as they tore the baby from her arms, he trampled the unfortunate woman under his horse's hoofs. The husband, coming to meet his wife, witnessed the terrible tragedy and called down Heaven's curse on the monster. A terrible earthquake answered the appeal, and, when it had subsided, King Watzmann and his family were turned to cold, hard stone, and there they remain to-day. The mountain has two large peaks, the king and queen, and between them a snowy table-land with a number of small peaks representing the children.

While our dinner of fish, which we had ourselves selected from the tank in the cellar of the inn, was being cooked, we tramped up to see the Eiskapelle, a glacier-formed cave in a wild ravine between the Hackelwand and the Watzmann. This proved hardly worth the tiresome scramble, but we had as a result fine appetites for our excellent dinner. We would have liked to stay overnight in this beautiful spot, but the innkeeper is not allowed to let rooms, so we took to our boat again, and proceeded to the south end of the lake, past the large Schrainbach Fall, and landed on the Saletalpe. This is a neck of land produced by the fall of an avalanche, which has thrown a dam clear across the basin of the lake, and separated a smaller lake called the Obersee, something over a mile long.

The Obersee is, for sheer grandeur of wild rock and snow-clad crest, and for utter solitude, beyond comparison among the German lakes, and surpasses in natural beauty even the famous mountain theatre of the Lac d'Oo in the Pyrenees.

Here, in this lonely corner, the crowning majesty of the Bavarian lakes and mountains, ended our tour of the Bavarian high-

lands. After admiring its beauties to our fill, we were rowed slowly back down the Königssee in the late afternoon. The sun sank behind the hills and the afterglow lingered and faded on the snow-clad eastern peaks before we reached the landing-place and sought our hotel, the Schiffmeister, the last of the comfortable mountain inns which we should visit this summer.

As we lay in the darkness before sleep came, a soft voice accompanied by a zither floated out over the lake in peasant melodies, and it was to this accompaniment that we floated down the pathway of dreams, sorrowfully remembering that to-morrow night we should be back in Munich.

CHAPTER IX

MUNICH — AUER DULT AND OKTOBERFEST

WHEN we returned to Munich, the university was already opening for the winter semester. The attractions of the mountains had been so enticing that we had stayed two weeks longer than we had at first planned. My professor was at home, and the laboratory was full of students and assistants, already starting on the work of the term. He told me that I must matriculate. So I selected the lecture courses which I wished to hear, filled out my papers, deposited my Harvard diplomas and my passport with the secretary of the university, paid my fees to the bursar, and received a card appointing certain days when I might present myself in the great hall of the university to matriculate. I protested against giving up the passport, but the rule was inflexible. I must leave all the papers certifying to my citizen-

ship and education in the archives of the university until I was ready to receive my dismissal.

On the first day appointed for immatriculation, I went up to the hall at eleven o'clock. Stephens accompanied me, although his name had not been sent up. He had been obliged to write to England for a birth certificate before his minister would furnish him a passport, an essential which he had neglected to procure before leaving home. When we reached the great room, over a thousand students were already assembled there. They were of all the varied types to be found in a German university: burly corps members, with fierce moustaches pointed heavenward like those of the Kaiser; smooth-faced and awkward freshmen just from some provincial "Realschule;" a group of brown-robed and tonsured monks; a few girls, mostly in reform clothes, hanging from the shoulders without a suspicion of waist; an officer or two; and numbers of bright-faced fellows exactly like the average American or English undergraduate in outward appearance. This multitude, partly sitting, partly standing, was buzzing like some gigantic dynamo, until suddenly the

door opened and some of the university officers marched in, when intense quiet fell on the crowd.

There happened to be on the programme this day the induction of a new rector, a proceeding which took place in Latin, and was very brief. This finished, the rector took his stand before a high table, behind which sat some clerks, and these began to call out the names and homes of the candidates. Each man went forward as summoned, and bowed to the rector, who gave him the right hand of fellowship, said a few words to him and passed him on to the clerks, who gave him a certificate of matriculation, couched in high-sounding Latin, and a student's card in good German, both bearing the university seal. This card, I discovered, I was bound at all times to have on my person. It conferred on me all the privileges of the university, including the right to take books from the State Library, reduced prices for tickets to various places, and immunity from summary arrest for petty offences.

This latter exemption I never had to use, but Stephens was not so fortunate. He and Walters, a Columbia man who was studying

geology, went out with some Germans one evening and sampled the Burgundies at the Café Hoftheater to discover if there were a good one among them. After trying several, they discovered an 1894 Macon which was very good, and got rather hilarious. On their way home at one o'clock, they decided that Leopoldstrasse, wide and bare, with its rows of gloomy state buildings as dark and silent as an avenue of tombs, should be more lively, and they resolved themselves into an imitation of a regimental band proceeding by the parade step. They infused so much spirit into this that even the easy-going police of Munich could not tolerate it, and two officers held them up in front of the university. Learning that they were students, they made them produce their cards, took their names, and let them go.

They heard nothing more of it for a few days, and thought it meant nothing, but at the end of a week they received a notice from the magistracy that they had been found guilty of disturbing the peace, and were required either to promptly pay a fine of fourteen marks, or come to jail for four days. Stephens paid promptly, but Walters was at first in favour of going to jail for the experi-

ence. He finally remembered that he expected later to take a civil-service examination for the U. S. Geological Survey, and that a jail sentence would look bad in his record, so he paid, too.

Lectures began shortly after matriculation, and I found, to my great satisfaction, that I had no difficulty in understanding any of the men under whom I sat, and in taking satisfactory notes. These I wrote in German, as if I ever took an examination for the degree of Ph. D., it would be in German, and I should have to prepare in that tongue.

Our first lecture was at eight in the morning, and we usually worked in the laboratory until six, so that our day was long. We usually took two or three hours for lunch, coffee, and a game of billiards, however, so that we did not work too hard. In this we followed the custom of the laboratory.

Stephens persisted through the whole year in studying hard and late evenings. The German student as a rule strongly objects to evening work. The man who sat next to me in one of my chemistry courses asked me one day if I were coming up for my

degree that semester. I told him I was not, whereupon he said: "I am glad there are no Americans going up for the degree in chemistry this time, because I hope to get first-class honours. The Americans almost always get these, which is not fair competition, because they study evenings." I was interested to find out later that, although he got his degree, he did not get first-class honours.

One day, as we came out of the Old Academy at noon, we noticed that the Bogenhausen car passing the door bore a placard "Auer Dult." Making inquiries, we found that the great semiannual fair was being held in the Mariahilfplatz in the suburb of Au. So, the afternoon being fine, we walked through the Thal and the Isarthor to the river.

On the Kohleninsel was the first sign of the fair. The usually deserted island was covered with an amazing variety of flying horses, seasickness machines (a triumph of German ingenuity in which a revolving platform takes the most wonderful and unexpected dips and dives, with the inevitable result of turning all but the strongest stomachs), Tyrolese shooting galleries, strength-

testing machines, variety shows, and eating stands. This street offered no great attractions for us, so after a stroll through it, we kept on across the river and up the hill to the Auer church.

The wind being our way, we were soon aware that we were approaching something of decidedly strong odour. Turning a corner, we discovered the cause. Ranged in a row along the north side of the place were about fifty stands and booths which were offering cheese. Most of it was of the variety which the Germans euphoniously and correctly term "Stinkkäse," and which we are apt to lump as Limburger, whatever its real place of origin may be. We got to windward of this row as quickly as might be, and inspected the rest of the vast place north of the church. This was almost wholly given up to venders of crockery and kitchen utensils, and there seemed to be enough in sight to stock all Munich for years. Yet when we came again at the end of the fair, it was nearly all gone.

Most of the stands on the north side of the church were selling new articles, and almost everything the mind of a German can conceive was being traded in at low prices.

Still there was nothing unusual in this, for I had seen just such fairs at Pirna and Leipzig in Saxony, and later at Augsburg. But when we reached the equally large place south of the church, we found the enormous collection of booths which make the Auer Dult unlike any other fair we ever saw.

In this half of the fair were hundreds of cabins, many of them thirty feet square or more, while some were not more than two by six. But each, whatever its size, was heaped and crammed with — junk. Yes, junk is the only word which can describe it. Here were spread forth for inspection and sale the fruit of six months' labour of all the junkmen, ragpickers, peddlers, and second-hand men of Bavaria. There was nothing man had ever created or used in these plains and mountains that could not be found here in a broken, damaged, dilapidated, or worn-out condition. Furniture, clothes, weapons, books, and old iron were the staple ingredients of the mixture. On a casual inspection, one was ready to declare that in all this mass of undesirable goods which the Bavarian peasants and burghers had exchanged for new articles or a pittance in cash, there was nothing of any use.

Yet here again the Aladdin story of the exchange of old lamps for new had been many times repeated. Artists and collectors of antiquities were pawing over the rubbish, and many a treasure came forth. Stewart we met with a pair of disreputable-looking green candlesticks and a pewter box. When cleaned later, the candlesticks turned out to be silver-plated on copper, of a most beautiful spiral curve in the arms, and worth eight hundred marks to a Munich connoisseur instead of the twenty-five which he had paid. The pewter box was dated 1630 and beautifully engraved with arms. I picked up a pocketful of brass candlesticks and snuffers for a couple of marks, paid five pfennigs (a little more than a cent) for a finely carved genuine tortoise-shell hair ornament which reposed carelessly along with some second-hand hat-pins and bodkins, and acquired for a song a breviary written in a beautiful hand on vellum, and bearing the book-plate of a long-suppressed monastery.

An architect friend had purchased two wonderful old clocks with carved mahogany cases and a whole roomful of fine antique furniture. The place was full of treasures to be discovered by the knowing and of pitfalls to trip

the unwary. We met two of our American artist friends collecting arms. One had a couple of parade swords of the middle of the century, worth nothing at all, but sold high, because of the gilded wire of the grips, and a pair of halberds with moth-eaten handles. The other came along, looked at them critically, and said, "Drop those battle-axes on the pavement." 'Twas done; and one broke as it touched the stone; the blades were cast iron. "They cast those by the hundred across the river," was the dry comment, as the knowing one passed on, while the other ruefully looked at the pieces, and turned back to berate the seller.

Later we met Wilson, the knowing one, again. He had purchased two broad Tyrolese belts and a wheel-lock pistol, and asked me to buy him another belt which he had discovered. I bargained awhile with the owner and beat him down from twenty marks to twelve. It was highly dilapidated. The leather was hard and the fastenings were gone, but it was studded with incised copper plates, and more than forty fine cut agates mounted in brass adorned the front. A few yards farther on, we stopped to look

at something else and the dealer inspected the belt.

"Will you sell it?" he said.

"How much will you give?" said Wilson.

"Two hundred marks," said the dealer. Wilson refused to sell, and stuck to his determination, even though the price was raised to four hundred. The dealer finally told us that it was Dalmatian, of the fourteenth century, and was much chagrined to find that we had bought it so low within sight of his stand.

The collectors, of course, were only an insignificant fraction of the purchasers. Peasants and mechanics were driving excited bargains over a second-hand plane or a half worn-out ox-yoke. The housewives of Munich were buying old furniture and chipped plates. Here a young girl was purchasing a second-hand skirt or some remnants of ribbon; there a poor student was investing three marks in a Solingen knife, represented as a fine piece of steel from a bankrupt sale, but whose edge would double on the first chicken bone it should meet.

We made one or two more visits to the fair while it lasted, and never failed to pick up some interesting antique at a small price.

The venders would not bring out all their stock at once, so that even on the last day, when many booths were closed, there were still treasures to be found by careful search.

On a fine October noon, Stephens and I left the laboratory early to attend the military function known as the " Parade." This is the change of guard at the two principal military posts in the city, one in the basement of the municipal building and the other in the royal palace. At the first place there is a military band concert every day, which is attended by a large crowd of the poorer people of Munich. In front of the palace, on Sundays, and usually two other days in the week, the band takes its station in the Feldherrnhalle, a structure copied from the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, and performs to a large assemblage. If the day is fair, this comprises much of the beauty and fashion of Munich, as well as numerous small children and nurse-maids. The American Reading-room and Church are just opposite, and the principal cable news of America (chiefly society news from New York, cabled to the Paris *Herald*) is daily posted there, so that the Americans resident in Munich are likely to be found at this function.

Stephens soon discovered the Hollistons, mother and daughter, and carried off Josephine to promenade, leaving Mrs. Holliston and myself to enter the reading-room, where we found chairs and were still able to listen to the music. After some desultory conversation on the latest engagement in the Four Hundred, duly bulletined outside, we had just risen to go when Josephine came dashing in, followed by her cavalier.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "Mr. Stephens says that the Oktoberfest is in full blast on the Theresienwiese, and that it is one of the sights of Munich which we cannot afford to miss. He has invited us to go out there this afternoon. Let's all lunch at the Neue Börse and go. Shall we?"

After some questions as to what the spectacle was, she consented and we started out. The band had just come down from its platform and was marching up the middle of the square, playing a merry tune. The guard fell in behind it, and the procession took its way through Briennerstrasse, followed and accompanied by the crowd.

Just then Fred Holliston came along from the university, together with Phil Stewart and a German count whom he introduced to

us. As our little group stood on the corner talking a moment, a young girl accompanied by a magnificent Russian stag-hound passed us. She was dressed in a gray reform gown which fell from her neck to her feet without a line or fold of trimming to mar its simplicity. It fitted her more closely than the majority of costumes of this type, which are usually mere bags, and disclosed a beautiful figure, which was more than matched by the pure oval of her face, as faultless as that of Cléo de Merode. Her resemblance to the French dancer was heightened by the fact that her black hair was parted in the middle and brought straight down over her ears, in Cléo's well-known fashion. We were all struck with her beauty and grace, and Phil voiced the general query when he said: "Who is she? I've seen her about town several times."

The count answered: "No one knows; she has only recently come to town. She always walks with her hound, or with a man and woman who seem to be strangers to Munich, although I can't help thinking I have met the man before. But he wears a beard now and I can't place him. Some of the officers have tried to make their ac-

quaintance in the Café Luitpold, but they always leave at once when any one sits at their table."

"I am going to know that girl if it takes a leg," said Phil. We all laughed at him, but he seemed in earnest, and the party broke up. The three last comers kept on through the Theatinerstrasse on their way to the Pschorrbräu restaurant, and our party of four went on to the Neue Börse, where we found a table on the terrace, with Leo to wait on us. After dinner, for dinner is served at noon in Munich, we had coffee and ices, and indulged in cigarettes. Although most of the German women around us were smoking, Mrs. Holliston refused to be converted, saying that she was too Puritanical ever to learn to smoke. After a while we paid our reckoning and walked over to the other side of the Maximiliansplatz, where we took a tram. We had to change to another line at the Stachus, and were finally dropped at the nearest point to the Theresienwiese, whence we had to walk some little distance.

The Theresienwiese is ordinarily a great undeveloped common, in the extreme southwestern portion of Munich. It is fronted by

some new and palatial villas, and beyond it stands the colossal statue of Bavaria, backed by the Hall of Fame, a desolate and deserted corridor filled with the busts of the great men of Bavaria and neglected by its present population. The meadow between has few visitors at most times of the year, except a few children and an occasional sightseeing omnibus full of tourists.

At this time, however, the scene was entirely changed. The whole great expanse was turned into a tented field, where all Munich came for a holiday. Every description of itinerant show and money-getting device was there, but numerous as these were, they were outnumbered two to one by the eating and drinking booths. Everywhere was to be seen but one spectacle, people of every station in life sitting on rough board benches, at rough board tables, in one hand a forkful of sausage, in the other a "Mass" of beer. On all sides gleamed the charcoal fires, where sausages were being toasted, roasted, broiled, baked, boiled, and cooked by every device ever invented for the purpose. On every counter stood heaps of white radishes, loved of the Münchener, waiting to be cunningly sliced without being wholly

separated, sandwiched with salt, covered with a plate until the salt had time to drink in the acrid juices, and finally squeezed dry by the heavy clasp of a horny hand, to be then lovingly eaten for the acquirement of further thirst.

To the same end, old women tottered through the crowd, bowed down under the weight of heavy baskets of salted brezels and hazelnuts, which met ready sale. All sorts of itinerant venders plied their trade, and, as the crowd was jovial, met with success. We sat down in one of the larger restaurants and ordered beer. Then Stephens saw a balloon vender and beckoned him to come to us. In his haste he ran into a burly German who had under his left arm a great sausage fully three inches in diameter, from which he was cutting huge slices with a razor-sharp "Knicker," or hunting-knife, for his companions. He looked up and saw the vast cloud of balloons impending over him, straining and tugging at their strings. A grin appeared on his face, and he gave one slash with his knife at the radiant point of the balloon tethers. It was enough. The flock rose and spread in a many-hued cloud, solemnly ducked under the edge of the awn-

ing which covered the tables, and poured up into the blue heavens in a cascade of brilliant bubbles. The crowd applauded, but the vender's brow was as a thunder-cloud. His voice rose shrill against the burly one, whose bass laugh was volcanic. Blows seemed imminent, but the burly one, with a final chuckle, dove deep into a voluminous pocket, drew forth a handful of cash, and settled his debt to the vender's satisfaction. Then he tottered forth to seek more balloons, evidently with success, for he soon passed by, ignominously handled by two of Munich's finest, and followed by a wizened little man, wildly waving a handful of useless threads, and telling his woes in a shrill voice to a following mob.

Later we wandered about, tossing rings at canes, riding the flying horses, and visiting some of the side-shows. Then Mrs. Holliston proposed that we climb the statue of Bavaria and survey the scene from the head. So we made our way up to the base of the statue and paid the fee, then climbed the many stairs to the head, where is room for six persons to stand, while part of them look through the pupils of the eyes.

The scene was interesting and lively. We

could look down into many of the enclosures, and for the first time realize the enormous number of persons congregated on the field, estimated later by the police to be more than sixty thousand. After gazing awhile, we were ready to go, when our attention was aroused by a terrific tumult in a tent near the middle of the field. The audience was streaming forth in the utmost haste and terror, and rending the air with screams. We could distinctly hear the fearsome cry, "Der Löwe ist los," "The lion is loose," and it was justified, for out of the back of the tent emerged two men armed with iron bars, sullenly retreating before what proved to be a monstrous lion. As soon as he got out of the tent, paying no further attention to his guards, he uttered a defiant roar, and set off down the road between the booths at a rapid lope.

Meanwhile the panic-stricken crowd, escaping from the tent, had spread to all parts of the field in its headlong flight. The terrible cry, "Der Löwe," resounded over the whole meadow, and the entire vast assemblage, without knowing what the danger was, was converted into a terror-maddened mob. Every one was seized with the one

desire to escape, and every avenue from the field was filled with a stream of people running as hard as they could, without regard to aught but personal safety. Children were deserted, weak women were knocked down and trampled on, and many did not cease from their flight until they got to the Marienplatz, over a mile away.

Meanwhile the lion had wandered about in the deserted fair. His keepers were hunting for him, but he easily avoided them and the policemen who had hastily been got together to help in the hunt. Many of the police had been carried away by the crowd, and several were severely injured trying to stem the mad rush. More police were hastily telephoned for, and also two regiments of soldiers, who came on the double-quick and formed a cordon about the entire field. The owners of the lion, which was very valuable, did not wish him shot, so the keepers tried to drive him into some place where they could shut him up. In this they failed, and it almost seemed as if it would be necessary to shoot him, when a couple of cowboys from an American Wild West Show arrived on bronco-back, armed with lariats. After some manœuvring, they got

a lasso over his head and one on a hind foot, and threw him. Once down, the jungle monarch was helpless, and was soon restored to his cage, which was wheeled up to him.

We had been able to see the whole progress of the hunt from our elevated perch, and could now assure the frightened custodian, who had locked himself into the statue, that all danger was over. We were not allowed on the field, which was under police and military guard until the booth owners should return to take possession of their places. The fair was closed for the day, and the next day the attendance was slim. The lion himself had done no damage, beyond eating some meat he had run across, but more than a hundred people were injured, some seriously, in the panic.

We made our way home, discussing our good fortune in being out of the crowd, and yet able to see the whole occurrence. Mrs. Holliston was loud in her thankfulness that we had been so lucky, but Stephens said little, and I decided that he was secretly sorry that we had not been in the crowd, so that he could have had an opportunity for showing his heroism by protecting Josephine.

CHAPTER X

THE APPROACH OF WINTER

By the time October was half-gone, the high altitude of Munich had its effect on the climate, by making it only too evident that winter was rapidly approaching. The nights were cool and the ground was covered with frost in the morning. When a mountain fog came down at evening, as often happened, the hoarfrost collected on the branches of the trees and the telegraph-wires, so that in the early morning everything was covered with white rime. Some nights this collected on the branches until it was two or three inches thick, and then the overloaded trees lost their limbs. The avenue of poplars beyond the Siegesthor suffered especially, and once or twice, as I went home late at night, I barely escaped injury from a falling branch.

All my friends lived in Schwabing, a suburb at the end of the Leopoldstrasse car-

line. Stewart and his roommate Lance, a young English painter from Birmingham, had a studio in Herzogstrasse, on the fifth floor of an apartment house, and Newman was just across the hall in another studio. Stephens lived in a pension, also on the fifth floor, just at the end of the car-line. Walters lived in Friedrichstrasse, and Wilson in Ungererstrasse. So I spent many of my evenings in this region, and, as the cars stopped running at half-past ten, I had many a long and lonely walk home, for no cabs were to be had out here, and if by chance a night-hawk who had brought out a passenger could be met, the fare to the Hofstatt, where I roomed, was three marks or so, an extravagance which I could not often afford.

So I looked about, found a large room in a rear building in Hohenzollernstrasse which could be had cheaply, and moved. My new landlady was the widow of a civil official, and drew a small monthly pension. On this pension and the rent of one room she lived and supported her grandniece and a maid servant. The apartment consisted only of three rooms, and mine was as large as the other two together. But the three women seemed to think their tiny bed-

room and kitchen sufficient for their needs, and said that they saved firing by having small rooms which a lamp would heat.

In my room stood two immense mahogany chests of drawers, of each of which only the lower drawer was emptied for my use. The others were all locked. I asked my landlady what was in them. She proudly replied that it was her linen. When I expressed some surprise at its amount, she said that she had sixty complete changes of body-linen, and bed-linen to last a year for all her beds, all spun and woven by herself in her girlhood.

"But why do you need so much?" I asked.

"Because I change it every week," she answered.

"Don't you ever have it washed?"

"Yes, we wash it every year in June. There is a lot down cellar now, waiting to be washed."

"Do you mean that you wash your clothes only once a year?" I said, in astonishment.

"Yes," she said; "I have enough of everything, and we wash it all in June. It takes three weeks. Oh, I was so proud of my linen when we lived in a little cottage

outside the walls of Augsburg, and I filled a whole meadow with my washing in the long June days. There wasn't a bride in Augsburg had more linen than I had. And now I have neither chick nor child to leave it to, except little Marie, my grandniece, and she's a flyaway who will never take care of it, but will sell it all for a song."

I couldn't console the old lady for the probable fate of her precious linen, so went out and over to Herzogstrasse. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, but when I got up to the top floor, I found Phil still in bed, surrounded by a perfect sea of yellow-backed French literature and absorbed in "The Life of the Bee." Besides the two couches which usually occupied the bedroom, there was a bed made on the floor under the window, on which lay asleep a little black-haired fellow whom I had never seen before. Two great packing-cases stood in the middle of the floor. Both were broken open and their contents were spread all over the room. Clothes, shoes, pictures, and books were two feet deep all over the floor. I gazed at the mess.

"What has happened?" I said.

Phil threw a pair of shoes at the little

man. One struck the window-sill and flew through both inner and outer sashes, sprinkling the sleeper with a shower of broken glass. The other struck the wall and then dropped on his head. He got up on his elbow and rubbed his eyes.

"Let me introduce my friend Paphlades," said Phil. "He has just come here from Leipzig. He is studying law in the university, and when he goes back to Athens is going into politics. His father is now in the Greek cabinet."

Paphlades and I shook hands. Then he said, "Where did all this glass come from?"

Phil said, "I shied a pair of boots at you and one went out of the window."

"Those were my best patent-leathers," howled Paphlades, observing the one on his pillow. Then he threw open the window, leaned far out, and began yelling excitedly to some one below. Presently heavy steps sounded on the stairs, and Paphlades rushed to the door. There stood a boy with the missing shoe. Paphlades took it and said to me: "Lend me ten pfennigs. I'm stone broke." I produced the coin and the boy departed.

"Get up and dress, you beggars," I said.

"What are you doing in bed at this time of day?"

"Went to the Russian Tea House and stayed there till five," said Phil. "Then we went to the railroad station for coffee and stayed till half-past six. Then we took the first car home and went to bed. We didn't get up again because we had no money to eat with, and I prefer to read Maeterlinck in bed, anyhow."

"Well, I've got enough money for supper, so get up." Thus adjured, Phil got out of bed and began to dress, an operation which Paphlades had already started. Phil's clothes and the Greek's books were inextricably intermingled, so Phil threw things in heaps to find what he wanted. The Greek was hunting for something at the bottom of one of the packing-cases and could not find it, so, in disgust, he got me to help him, and turned the case upside down, emptying its contents in a disorderly heap on the floor. He kicked spitefully at this until sure the necktie he was seeking was not there, then turned out the other box, among the contents of which he finally found what he wanted.

I suggested cleaning up the floor a little, but Phil said: "Leave it alone. I want to

see what books he has before they go back into the boxes." So we contented ourselves with throwing most of the mess into a heap in a corner.

"Let's eat up here," said Phil. "Give Paph some money and send him for the beer, while we get some meat and salad." So the Greek received exact directions as to where he could get Thomasbräu Exportbier in bottles and was sent off, while we sallied forth to the butcher's. Here we got two fine slices of steak. Then we bought next door salad of endive and lettuce and celery root, apples and oranges, potatoes and carrots. At the colonial wares shop we got a jug of denatured spirit and one of kerosene, sugar and coffee, eggs, and a bottle of cognac. Lastly we stopped at the baker's and got a dozen rolls and a yard-long loaf of rye "Hausbrod." And all of this cost but six marks.

When we got back the beer was out on the window-sill to keep cool, and the lamps were lighted. The alcohol stove was soon roaring away, and the frying-pan was getting hot. The steaks were well rubbed with pepper and salt on both sides, and then dropped on the hot skillet, where they broiled away at a lively rate. Potatoes and apples were

baking in the little oven of the porcelain stove. Phil was washing the salad and making dressing. The Greek ground the coffee and started the coffee-machine to boiling. I broiled the steaks, and, when they were done, well buttered, and placed between hot plates in the stove to keep warm, scrambled a dozen eggs in another skillet.

Then, just as all was ready, Lance, who had been painting in Newman's studio, came in with him. There were not chairs enough to go round, so the table was dragged up to the huge sofa, and we all managed to get places around it. Nobody minded if the meat was a little overdone, or his potato not baked quite long enough. The eggs were fresh, the steak tender, the salad crisp, the beer sparkling. What matter if plates were scarce; it was part of the fun. There was enough for all, and good, and when the cognac blazed over the coffee, we were sure this would be only the first of many such meals here. And so it proved.

When the table was cleared, Phil produced his old deck of cards with half the corners gone, and we dealt for poker, ten pfennigs the limit. The luck was even, and, after an hour or two, Lance said: "This is

slow. Let's all go down to the Café Leopold. Benz has a 'Kunstlerabend' to-night. He has an orchestra and some volunteer soloists. They are usually pretty good. He sings well himself, and knows lots of artists who help him out."

So we all walked down to the Leopold, paid our thirty pfennigs at the door, and went in. The place was full, but Benz, the owner, knew Lance well and managed to find us a table next to the stage. This was accomplished by getting the parties at two tables to consolidate, so that more chairs could be brought up for us. Those who crowded up were all students and artists, many of whom were known to one or more of our party, so we soon fraternized, and the three tables were moved together to make one long one. Our crowd led the applause after each number on the programme. This was usually liberal and encores were frequent. As the performers, with the exception of the orchestra, were volunteers, this was extremely satisfactory to them.

Among the crowd we were with was an American named Willey, whom we knew slightly. He was in Munich for the winter with his father, mother, and three sisters.

The father was a pompous old fellow who bore the title of general, ostensibly because he had served on the staff of some State governor. He was very fond of referring to the palatial villa on the North Shore which he owned, and his importance in the politics of his native State. Later we learned that he had been for several years superintendent of a State institution, and had retired wealthy, and hurriedly, since which time he had seen fit to live in Europe. The son, known by his family, and hence by the world, as Percy, was studying music in Munich, and rejoiced in the possession of a cornet made of solid silver, inlaid with gold, which he declared to be one of the two most expensive instruments in the world. As he was in the habit of carrying this around most of the time, and showing it to every stranger whom he met, Wilson called out suddenly, "Have you your cornet with you, Percy?"

"Yes," came the reply without a blush. "I haven't been home since my lesson, so it's under my chair. You know it's so valuable I don't dare to leave it in the cloak-room."

"Well, get up on the platform and play for the company. I'll arrange with Benz."

"Oh, no," said Percy, "I couldn't play

in public. I am all out of practice," although we all knew he had brought his cornet along hoping to be asked. In fact, he had shown it to Benz early in the evening, and hinted that he would like to play, but Benz did not know his ability, and, as he had a really good programme, did not care to give him a chance until he knew what he could do. Wilson had called Benz over to get Percy an invitation to the platform, and learned this, but did not propose to lose a chance for some fun.

So, at the close of the next number, he jumped over the rail at the side of the stage, walked to the front, clapped his hands for silence, and began a speech of introduction in sonorous German, which Percy could only half-comprehend. He told the audience that the famous American cornet virtuoso, Herr Percival Willey, whose fame was world-wide, and who would perform on an instrument of solid gold, won at the Crystal Palace, London, in open competition with all the cornetists of the world, after much solicitation had consented to play a single solo, but would on no account consent to an encore.

Benz tried to make his objections heard,

but our tables drowned him with shouts of "Hear! hear!" and "Bravo!" in which they were accompanied by some of the other artists in the room, who had detected the latent ridicule in Wilson's high-flown speech. We pushed the seemingly coy Percy out of his seat, and he clambered up on the platform, took his instrument out of its velvet-lined case, and adjusted it. Then he announced, in English, that he would play "Home, Sweet Home" with variations. Wilson jumped up and translated his remark into German, and gave a discourse on the history of the music and its pathetic nature, while the accompanist glanced over the score.

Finally Percy was given the field once more, the pianist struck the opening chords, and Percy puckered his mouth for his first note. At this instant, his glance wandered with pardonable pride toward the table where sat his companions. Every man had produced a lemon and was sucking it. Poor Percy! At the sight of those sour lemons, he lost his pucker, and as he blew, the cornet emitted only a dying gasp. The pianist stopped thunderstruck after playing a couple of notes. Percy turned as red as fire, the

audience smiled, and the crowd made a sudden dash, hauled Percy off the stage, stretched him on two chairs, and poured water on his forehead and a glass of cognac down his throat. Wilson jumped up on the stage again and announced that Herr Willey had been seized with a sudden indisposition and would be unable to entertain the audience. Meanwhile Percy had freed himself from his tormentors, seized his cornet, and escaped to the cloak-room, whence he left the building by the back door. He never appeared in public again with his instrument, although he lost none of his boastfulness on other subjects.

The next performers, and the ones whom most of the Americans had come to see, were two Southern darkies, who in some manner had drifted to Munich, and who sang plantation melodies to banjo accompaniment, and danced a breakdown. This proved extremely popular with the Germans, and the pair got a number of encores. They discovered the presence of the American crowd, and the man, who was a born humourist, kept up a running fire of repartee with Walters and Wilson, and drank on the stage all the beer we could pass up to him. His per-

formance finally ended, however, and, as it was getting late and the next number was an original poem recited by the author, most of our crowd departed for home or a more central café before the cars should stop running. The crowd thinned out so that one of the billiard-tables, all of which had been covered to give more room for the serving of refreshments, was restored to its original use. Lance and Paphlades began to play billiards, while Phil and I sat and watched them.

Suddenly Phil touched my arm. I looked toward the door. The "black-haired Cléo," as we dubbed her, was just coming in, while a tall man and woman followed her. They looked around, then the woman said in German: "Let us not stay here to-night, Betzy. It is late and the performance is over." The girl turned, and, as her glance rested on us, a faint smile, not of recognition, but, as it were, an acknowledgment of having seen and noticed us before, flitted across her features. Then she was gone.

Phil started up. "She smiled at me, and her name is Betzy," he said. "I'm in love with that girl, and I'm going to know her if it takes a leg. Come on." He rushed

to the wardrobe and came back with his hat and coat, and mine, and we went out. Just as we reached the sidewalk, a cab at the curb started, and, as it passed under the electric light, we saw Betzy on the front seat, and again she seemed to smile. Then the cabman lashed his horse into a trot, and in a minute disappeared around the corner of Hohenzollernstrasse. We ran, but by the time we got to the corner, he had turned into a side street, and it was evident pursuit would be hopeless. So we walked slowly to Phil's studio, while he waxed enthusiastic over the unknown beauty. Then he walked back to my room, to talk longer, and met his two roommates at my corner, and they took him in tow, while I went to bed.

The next day Phil declared that he was going to find and get acquainted with Betzy. So he and I began making nightly visits to all the cafés where Munich spends its evenings, especially the artist cafés. The count said he had once seen her at the Café Stephanie, so we haunted that, as well as the Luitpold, the Rathskeller, the Peterhof, and many others more or less popular as evening resorts. But we never caught a glimpse

of her. Nor did we fare any better at Parade or in the Hofgarten or the English Garden by day. Finally Walters, who had been over to Nuremberg to sketch some armour in the Germanic Museum, said he had seen her with her hound in the castle there, so we concluded she was no longer in Munich. Phil went to Nuremberg, but came back disgusted, not having caught a glimpse of her. He had bribed every hotel *portier* in the city to show him the list of guests for two weeks back, but had not found a Betzy in the lot.

Meanwhile October had gone out and November come in with its double feast of All Saints and All Souls. Of course we had gone to the cemeteries on the first day, to see the decorations. The day was overcast and raw with a threat of rain, but all Munich seemed to be out. In all the great cemeteries of the city, there was hardly a grave which was not covered with flowers, while thousands of choice exotic plants decorated the burial-plots. At the foot of many of the graves stood a dish of holy water, and, as friends of the family passed, they piously sprinkled the graves of their former acquaintances.

In the mortuary chapels lay in their coffins the dead of the last forty-eight hours, each with a cord fastened to the finger of its right hand, to summon help in case of resuscitation. Even though surrounded with flowers, the shock of awaking in a coffin would be almost enough to cause real death to a sensitive nature.

Shortly after this we began to think of our American Thanksgiving, and a committee formed itself to get up some celebration in honour of the day. We made a list of all the Americans and English residing in Munich, about three hundred, and invited them to subscribe to a dinner and dance at the Russischer Hof. About a hundred and twenty responded, and we had a regulation dinner of roast turkey and cranberry sauce, along with several other things not on a New England programme.

There were no speeches, but we began to dance at once after dinner, and had a very jolly evening, ending with a Virginia reel, in which every one, from the consul and the rector down, was obliged to join. The evening was so successful that we arranged another dance for two weeks later. In spite of the enthusiasm over the first dance, the

second did not attract so many people, and when I had settled the bills, as treasurer of the committee, the balance was exactly eighty pfennigs. One of the expenses was fifteen marks for a permit to hold a dance in Advent. I got this from the hotel proprietor when I settled, and later inspected it. Then I discovered that, although we had danced until two, to the music of an orchestra which could be heard distinctly a block from the hotel, the permit allowed us to hold a closed meeting *without dancing or music.* Then I understood the meaning of an item of ten marks "for police services" in my bill, which had been paid to the officer on duty before the hotel, who had obligingly managed the cabs, and periodically made a trip to the refreshment-room during the evening. The ten marks had made him deaf and blind.

Christmas drew on apace. The streets and squares of Munich took on the appearance of forests from the multitudes of Christmas trees displayed. Every one in Munich, no matter how poor, has to have a tree of some size in his home. All day long the venders stood by their trees, but at seven o'clock they left them, and overnight they remained un-

guarded. Nobody would steal a Christmas tree.

Christmas Eve was a lonely time for many of us Americans, but we determined that we would be as gay as possible, so ten of us had a dinner in the Park Hotel, with our table gay with American flags. Afterward some of us went to an American pension, where there was mistletoe and a big Christmas tree, where all of us found something. Then we went out to midnight mass, and found every restaurant black as night as we went. The cafés of Munich are open until two or later every night in the year except the eves of Christmas and Easter.

Directly after the mass was over, I started for the railroad station to take a night train to Salzburg, where I was invited for the Christmas holidays. A merry crowd accompanied me, and, while waiting for the train, we had a pleasant time in the station restaurant. Then I parted from my friends at the steps of the carriage, and, as the train pulled out, I dropped back into the corner of the seat, to sleep fitfully until early morning found me in Salzburg, with friends to meet me and wish me a merry Christmas.

CHAPTER XI

SYLVESTER AND CARNIVAL

IT was the last day of the year when I returned from Salzburg to Munich, Sylvester in the festivals of the Church. To Munich it is one of the landmarks of the year. It is the last chance for merriment in the old year, hence to be enjoyed to the utmost; and the coming of the new year must be celebrated to the greatest possible extent, as a forerunner of what shall come later.

When I arrived at the Café Luitpold at six and had the American table spread with a cloth for my supper, the room was almost empty. By the time I had finished my meal, seats were at a premium, and by eight o'clock the place was thronged with a crowd which filled every nook and corner and surged through the aisles in a constant stream. The Sport Club was present in full force, and around our two tables were

gathered from twenty to thirty people at all times during the night. The temper of the crowd was prodigal; every one wished to enjoy himself to the utmost; beer was not served during the night, as only wine and a special kind of punch were esteemed good enough for Sylvester. As the champagne circulated, tongues were loosened and spirits rose. The genius of mirth was in the air, and jest and anecdote gave rise to gales of laughter.

The presiding genius of our table was an American named Banning. He had amassed a fortune in mining in Arizona, and had come to Europe with his young wife and only child for his health. He had heart trouble, and had that day returned from Nauheim, where an eminent specialist had told him that there was no possible cure for him, and that he could not live more than two years at the longest. Yet neither then nor at any time later, as long as he remained in Munich, did he display anything but the utmost cheerfulness of disposition. This evening he was in a bantering mood, and, singling out one fellow after another, picked out his chief characteristic, and, with accurate yet friendly sarcasm, made it the target

for the laughter of the crowd, ever seizing a new victim before the former one could get angry.

Three or four of us had been playing poker at a card-table next to the American crowd, but the demand for seats and tables finally grew so great that we gave this up. The noise was so great and the hall so full of smoke that I decided I would go out for a little fresh air. So I put on my coat and wandered down to Neuhauserstrasse. This was filled with a dense crowd of people surging back and forth with the utmost difficulty, but without a trace of roughness or horse-play. There were plenty of peacock feathers being sold, with which to tickle one's neighbour's nose, and I bought a dozen, and then looked into the Augustiner Restaurant, my usual noonday resort. It was so crowded, up-stairs and down, every nook and corner being in use and filled, that I could find no place to sit down. So I merely paid my respects to a club known as the K. K. K., which had a "Stammtisch" in my regular corner, and went on to the Neue Börse.

This was equally crowded, even the billiard-tables being pressed into service, and an orchestra was discoursing good music

here, as at each of the other restaurants which I had visited. There seemed to be no peacock feathers here, so my bunch was eagerly grasped at by everybody as I passed through the room. I had some difficulty in holding on to them, but kept them above my head and saved them, until, while my attention was distracted by an attack in the rear, a very pretty girl in black was lifted on to a table by her escort and captured the bunch, which was instantly divided among those in the neighbourhood. She was kind enough to save one for me, and presented it with a smile as she started to climb down from the table. I grasped her about the waist and lifted her down, and, as I set her on the floor, my arms still clasped around her waist, and my eyes looking straight into hers, she suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me full on the lips.

"That for thanks, Herr Amerikaner," she said, while the crowd around burst into cries of "Bravo," "Schön," and roars of laughter. Then, before I could recover from my astonishment, she slipped from my arms, ran around the table and sat down in her vacated chair. I was invited to sit at the table, and did so. The occupants were a

party of painters, men and women, and were regular frequenters of the artist cafés, where the girl had frequently seen me. Although the men seemed to resent my intrusion somewhat, it was a time of good feeling and nothing was said, and as the three girls were all attractive and jolly, I stayed some time and opened a bottle of French champagne as my share of the entertainment. As German sekt had been on the table when I arrived, this made me very popular with the girls, but I decided to leave before anything happened to spoil the good feeling.

So I went back to the Luitpold, getting there just at midnight, which was greeted by the crowd's getting on its feet and drinking "Prosit Neujahr" in a mighty burst of sound. Phil had gone out, to the Augustiner, it was said, so I started back there for him. Sure enough, he was there, seated in my usual place, with little Elsa, the water-girl, drinking champagne from his glass. The place was not so crowded, but the orchestra was still playing, and every waitress in the place was waltzing up and down the broad aisle with one of her guests. As I came in, Phil stood up rather unsteadily, seized Elsa's waist, despite her plea that

water-girls were not allowed to dance, and went whirling down the aisle. But the "Pächter," the manager of the restaurant, came along just then, noticed Elsa's flushed cheeks, and ordered her off to bed. Before she went, I had her bring me a bottle of red wine, and offered her a glass. She merely laughed at it, saying she was drinking only champagne. The little rascal had never before had anything better than a glass of beer, and the next day was glad to accept that again.

When the waltz ceased, the waitresses began attending to their duties, but getting an order filled was uncertain, for, as each dance tune began, they were grasped by some one, and the bottles went waltzing with them. Phil and I went up-stairs to see Marie, a little waitress with blond hair who was in the Green Room. She was ready to have some wine with us, but would not go down-stairs to dance. So we went down again, got our hats, and went back to the Neue Börse.

There, too, the crowd had thinned out, it now being after three, and dancing was going on, this being the one occasion in the year when dancing is allowed in the res-

taurants. About four, as Phil and I were having ices to cool off after our Terpsichorean exertions, Lance came in. He said he had seen Betzy at the Hoftheater, and would have spoken to her had she not left before he could reach her through the crowd. This piece of news, that he had missed the girl whom he had been hunting for so long, made Phil gloomy, and, his spirits affecting ours, we paid our bills and started on the long walk home. Although it was nearly five, the streets were still full of people, and as we went on our way through the dimly lighted streets, we heard far away in one direction after another, some lusty-lunged wayfarer call out, "Prosit Neujahr," until in another direction his call was answered with another long-drawn-out "Pr-r-o-oosit Ne-eujahr-r-r-r." Thus, in the midst of greetings of the new-born year, we sought our beds in the gray dawn, to wake in the full noon of a glorious winter's day.

Shortly after the beginning of the new year came the feast of the Three Kings, known to us as Twelfth Night, the end of the Christmas holidays, and in Munich the beginning of Carnival. On the evening before the feast my old landlady went to church

with salt, water, and chalk, which she had blessed there. With the first two she was going to make a concoction which she called "saltstone," and which seemed to me from her description to be merely salt dissolved in water, and then evaporated to dryness, thus forming a lump of salt crystals. At any rate, in her belief, this was going to cure all ills of the flesh during the ensuing year.

The chalk was to be used for a very important ceremony, the annual casting out from the house of the devil and all bad spirits. This is undoubtedly a remnant of early German religious ceremonies of heathen origin, from the materials used. She produced from some safe place a bunch of holy herbs gathered on the feast of the Ascension of Mary, together with dried elderberries. These ingredients come directly from the rites of Odin by continuous tradition among the German peasants.

After vespers, little Marie took a candle, and Senta, the maid, carried the keys to all the doors of the house. Then Frau Meyer brought out of the kitchen a shovel on which were some glowing coals, and the little procession moved through every room

and door in the house. The powdered herbs were sprinkled on the coals in every room, and when the smoking was completed, the mystic initials †C †M †B, with the figures representing the year following them, were inscribed over every door. These are the initials of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, the three wise men who worshipped at the manger of the Christ-child.

From this day until Ash Wednesday, a period varying in length with the date of Easter, is Carnival, and Carnival in Munich is a popular festival, which is heartily observed by all classes of society. There are no great celebrations, widely advertised in order to draw visitors, as at Cologne and some other places in Europe, but the period is one of genuine enjoyment for the Müncheners themselves. Every Wednesday and Saturday evening there are masked balls, called either by the name of "Redoute," or that of "Bal paré," in a number of theatres and large assembly halls about the city. On these evenings, all the restaurants and cafés keep open until five o'clock in the morning, and the fun waxes fast and furious after midnight, when the maskers from the various balls begin to pour in. Entrance to the res-

taurants on these evenings can be had only by tickets. Regular guests are given season tickets, but casual visitors have to pay admission prices ranging from fifty pfennigs or a mark early in Carnival to as much as three or four marks on the last three nights.

The most fashionable of the masked balls are those given in the Deutsches Theater, which are patronized by all classes of society. A mask is not required, neither is unmasking at any time. Ladies may wear full dress, domino, or costume, while gentlemen wear full dress or costume, and usually do not mask. Under these rules any lady may preserve complete incognito, and the dances are patronized by women of rank and fashion, as well as by those of the artistic and student circles, and others of less well-defined social position.

The Sport Club hired a box on the floor for the whole series of balls, and members were at liberty to go there and take their friends at will. Champagne was furnished by the club and its cost assessed on the members present. As many of the members of the club were officers, who went in uniform, and as the other members usually went in

costume, the box was generally filled with a gay throng.

On entering the building, tickets were exchanged for favours called "Maskenzeichens," such as a gay silk and bronze fairy or a gorgeous butterfly, which varied from ball to ball, and without which no one was allowed on the floor. Then, after leaving wraps and hats in the wardrobes, we ascended to the main floor. Here the whole orchestra, ordinarily filled with tables, and some feet lower than the stage, was floored over at the stage level, and formed a dancing-floor some three hundred feet long and more than a hundred wide. Large as this was, it was wholly inadequate to contain the crowds of people which filled the building, and dancing was almost impossible in the early evening. Around this floor were three tiers of boxes, and behind these were tables on each floor. Through the passages flowed a constant stream of people, searching for friends, passing from boxes to the floor and back again, seeking seclusion in the palm gardens, or looking for a place to sit down and order something to drink.

Stephens and I went to several balls with the Hollistons, and always reserved a table

in advance, so that we were sure of a place to sit down and observe the mad throng. We usually were in the front row of the first balcony, where we could see the vast kaleidoscopic whirl of the waltzers as they swept round and round the floor, crowded so closely that motion seemed almost impossible. We were not very strongly tempted to dance ourselves, although the ladies had to yield to the importunities of some of their American friends at times. Stephens and Josephine preferred the dimly lighted palm gardens at the two ends of the horseshoe on our floor, and thus escaped dancing almost entirely.

At about eleven o'clock the floor was most crowded, and the throng at a high pitch of enthusiasm. To enter the floor during a waltz then, if heated by wine and dancing, as were most of the participants, bred an irresistible impulse to keep on indefinitely in the mad whirl. When the music stopped, the dancers applauded impetuously until it began again, and would not be denied. The orchestra was obliged to keep on almost continuously for an hour at a time. From the delirious throng there arose a sensuous and pungent odour, compounded of perfume,

the fumes of wine, and the odour of bare flesh, which, while unbearable to the cold-blooded observer, so intoxicated its own producers that they could not resist its fascination, but returned again and again to the voluptuous dance.

It was then that the better elements of the crowd began to depart. Later, if they stayed, they saw little comedies often not especially edifying. Now there would be a little dance in a corridor for a few favoured observers, where high kicking was a feature, now a protesting masker would be hauled over the rail into a box, struggling violently, but these things were done against the rules, and were sternly suppressed if observed by those in charge of keeping order and decorum. The more daring of the excesses which Carnival invariably breeds in some degree took place at such resorts as the Münchener Kindl Keller, a brewery in Haidhausen, frequented by the rougher classes of Munich, or at some of the artists' balls, given at some out-of-the-way resort.

After leaving the ball, we would usually go to one of the central cafés, by that time well thronged, to sit awhile, and then take the ladies home before one, perhaps return-

ing ourselves to some resort for the remainder of the night.

The Café Luitpold was the storm-centre of Munich gaiety. The principle of the gaiety of Carnival is that the conventions of society are in a measure set aside, and no one may resent any act, however improper at ordinary times, which does not infringe on personal rights. From the first days of Carnival, the necessity for introduction in a public place and the right of an escort to his partner's exclusive society are superseded. So on the first ball nights, a crowd of young men, some dressed as Pierrots, others in more conventional attire, waited at the main entrance of the Café Luitpold, and escorted every woman who came in to a seat, and offered her refreshments. If her escort was wise, he moved to the rear, and the crowd soon left him to his partner's company. If he protested, he was laughed at; if, as sometimes happened, he got angry and resorted to force, he was likely to be roughly handled, even though the spirit of fun was ever dominant. But he found, if he tried to push his tormentors away, that they pushed harder, and if he struck a blow, he was firmly seized and held, while his partner

was spirited away, and if she were willing, as was often the case, he saw her no more that evening.

After two or three evenings, this conduct grew so distasteful to the respectable patrons of the café that the management was obliged to keep the aisles clear, but this did not prevent every attractive woman from receiving the proffered attentions of many cavaliers.

As Carnival drew near its end, the number of costumes to be seen each " Redoute " evening became greater, and the summation of the masked balls were those on the last Saturday before Lent. This inaugurated Fasching, the last three days of Carnival, days of general license indoors and out. These were the days of confetti and paper serpents, of masking on the streets, and were seventy-two continuous hours of gaiety, when nobody thought of going to bed till the cold dawn had brightened into full day. In these three days, any woman who wore a mask, and few did not, might be kissed anywhere in public, not only with impunity, but with laughter and applause from the spectators.

None of our circle of artists and students got more than two or three hours of sleep at a time during this period. We had all pro-

vided ourselves with costumes. Some of us had American cowboy or backwoods costumes, which we wore with full accompaniment of bowie-knife and revolver, to the amazement of Munich. Others were Indians, French-Canadian trappers, or other American types, and still others wore the conventional white costume, with wide ruff and chalked face, of Pierrot, or fancy dress from a costumer.

During the whole of Carnival, Phil had been vainly looking for Betzy, but on the afternoon of the last Saturday she was seen walking in the English Garden with her hound, and she was at the masked ball in the evening. This we knew, because, as we sat in the Sport Club box, and looked at the people in the second tier, she sat there and deliberately took off her mask to let us see her face. We hurried up-stairs, but when we reached the box it was empty. Then Phil swore a mighty oath that, if he again laid eyes on her during Fasching, she should not escape him until he had made her acquaintance.

Sunday afternoon Phil and I spent between the Café Kaiser Franz Joseph and the Neue Börse, while one or two friends

who were at the Luitpold and the Hoftheater were to send a "Dienstmann" to warn us if she appeared at either place. No one saw anything of her, however, and the feeling spread that she would not show herself that day. In the evening there was a lively poker game in the Luitpold. Some of the richest members of the Sport Club started it, and Phil, who had just received his quarterly remittance from his agent in England, could not resist the temptation to sit in. The game was table stakes, most unusual in the club, whose members rarely played higher than two-mark limit. I did not feel that I could afford to take a hand, but sat behind Phil and watched events.

He was rather unlucky at first, and lost three or four hundred marks by being beaten on good hands. Finally came a jack-pot, which was passed several times. As six men were playing, and sweetening with five marks each time, the pot was large after being passed six times. The cards were dealt once more, Phil being the age. He looked at his cards, passed, and then glanced up. Suddenly he turned to me.

"Take my hand," he whispered to me, "and play it to the limit. Here are a thou-

sand marks, and to-night my lucky card is my queen of hearts."

Of course none of the others had heard this speech, but when they saw Phil get up and leave the table, they looked to see where he was going. In the doorway stood Betzy, in a plum-coloured velvet gown which fitted her slender figure as if moulded to it. Not an ornament or a break in its simplicity did it show, but dropped from her neck, where a small V-shaped opening revealed her white throat, to the floor in unbroken sinuous curves, and dragged behind her in a train, which she was stooping to pick up. As we looked, she stepped back, and began talking with the two people with her. Phil stopped undecided, shielded from her sight by a column, and we turned back to our cards.

The next man to me opened the pot for ten marks, and received three raises, so that when it came to me, it cost a hundred marks to play. I looked at Phil's cards, and found four hearts and a spade. Of my own accord I would have dropped the hand, but Phil's words about the "queen of hearts" caused me to look again, and I found that she was lacking from the royal flush. Of course there was nothing for me to do but to play,

so I came in, and as the opener raised again and the others followed suit, I still trailed. When everybody was satisfied and four men were in, it had cost three hundred marks to play, a very stiff game for Munich.

I took one card and did not look at it. Apparently everybody had been bluffing, or had failed to fill, for all three men chipped up to me. I looked at my card. It was the queen of hearts. I pushed a five-hundred mark note into the pot. The opener threw down three jacks. The other two men mixed their hands with the deck. I gathered the money, and some one turned up my hand. There was a general start of surprise as the royal flush was shown, and an excited burst of conversation.

Just then Betzy came through the doorway again, closely followed by a tall and bearded man, who walked with a military air. On his arm leaned a slender matron, who much resembled Betzy, but was dressed in a black gown which, though handsome, had nothing unusual about it. As Betzy walked into the hall, there was a general stir and craning of necks, and the young men in the aisle crowded between the tables out of the way.

Just as she got opposite our table, Phil stepped forward rapidly, reached her side, and said, distinctly, in his broken German, "Allow me, Fräulein Betzy, to take the privilege of Fasching." As he did so, his right arm slipped around her waist, his left hand raised her chin slightly, and he kissed her full on the mouth. Then he released her.

A wave of colour swept up to the very roots of her hair. The spectators sat or stood as if petrified, waiting for what should happen. Before Betzy could speak or move, her escort pushed forward and looked Phil straight in the face, while his hand sought his breast pocket, as if reaching for his card-case. Phil also reached for a card, meanwhile gazing directly into his eyes. At first the tall man's glance was furious, but, as he looked at Phil's frank and open countenance, it softened. He choked back with an effort the angry words he was about to utter, and a smile spread over his face.

"I respect the privilege of Fasching, if Fräulein Betzy is not offended. Allow me to introduce myself as Friedrich Stümke, Royal Bavarian Artillery lieutenant, retired, at your service."

"I have the honour to reciprocate. Philip Graeme Stewart, Master of Arts of Edinburgh, sometime lieutenant of Scottish volunteers."

"Allow me to present you to my wife, and her sister, Fräulein Betzy Edelstam, whose acquaintance you have so unceremoniously made."

Betzy had recovered her composure by this time, and evidently had no objections to the course of events, for she gave Phil her hand, saying, "I have seen Herr Stewart before, but we have never met."

All this had taken but a minute to enact, but the crowd had already pressed close around the two men, looking for a quarrel. I had reached Phil's side almost as soon as he had kissed Betzy, thinking that a quarrel was imminent, as had several of the Sport Club. We were greatly relieved at Stümke's good-natured acceptance of the situation. He was evidently annoyed by the crowd, and said to Phil, "Will you not join us at our table in the Palm Garden?"

"Willingly," said Phil, "but I must first excuse myself to my friends, with whom I am playing poker." So the three pushed on through the crowd, while Phil came back

to the poker table. No one seemed to care to play longer, although Phil offered to stay or to let me continue to take his place with his winnings. The royal flush was still face up upon the table, and I told him it was his hand and that I had drawn the queen of hearts.

"It is a good omen," he said. "I have found my queen of hearts to-night." Then he left us and went into the Palm Garden, whence he emerged a couple of hours later to accompany Betzy and her friends to their cab.

Then he came back to the Sport Club table and asked me to walk with him. We turned to the east on getting outside the café, and, passing through the Hofgarten, soon reached the English Garden, the walks of which were deserted. We strolled slowly along as far as the Monopteros, talking of everything but the subject uppermost in both our minds. Finally Phil, finding I would not lead the conversation that way, began to talk of Betzy, who, it at once appeared, had made a tremendous impression on him. By injecting a question now and then, I managed finally to extract all the information he had acquired, although in the proc-

ess I had to hear over and over again of all her personal qualities and attractions.

It appeared that Betzy was a Swede, despite her jet-black hair, which I later found was due to a strain of Jewish blood in her mother's family. Her father was a rich merchant of Stockholm. Her mother had died when Betzy was three, leaving the father with two young daughters to bring up. This he did without giving them a stepmother, and their home life was one of rare happiness, until Betzy was sixteen and her elder sister twenty-two. Then Lieutenant Stümke met the family at a German seashore resort, and later married Olga, the elder sister.

Soon after this, Betzy's chum and playmate attracted the notice of her father, who began to show her marked attention. To make a long story short, he fell in love with the girl of seventeen, and announced his determination to marry her. This he did, in spite of the protests of his daughters, and the wedding was the last day of happiness for the family. Betzy's chum, turned stepmother, began at once to assert parental authority, and Betzy's proud spirit rebelled. Family jars became the order of the day,

and at last Betzy announced her determination to leave home and seek shelter under the roof of her married sister. Her father reluctantly gave his consent, and offered her a monthly allowance sufficient for her needs.

So she went to Berlin, where Lieutenant Stümke was stationed. Soon afterward he was thrown from his horse at drill, and one of his troopers rode over him. His arm was broken and so seriously injured that he was unable to ride again, and he was retired on part pay. Having means of his own, he was able to live in comfort. So he and the two sisters had led an easy existence since that time, a period of two years. They had established a home in Nuremberg, but spent half each year in London. Betzy was studying painting, and had fair talent, but evidently did not work too hard.

This, interlarded with much praise of Betzy's good English, beautiful hair, fine education, and other good qualities, took Phil two hours to tell, during which time we had walked several miles. We finally emerged from the Garden in Schwabing, and after dropping into the Café Leopold for some refreshments, went home to bed,

making an appointment to meet at Parade the next noon.

When I got up it was late, and so, after doing a few necessary things around my room, I had barely time to get a hasty dinner and get down-town at the appointed time. When I got off the tram-car at the corner in front of the Odeon, the first thing that I saw was Phil and Betzy looking in the windows of the print-shop on the corner. I went over and was introduced to the young lady. Then we three walked along to the American Reading-room, and stood talking in front of the Theatiner Church while waiting for the band to appear. It came at the appointed time, together with a throng of people four or five times the usual size, so that promenading was almost impossible. Presently we ran across Mrs. Holliston and Josephine, accompanied by Stephens, and Betzy was introduced to them. Mrs. Holliston was much pleased to make her acquaintance, having been much impressed by her good looks, and was very cordial. Betzy happened to remark that her sister was indisposed, having caught cold the evening before, and had been ordered by the doctor to remain indoors for a day or two, so that

she would have to lose the festivities of the last two evenings of Carnival. Mrs. Holliston asked Betzy if she would not like to go about with her, and the offer was gratefully accepted. Phil and I of course were counted in, so the party was six in number.

After the Parade, we all walked down to the Marienplatz. This and the adjoining streets were thronged through their entire length with a gay crowd well supplied with confetti, which they were stuffing down each other's necks and throwing into each other's faces. The streets were full of venders of Carnival specialties, and everybody seemed happy. All the restaurants were full of a holiday crowd, and we saw nothing but good spirits and fun everywhere.

After awhile we separated, to meet again in the evening. I went to the laboratory to do a few minutes' necessary work on some experiments I had in progress. Then Stephens and I played billiards until suppertime. For this meal we went to the Domhof, where we had great difficulty in getting a table, owing to the crush. Then we went to the Hollistons' pension and got the two ladies, after which we drove to the Bayerischer Hof, where Betzy was staying. Phil

had dined here, and they were waiting for us.

We first drove out to Schwabing, where an artists' ball was in progress in the brewery. The costumes were very original and the ball offered a most beautiful spectacle, but we did not care to dance, and after an hour or two went back to town. The waitresses at the Augustiner Restaurant had told me on no account to miss coming there this evening, so there we went, and found that Fanny, my regular waitress, had managed to reserve a table for us. How she did it was a mystery, for the place was crowded, but we were well pleased that she had.

Although placards were posted here, as in every other restaurant in the city, promulgating the police order that, on account of the danger from fire, the throwing of paper ribbons was absolutely prohibited in all places of assembly, great preparation had been made for this very thing. The great room was filled with fresh pine-trees, so that it resembled a forest, and small electric lights of many colours blazed from every possible place. Through the whole room was interwoven a most complicated network of wires, crossing in all possible directions.

With this as an invitation, the crowd was throwing paper ribbons as fast as it could get them, and a dozen venders were supplying its wants. The result was that the room was a perfect maze of rainbow-coloured paper. It hung in festoons and curtains over the tables, through the aisles, and everywhere. The air was full of flying ribbons, and every passer through the place was the target for dozens of the snaky strips, which twisted around him in confusing fashion. The floor was a foot deep with the ribbons and confetti, and the volleys of the latter interchanged between table and table, or directed against the passers in the aisles, filled the air like snow.

A famous peasant band was discoursing music. All the players were mountaineers and wore most picturesque costumes, but the leader was the biggest attraction. He was a jolly, rotund person who tipped the scales at about four hundred pounds, but played the violin excellently. He had the agility of a jumping-jack, and danced a good part of the time. Every now and then he would bump into some member of the orchestra with his stomach, and, with such a weight behind it, the collision usually sent the un-

fortunate player in a heap to the floor. This leader far surpassed all the rest of the band in splendour of attire. His coat and vest had innumerable rows of silver buttons, each as large as a dollar. Besides these he sported a watch-chain which must have weighed twenty pounds or more. The links were each about two inches in diameter, and made of silver bars half an inch thick. Attached to this triumph of the silversmith's art was a silver watch at least four inches in diameter.

The restaurant was crowded with people, many of whom had to stand or walk about. This did not greatly concern those who could not get seats, for they were travelling about from one restaurant to another, an example which we followed after staying here awhile. We went from restaurant to restaurant, and in each found the same lively crowd, composed mainly of maskers. We found in Neuhauserstrasse more real fun, although sometimes of a rather broad type, than in the more fashionable resorts farther north.

After a time the ladies began to think they were hungry, and, as it was half-past one, we could get nothing cooked anywhere, as hot food is by law not allowed to be served

after twelve. We knew, however, that white sausage would be served at the Domhof after two, and so went there. The crowd here was more democratic than in any place we had yet entered, and we received many and cordial invitations to join one or another party, as we made our way through the long restaurant, looking for a table. Betzy especially we had to protect on both sides from being forcibly abducted. We finally found a seat at one of the billiard-tables, and after some waiting got our boiled white sausages and beer. We ate them amid a terrific hubbub of songs, cheers, and orchestral snatches, in an atmosphere literally blue with smoke, and then were glad to escape and take our ladies home.

After disposing of them, we started for Schwabing, but the Café Stephanie attracted us as we passed. Once inside the door, a howling mob of artists descended on us, accused us of deserting the noble army of bachelors, held a summary court martial, and sentenced us to purchase one bottle of champagne apiece. This we did, and other new arrivals got the same sentence. We had intended to stay here only a few minutes, but our ideas of time soon became cloudy,

and I do not know when we left. I woke up at eleven the next morning on Phil's sofa, still dressed, and in searching my pockets found a string of thirteen champagne corks, each one bearing a different brand, which I had a dim recollection of collecting from our ice-pails about daybreak.

I roused the three or four fellows whom I found in bed in the other room, and then ensued a great deal of splashing in cold water, which finally restored us to a nearly normal wakefulness. We got a good breakfast at the Café Leopold and then started to walk to town. In the spacious grounds of the palace of Prince Leopold, we saw the officers of the Second Cavalry Regiment assembled. All were dressed as Pierrots, in black costumes with white ruffs, and masked, for among them were several members of the royal family, who did not desire to be recognized. They trotted out just as we passed, and galloped down the wide street into the city.

We found a couple of cabs at the Siegesthor and engaged them for the afternoon. Stephens went for the Hollistons in one, and Phil and I went to the Bayerischer Hof with the other to get Betzy. Her sister was

still ill, so the three of us filled all the space in the cab with ammunition in the shape of confetti and paper ribbons, and started off.

We drove straight to the Maximilianstrasse, the centre of Munich for this afternoon. Through the streets moved a long quadruple line of carriages, two rows travelling slowly in each direction, and the rest of the street was filled with an immense throng of maskers. These waged incessant warfare with the occupants of the carriages. The air was full of confetti, thrown in handfuls by those in carriages and those on foot. The balconies and upper windows of the houses on both sides were filled with gay parties who fought mainly with paper ribbons. The air was full of these, unrolling rapidly in their flight and then settling in long, graceful spirals. The trees were draped with them, they hung in masses as thick as a man's body from the trolley wires, out of service for the day, and every projection on the house fronts sported a wisp or two of gaily-coloured paper.

As we drove into the line of carriages in front of the Hoftheater, we saw a number of our Sport Club friends on the balcony of the café opposite. They were armed with

confetti torpedoes as large as oranges, with which they deluged every carriage containing a pretty woman. These, bursting, literally covered the victim with tiny paper shreds, and were greeted with great applause by the crowds.

We made our slow way down Maximilianstrasse in the line, meeting many of our acquaintances, and doing our share of the fighting. Betzy stood up in the carriage and was a shining mark for attacks from all sides, to which she responded with much spirit. Suddenly the lines of carriages opened out ahead of us, and through the lane thus formed in the centre of the street came the band of black Pierrots which we had seen earlier in the afternoon. They came down the street on the gallop, throwing confetti by handfuls and striking at heads with inflated bladders attached to sticks.

The leader spied Betzy and galloped up alongside our carriage. He had a sack of confetti on his saddle which was as big as a small child. This he took by the lower corners, and, standing in his stirrups, poured it over Betzy's head and shoulders. It was yellow, and the golden flood covered her completely. As she shook it off, it filled the

carriage full to the top of the doors, and flowed over into the street in a cascade. We all seized great handfuls and threw it back into the face of the black rider. He tossed the sack away, seized his bladder and began belabouring me with it. I seized the string and wrenched it off the stick. Infuriated, he spurred his horse close to our wheels, shortened his grip on the baton, and struck viciously at me. I dodged and threw up my hand, getting such a rap over the knuckles that they were sore for weeks. This was not fair play, and I got angry in turn, and grasped his wrist with a *jiu jitsu* twist which brought him out of his saddle half into our carriage. Then I released my hold and he plunged to the ground, barely escaping our wheels. Half a dozen other riders were off their horses in an instant, and helped him back into the saddle, and without paying further attention to us, the whole troop galloped off.

Betzy looked frightened, and I asked her what was the matter. She said the man I had thrown had lost his mask and she had recognized him as one of the princes. I told her it hurt as much to be rapped over the knuckles by a good vigorous prince as

by an every-day labourer, and she laughed. So the incident was closed.

Back and forth we went up and down the wide street. Confetti venders sold their wares by cart-loads as the supplies in the carriages decreased, and by five o'clock the avenue was filled with a haze of paper dust which was almost as dense as fog. The trampled paper lay in the street in heaps as deep as the knees of the pedestrians. The quips of the jesters in the floats began to lose their savour, our arms ached from launching ribbons and confetti, and our faces tingled from innumerable impacts of the soft tissue-paper against them. Passing under the Sport Club balcony, and drawing a final volley of torpedoes from our friends above, we dismissed our carriage and walked about a little.

Then we went to the Luitpold for supper and the last evening of Carnival. The fun was fast and furious. The crowd surged in and out of the café incessantly. The flying paper filled the air until in places the floor was covered two feet deep with the gay-coloured little squares and circles. Wine flowed without measure and music filled the air. Two little soubrettes appeared dressed

as jockeys, and half a dozen clowns seized them and carried them on their shoulders up and down the central aisle, in mock races, a dozen times, the girls plying their whips vigorously. All kinds of comedies were enacted by the maskers, and everything was turned to account for fun.

At half-past eleven the waitresses began to collect their bills, and at quarter of twelve serving was stopped. Everybody looked for something to happen, and at five minutes of twelve there emerged from somewhere the funeral procession of Prince Carnival. Eight men with black cowls and robes which shrouded them from head to foot, leaving only two eyes visible through small holes, bore aloft on their shoulders a bier, on which lay the recumbent form of the gorgeously dressed prince. They were preceded by torch-bearers with blazing torches, and followed by an orchestra playing a dirge. Behind them marched a vast crowd of mourning maskers. Suddenly the electric lights went out. The gloomy procession marched through the great hall in the darkness, and the crowd followed out into the street with marvellous rapidity and disappeared in an instant. Every public place was closed at

twelve, and for a few minutes the streets were full of the maskers going quietly home. Then Munich settled down to a night of quiet sleep and to the gloomy "Katzenjammer" of the gray dawn of Ash Wednesday.

CHAPTER XII

A FISHING TRIP ON THE DACHAUER MOOS

ON a fine day in March Phil came into the Café Luitpold with a big zinc bait-pail and a split bamboo rod. The Germans were used to Englishmen in knickerbockers, but the sporting accompaniments attracted some attention, which seemed to displease Phil.

"Let's get out of here," he said. "I am going over to Ottostrasse to buy some bait. Come along."

When we got outside, he explained that the night before he had gone to some obscure café with an architect of his acquaintance. There they had met a rich German who owned a village or two on the Dachauer Moos, a great moor northwest of Munich, together with a fishing right on the Amper. To him Phil had discoursed of salmon-fishing in Scotland, whereupon the Bavarian contended that the salmon was not to be compared with the "Huchen" (*Salmo*

hucho), a great salmon-trout which has been known to attain the weight of ninety pounds in the Bavarian lakes and rivers. To prove his contention, he had written out for Phil a license, and told him to try his waters whenever he pleased.

So we travelled to the little shop on Ottostrasse, where bait was to be found, and ordered a dozen six-inch minnows sent home in the bait-pail. Then Phil bought an infernal contrivance with six feet of wire cable attached, guaranteed to resist huchen or shark teeth, and land the game every time. The lure itself consisted of a needle, on which the bait was to be impaled through the skin of one side, leaving it freedom and life enough to swim for some time. When in place, it was protected by a gang of three hooks on one side and one on the other, so that any huchen tasting that minnow was morally certain to get pricked in several places.

When we separated that night, Phil said, "I'll be over at your diggings bright and early to-morrow morning, and we'll take the train to go fishing." I was up betimes the next morning, and loaded my camera and put an old book in my pocket for collecting

botanical specimens. Then I waited. Phil did show up bright and early — for him. To be precise, it was 10.35 when he appeared at my window, and we started. It took us half an hour more to get some breakfast at the Café Leopold, and then we made haste to the station, where we just managed to catch the last train that would have gotten us out by daylight.

We had taken tickets for Olching, the nearest station to Esting, which Phil declared to be a little village heaven, and the place where he was going to spend the summer in a cottage belonging to his architect friend, so that he might fish the Amper day after day. He got so excited over the beauties of the place that he paid no attention to the stations, and suddenly looking out of the window as we crossed a river, he exclaimed, "This is the Amper, and we should have gotten out at the last station." So it proved, and with great trepidation we dropped out of the carriage at Maisach, four miles beyond our destination. The trepidation was because of the German railway law, which decrees that if you get on a train without a ticket, or go beyond the point to which your ticket is good, you may be called upon

to pay the whole fare from the place from which the train started. Now our train had come from Salzburg and simply tarried a moment in Munich, and we did not want to pay fares from Salzburg.

The station agent was inclined to be gruff at first, but, finding us to be foreigners, he consented to accept our tickets and the fare from Olching to Maisach in cash, together with a liberal tip. Then we inquired where we could find a conveyance to Olching, and, after some fruitless searching, finally discovered that the butcher had a cart which he might let. The butcher's boy was in the shop, and he called his father, while I prepared to test out my German. Phil had lived three years in Munich, but had absolutely refused to make any effort to learn more German than was required to accomplish the necessary acts of daily life. He could, however, understand perfectly not only the speech of educated Germans, but also the peasant dialect, as he spent his summers at a small inn on the Plansee. So when the butcher appeared and began a conversation in the broadest "Bayerisch," although I could understand only a word here and there, Phil comprehended perfectly what he

was saying. He broke down, however, when it came to making his wishes known in German, so that I had to come to the rescue. The peasant was able to understand me in spite of my foreign accent, and, with Phil translating his answers into English, we finally made a bargain that the boy was to convey us to Esting for five marks, payable in advance.

The cart soon appeared and we put our traps in the back and climbed up in front. The single horse was hitched on the near side of the pole, a very common custom in Bavaria. We started off with a great cracking of the whip, and proceeded at a furious pace along a barely visible track across the moor. The road was outlined by bits of brush stuck up here and there, which served to mark the route when the snow covered the landscape and all landmarks were buried.

Our jehu proved to be very taciturn, and we could not draw him into conversation, so we were glad when we drew up in the courtyard of the little inn at Esting, and gave the boy twenty pfennigs for "Trinkgeld," which it promptly became, paying for a huge glass of beer which was brought out by a bare-armed lass. We went into the

guest-room, where we received a cordial "Grüss Gott" from one or two labourers who were lounging about. Hot coffee and rolls soon removed the effects of the cold ride, and we started for the river. Just as we reached the rustic bridge which crossed it we met, coming out of a lane, a pair of chimney-sweeps loaded down with the tools of their trade, ladders, brooms, scrapers, and coils of wire. They were both tall and lank, with faces and hands jet-black with soot, tall chimney-pot hats and ragged black clothes. I opened up my camera, but they evidently objected to being photographed, and before I could get a plate-holder they vaulted a fence and disappeared on the run around the corner of a house.

On the south side of the bridge we found a sunny corner where the grass was already green, and I stretched out in the sun while Phil adjusted his tackle. He put on a couple of delicate flies and began whipping the stream for grayling, which he declared were rising, although he also said the close season had begun the preceding week. The water was only about three feet deep and absolutely transparent, although the river was wide and running very rapidly. He

fished up and down near the bridge for a while, but without result, and finally decided to give up the grayling. In the meantime I had discovered a backwater, the bottom of which was literally covered with carp of all sizes up to over a foot long. They were lying quietly in the open or leisurely swimming through the grass, and Phil thought he would like to catch one at least, so as not to go back empty-handed. So we kneaded the soft part of a roll into little pellets for bait, and dropped it gently down before the noses of the quiet fish, keeping out of sight the while. No result. I moved off to one side and viewed the situation through an opera-glass. Then I gave Phil directions just where to drop his bait. Evidently the carp were not hungry, for, though the bread pellets dangled an inch from their noses, they made no move. Only when the pellet touched them did they notice it, and then only to brush it contemptuously aside as they slowly moved into the sheltering grass. Finally Phil reeled up and I hove a big stone into the pool for the wicked satisfaction of seeing those carp move at more than a snail's pace, but I missed even that

by raising such a cloud of mud that I could see nothing at all.

It being now toward three o'clock, Phil declared that the time for huchen was come, and we moved down the river to a long stretch of clear gravel bottom, free from grass and obstructions. The river was here about seventy feet wide, and, as we could see every pebble in the bottom, I did not see where a thirty or forty pound fish could hide, or how we could hide from him. The bank was raised and bulkheaded on our side, however, and we crouched down behind the slight embankment, while Phil adjusted a minnow on his ferocious tackle.

Just at this junction a forester clad in "Loden," Bavarian water-proof cloth, and bearing a shotgun, suddenly appeared from nowhere and demanded by what right we were fishing the Herr Graf's waters. He examined our permit and departed, warning us not to go beyond a black and white post set in the bank a little below us, as there the next fishing right began, on which we must not trespass. Then Phil began casting and trolling, and after a few minutes, finding a crouching position uninteresting, I retired from the bank and set up my camera to pho-

tograph some reeds and a little pool in the moor. About the time this operation was completed, Phil had reached the lower end of our territory. The river here made a curve, and to prevent our bank from washing out it was bulkheaded. The water was about five feet deep and swept rapidly around the bend. At the end of the bulkhead was a point stretching out into the stream, thickly overgrown with willows and absolutely impassable. The branches hung into the water, and altogether it seemed a fine place for a huchen to lie in wait. Phil cast toward the outer edge of the willows, and suddenly there was a mighty rush. The reel whistled as the line went out and the slender rod doubled. Then it suddenly straightened and the line sagged. He reeled in hastily and looked at his bait. It was half gone, torn away behind the hooks. Phil declared he had seen the huchen dart up and across the stream at least fifty feet to take the bait, and that he went so fast that all he saw was a light streak.

Putting on a new minnow, he returned to the attack, casting from a point about fifty feet above the willows. I was too excited to do any more photographing, and

eagerly watched the angling. Fully half an hour he fished, and we were about ready to decide it was useless for that day, when suddenly the same silvery gleam dashed across stream from the willows. The reel sang and screamed and the slender rod bent and shivered as Phil yelled, "Hooked." The fish had started up-stream, and Phil ran that way, crouching behind the bank and reeling as he went, until he got opposite the fish, which had come to a halt close under the bank in a little curve on the opposite side of the river.

When he started again, as soon as he felt the strain of the taut line, he came straight toward us and suddenly turned about and headed toward the willows again. This could not be permitted, as once in the willows the line would surely be fouled, so Phil put on all the strain he dared and finally checked the rush, the fish dropping down close to the deep bulkhead on our side and sulking there for awhile. Then he started down-stream again. Phil fought hard and managed to turn him out and up-stream before he got into the willow branches. Up-stream again he went, this time a long distance, then back again. This time he got

into the willows, but Phil gave him the butt and dragged him unwillingly forth into the open. Then ensued a furious fight. Up and down, across and back, leaping out of water, suddenly doubling but always under a taut line, he careered, ever losing strength and drawing nearer and nearer the bank.

I was all excitement with the gaff, leaning eagerly over the bulkhead and waiting for the tired victim to get within reach. The forester had returned with another man, and both were eagerly watching the struggle. At last the huchen was close to shore, and I was able to use the gaff. One last struggle, which almost pulled me in, and the prize lay gasping on the gravel.

Then for the first time Phil saw the two newcomers. One proved to be the owner of the land, and he congratulated Phil on his prize. We estimated the weight at fourteen pounds, and the length at twenty-two inches. Then the Herr Graf asked Phil how he intended to carry his prize home. There was no possibility of putting it in the creel, so Phil said he would pass a forked stick through the gills and carry it that way. But the Herr Graf objected that the peasants in the village would see it, and if they got an

idea that such magnificent fish were to be had in the river, they would begin poaching and fish the river out. He suggested that he could put the fish in his own rucksack, and carry it to the railway station at Olching. There we could meet him at 8.25 and go back to Munich with him. As it was now after five and nearly dark, and we wanted to take the six o'clock train, we demurred, but the Herr Graf was firm, though polite. As he was backed by the shotgun of authority, we had to yield, and reluctantly saw our beautiful huchen doubled up and thrust into the rucksack, out of which both head and tail persisted in appearing.

The Herr Graf, with the forester carrying the rucksack, walked off toward Esting, where he said he had business, and we went the other way to Olching. We found little in the town which could amuse us, and soon landed in a tavern of rather unprepossessing appearance. The guest-room contained two long tables arranged in the form of a T. Both were partially filled with peasants in their working clothes, and we were forcibly reminded that the principal work on the land at that season was the carting and spreading of manure. As there was no better place to

go, we made the best of it, and decided to get some supper. The landlady shrilly ordered those who were sitting at the upper table to make room for the "Herrschaften," and they carried their mugs over to the other table. Apparently they did not relish the intrusion, for there were no "Grüss Gotts" as we came in, and everybody stared at us coldly.

Soon, however, the noise recommenced and we were forgotten. The landlady apologized because all she could give us was veal cutlets and fried potatoes. The beer was good, and we did not have to wait long, which pleased us much, for the March wind had given us amazing appetites. When the cutlets appeared, however, we were appalled. Each was an inch thick and a foot long, and the fried potatoes filled two large vegetable dishes. Along with them came a half-dozen rolls, each as large as six of the Munich variety, but gray and sour. We set to valiantly, but, after a desperate struggle, were obliged to confess ourselves vanquished. Neither of us could finish his cutlet. When we asked for the reckoning, another surprise was in store for us, for we were charged only sixty pfennigs each. In Munich half

the quantity would cost more than twice as much.

After awhile we sauntered down to the railway station to meet the Herr Graf and claim our huchen. He was not to be seen. The time grew shorter and shorter, and no fish or man showed up. Finally the train whistled and drew up to the station, and, after one last look up and down the platform, we were obliged to climb into our carriage without catching a glimpse of the Herr Graf. When we reached the Café Luitpold, both the American table and the table of the International Sport Club were crowded, and we had to explain our knickerbockers and kits. There was a general incredulity when we told our story and could not produce our fish, and we were given a vote of non-confidence because we alleged we would have been willing to bring home so small a fish as a fourteen pounder, not big enough for bait, as the president said. But poker was soon in swing and our story was forgotten.

The next day Phil met the Herr Graf on the street, and asked him why he was not at Olching as he had agreed. "Oh," he laughed, "when I got to Esting, I found

the son of the butcher of Maisach was just ready to start home with a cart, so I rode there with him to take the train, rather than walk to Olching. I sold the fish to his father for twenty marks, and he sold it for twenty-five before I left the shop."

So we concluded that it had been a red-letter day for the butcher of Maisach.

CHAPTER XIII

AUGSBURG

IN the early days of Lent I determined to fulfil a long-contemplated mission of making certain investigations as to the cotton manufacturing of Germany. For assistance in this purpose I went to the American consul in Munich and got from him a letter to the consular agent in Augsburg, one of the principal seats of the German cotton industry. The railway ride from Munich is about an hour, so I arrived there early one bright morning, and sent my luggage to the Three Moors, one of the oldest hotels in Germany. Then I sought the consular agent and found him to be a pleasant gentleman who had once resided in New York, and who spoke tolerable English, but easily drifted into German. He took a great deal of pains to procure me admission to various factories which I wished to visit, and suc-

ceeded in most instances, although some of the owners absolutely refused to let me see their works. I was able, however, to secure the information I wanted, though that has nothing to do with this story.

My business took me parts of several days, but left me leisure to visit the various points of interest of Augsburg, which, despite the slight mention the guide-books accord it, is well worthy of a visit. The history of the town is far longer than that of Nuremberg, and it offers mediæval pictures fully as interesting, if not as numerous.

Augsburg comes into history when, in the year 13 B. C., the Roman general Drusus struck his lance into the ground as a token of Roman dominion on a little hill in sight of the confluence of the Wertach and the Lech, and later displaced the aboriginal fortifications with a Roman castellum. He named the fort in honour of his stepfather the emperor, Augusta Vindelicorum, and the young colony soon had a chance to greet Augustus himself on his tour of the provinces north of the Alps. The town rapidly rose in importance, because it was the meeting-place of five great roads, and became a wealthy and luxurious city, which Tacitus

describes as "splendidissima Rhætiæ colonia."

As early as the year 300 Christianity appeared here, and in 304 it was the scene of one of the earliest German martyrdoms, that of St. Afra, who was burned at the stake on an island in the Lech not far from the city. Her body was buried at the second milestone south of the Forum, behind the Roman Capitol, where now stands the church of St. Ulrich, and six other Christians suffered death at that spot, which was ever after esteemed holy and became a goal of pilgrimage.

While the waves of barbarian conquest flowed over Italy, until finally Odoacer drove from the throne in 480 the puppet emperor Romulus Augustulus, Augsburg had a peaceful existence. The legend relates that in 451, Attila, the Scourge of God, at the head of his Huns, turned aside to plunder the city, but that at the ford of the Lech he was turned back by the apparition of an old woman with streaming hair, who shrieked three times, "Back, Attila!" and daunted even the terrible Hunnish chieftain.

Odoacer soon lost the fruits of his victory to Dietrich von Bern (Theodoric of Verona,

the Ostrogoth), on the famous Field of the Ravens, and under the sway of the Goths every trace of Roman occupation gradually disappeared, until, when the Franks came into possession in 558, the town was merely a collection of miserable huts. It speedily rose to the dignity of a bishopric and became the capital of the Augstgau, the territory between the Wertach and the Lech, south to the Alps.

In the eighth century it was again and again attacked by the Avars, whom Charlemagne himself failed to drive back, and in the ninth and tenth centuries there came even a worse enemy, the terrible Magyars, popularly called the Huns. These frightful warriors were very demons in appearance as well as actions. Short, squat, pig-eyed, heavy-browed men, they shaved their hair or wore scant pigtails. Their naturally ferocious countenances were gashed by their mothers with sharp knives at their birth, that they might learn to bear pain before they ever tasted food, and in later life their manner of showing grief was by still further gashing themselves. In war they fought on horseback, and added to the terror of their onset by their frightful howls. Such fear

did they inspire in Western Europe that the litany was increased by a petition, "From the wrath of the Huns, good Lord, deliver us."

In 907 the Huns overran Bavaria and destroyed more ancient books in the various monasteries than ever perished together, save at the burning of the Alexandrian library. In 926 they surged about the walls of Augsburg, but, either daunted by the fortifications or repulsed by the prayers of Bishop Ulrich, they turned south to the Lake of Constance and the rich monastery of St. Gallen in Switzerland. In 944 and 950 they were terribly repulsed in Bavaria, but in 955, having sent ambassadors to the court of the Emperor Otto at Regensburg to spy out the dissensions in the imperial family, they decided the time was ripe for another invasion. A month later they overran Bavaria in such a multitude that they boasted the earth must open and the heavens fall to stop them. On the 6th of August they appeared before Augsburg and burnt everything to the walls. For three days the Augsburgers sallied forth, the saintly Bishop Ulrich on horseback, in his robes of peace, at their head, and held them at bay.

On the 9th of August, twice before a fatal day for the Huns, Otto assembled his army north of Augsburg in eight divisions, and after a heroic speech started forth. Led by a traitor, the Huns ambushed him and nearly annihilated his rear-guard, but were finally repulsed. On the following morning, the two armies came together on the Lechfeld, the great plain south of Augsburg. The Huns were in number far superior to the little imperial army, but the brave words of the emperor infused into his troops an invincible bravery. The plain was an ideal battle-ground for the Huns, but the German attack was so sudden and sharp that they were unable to employ their usual tactics of surrounding the enemy and overwhelming him with arrows. They were immediately in confusion and soon in full flight. The elements were against them, for the Lech was in flood, and drowned them in multitudes as they endeavoured to swim it. The few who got across were hacked to pieces by the neighbouring peasants who lined the other bank. The tide of battle rolled down the riverside for a whole day, and came to an end at Thierhaupten, a village several leagues down the river, which the Huns had

burned in their passage. Absolutely exhausted, they were obliged to halt here, and the infuriated villagers butchered them by thousands in a meadow afterward called the "Field of Death." Here still stands a village called Todtenweis.

This battle was the end of Hunnish invasion of Germany. Seven princes of the nation were saved alive from the slaughter. Four of them died a shameful death on the gallows at Regensburg. The other three were spared and sent home to tell the tale of the absolute annihilation of the great army.

After the danger of the Huns had passed, came destruction at the hands of the Germans. Welf I. of Bavaria dropped on Augsburg like a thunderbolt in 1026 and burnt and pillaged the town. In 1132 the Emperor Lothar II. visited the city. His soldiers fell into strife with the citizens and massacred at will for three days. Then the emperor, who had fled to a camp outside, reëntered the city, only to tear down what walls still stood and carry away in chains many of the remaining inhabitants.

This was the last heavy blow which befel Augsburg. It became a free imperial city

in 1276, and a steadily increasing tide of wealth flowed into its walls from its commerce with Italy. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was the richest city of Germany, and its magnificence passed into a proverb. It still had wars, especially with Bavaria, but fortified itself so well, especially on the east, that it could laugh at attacks. In 1462 Ludwig the Rich of Bavaria wasted its territory and besieged it, but in vain. In spite of the bitter enmity, every evening his trumpeter rode into the city with silver bottles, which the thrifty and well-provisioned citizens filled with good wine for their enemy at a noble price.

During these two centuries the merchants of Augsburg attained to fabulous wealth. Bartholomaeus Welser in 1530 took Venezuela as a pledge from Charles I. of Spain, and fitted out an expedition to exploit it, from which he reaped little profit. The Fuggers were so rich that they loaned money to almost every prince of Europe, and were even able to sway the election of a German emperor, Charles V. They possessed so wonderful a house and collection of antiques that the same emperor, when shown the treasures of the court of France, merely re-

marked, " I have a weaver in Augsburg who could pay for all this in ready money." In this house he was entertained in 1535 after his return from an expedition against Tunis, and was seated before a fire of cinnamon wood. He remarked on the costliness of the fuel, and the Fugger, to show his contempt for expense, laid on the glowing coals the emperor's pledge for many thousand guldens, then due.

The source of this wealth was primarily trade with Italy over the Brenner Pass. By this road, and then through the Defile of Scharnitz or over the Fernpass, came the long trains of pack-mules laden with the wares of the Orient, India and Arabia and Syria, and the antiquities of Greece and Rome, to fill the palaces of princes and prelates and the homes of the rich burghers of the cold North. From being merchants, the burghers and patricians of Augsburg became bankers, and financed the courts of Germany, playing the part later filled by the Rothschilds. The luxury of Augsburg became proverbial, just as " rich as a Fugger " passed into a popular saying even in Italy. Kings and princes delighted to visit Augsburg, so that almost every prominent man

in the history of Europe, from Augustus Cæsar to the Emperor Wilhelm, has been sheltered by its walls.

One result of the frequent visits of men of high rank was that during the two centuries we are considering three daughters of burghers of Augsburg married royal princes. Agnes Bernauer became the bride of Duke Albrecht III. of Bavaria in 1428; Clara von Detten married the Elector Frederick the Victorious in 1471; and in 1557 the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, son of the Emperor Ferdinand I., took as his bride Phillipine Welser, niece of that Bartholomaeus who bought Venezuela. It is needless to say that these mariages, breaking down the strictly drawn lines of rank, were carried through only with difficulty, and in each case only after years of waiting.

Ferdinand met Phillipine Welser while attending the Imperial Diet at Augsburg in 1547. Whether he fell in love with her then or later is not certain, but she spent most of her time thereafter with her aunt Katharina von Loxan at the Castle of Brzesnitz in Bohemia, while the archduke was governor of Prague. Her beauty and lovable character made such an impression upon

the young man that he determined to make her his wife, but was unable to do so for nine years. The marriage finally took place, but had to be concealed from the world, even after the young prince's father had discovered the relationship. Ferdinand was appointed governor of the Tyrol in 1563, and four years later installed his wife, ennobled as Baroness von Zinnenburg, as mistress of Castle Ambras, near Innsbruck. The marriage was happy, for Phillipine had no ambition in life beyond making her husband and household comfortable, and bringing up her children well. Two of these grew to man's estate, Karl to become Margrave of Burgau, and Andreas to attain to the exalted station of a cardinal.

Her domesticity is well exemplified by the fact that she left behind her a folio of one hundred and twenty-seven pages containing the prescriptions for the medicines which she had found efficacious, and another of one hundred and thirty-six pages full of her favourite cooking recipes. She died in 1580, with a kind word and a smile for every one about her death-bed, while her last words were, " I see something which pleases me."

The experience of Agnes Bernauer was

far different. She was the seventeen-year-old daughter of a barber of Augsburg, and was much renowned for her beauty and virtue. Albrecht, son of the reigning Duke of Bavaria, met her while visiting the bath-rooms of her father's establishment. He was so fascinated with her charms that he married her despite the opposition of her father. He was obliged to conceal this from his own father, however, so took her to his own castle of Vohburg. His noble neighbours naturally were not taken into the secret, and did not approve of his conduct. So, one day, when he appeared at a tournament, he was driven from the lists in disgrace for unknightly conduct toward a maiden. To save his reputation, he proclaimed his marriage, and so the fact became known to his father. Duke Ernst was in the act of arranging for his son a marriage with Princess Anna of Brunswick. Furious with rage at the obstacle to carrying out his plans, he threatened all sorts of penalties if his son did not at once repudiate his low-born wife.

The young duke absolutely refused to obey his father, and carried his duchess to the strong castle of Straubing on the Danube, where for a time they lived in security. As

Duke Ernst took no active measures to force a separation, Albrecht thought he had accepted the situation, and began to make excursions from the castle for various purposes. During one of these, while he was attending a tournament, the old duke's agents entered the castle, seized and bound the young wife, and carried her before the judge of Straubing. Here she was accused of witchcraft, and convicted of having won her husband by magic arts. No testimony in her behalf was heard, and she was at once sentenced to death, bound hand and foot, and thrown into the Danube. Thus she perished on the 12th of October, 1435, when she was but twenty-four years of age.

Infuriated by this horrible outrage, the young duke joined cause with his father's enemies, and for two years wasted Bavaria with fire and sword. Ultimately the Emperor Sigismund effected a reconciliation, and Albrecht finally accepted the bride whom his father had destined for him, a sorry climax to the tragic story.

The birthplaces of these two daughters of Augsburg are still pointed out in the city.

Augsburg played an important part in the Reformation. After Martin Luther had

nailed his theses to the door of the castle church in Wittenberg, the cardinal and papal legate Thomas de Vio von Gaëta, generally known as Cajetan, challenged him to a debate in Augsburg. So Luther entered the town on the 8th of October, 1518. His friends, however, convinced him that he would place himself in a dangerous position by entering the debate, and on the 19th he escaped from the town to Hohenschwangau.

In 1530 the Emperor Charles V. made a triumphal entry into Augsburg after his coronation by the Pope at Bologna, the last time when the Pope crowned a German emperor. The princes of the empire were assembled to greet him, and he timed his arrival for the eve of Corpus Christi. He required all, even the Protestant princes, to join in the procession on this solemn feast-day. They refused, the Margrave of Brandenburg remarking that "he would rather kneel to the headsman." So they were graciously excused.

On the 20th of June the emperor opened a diet, convened to consider two important questions, the repulse of the Turks and the religious state of Germany. The Elector of Saxony had had drawn up by Luther a

statement of belief known as the Torgau Articles, but Luther was warned against appearing at the diet. His place was taken by Philip Melancthon, who expanded the articles into the Augsburg Confession, which was read to the emperor, and which he promised to take under consideration. The result was that the diet broke up without accomplishing anything, and the storm-clouds of religious war began to hover over Germany.

After Augsburg had suffered severely from internal and external strife and a heavy contribution exacted by the victorious emperor, another diet was held in 1547, at which Charles V. himself attempted to heal the wounds of the German Church which the Council of Trent had not helped. So he promulgated the Augsburg Interim, a compromise intended to last until a church council should settle the questions finally.

Still the matter was not settled until after a covenant had been made at Passau, allowing the Protestants freedom of belief. A third diet was convoked at Augsburg in 1555, and this covenant was ratified by the peers of the empire under the name of the Peace of Augsburg.

Augsburg now enjoyed sixty years of quiet. Several diets were held there, and the crowds they brought helped her prosperity, but in 1618 the Thirty Years' War broke out. Augsburg at first tried to remain neutral, but the majority of her citizens were Protestants, and the city was obliged to take sides, and suffered terribly during the war. It was three times besieged, twice captured, and its government handed from one side to the other four times. It was continually laid under heavy contributions by one side or the other, and when the Peace of Westphalia ended the war and guaranteed religious equality in the city, its glory and prosperity were gone for ever. More than two-thirds of its population had perished of famine and pestilence. The war so changed the trade routes of Europe that its commerce never returned, and its workers found their trades were useless, so moved away.

Then, for two hundred years or more, Augsburg remained a dead city. Its trade and industries languished, its population increased but slowly, and it retained in general its mediæval characteristics. In 1805 Napoleon entered the city and summoned its leading inhabitants to a meeting in the Fugger

House. There he announced that the status of Augsburg as a free imperial city would cease, and that it would be joined to the kingdom of Bavaria. In this speech he is said to have announced that the pavement of the streets was so bad that the city needed a progressive prince to rule its affairs. In accordance with this decision, a Bavarian governor took possession of the city on March 4, 1806.

At the end of a century of Bavarian rule, the city is now a thriving and prosperous place of about one hundred thousand inhabitants. The numerous canals by which the waters of the Wertach and the Lech are conducted through the town afford water-power for numerous factories, chiefly for the spinning and weaving of cotton and allied industries. The great growth of the town led to the demolition of the fortifications in 1864, and it has since spread far beyond its old limits, especially to the west and south, where streets of fine modern houses testify to present prosperity, and to the southeast, where are located many of the factories.

The old city within the walls remains practically unchanged, and its mediæval streets and buildings bear eloquent testimony

to the wealth of the town and its burghers. To the student of German art, Augsburg offers as much of value as does Nuremberg, a fact not generally recognized. Its churches are numerous and well adorned with sculpture in wood and stone, metalwork and paintings, all of high merit, and much of it by men of world-wide reputation. The town possesses a valuable museum and a fine, though little known, collection of paintings. The Golden Hall in the Rathhaus is a triumph of architectural and decorative skill.

Maximilianstrasse, with the lofty Perlach Tower at one end and the tower of St. Ulrich on the hill at the other, with its tall mediæval houses lining both sides, and its three wonderful fountains in the middle, is an inspiring relic of the middle ages, and the Jakoberstrasse is said to be the most perfect picture of a mediæval street in Europe. The easterly quarter of the old town, the Jakober Vorstadt, is full of pictures to delight the artist, as is the region where numerous canals run through the old manufacturing quarter.

On the north and east are many parts of the old walls and towers, and the moat is now inhabited by swans and used for boat-

ing. Here also are many picturesque bits to delight the artist soul. I spent several days in wandering about the town and learned to know it well, but I never went out that I did not find some new beauty.

One of the interesting sights in the Jakoberstadt is the Fuggerei. This is a collection of fifty-three small houses surrounded by a wall with four gates, a veritable city within a city. This was built in 1519 by Hans Jakob Fugger at his own expense as a perpetual home for poor Catholic families, who pay only the nominal rent of one dollar a year. The little town has its own church, built by Markus Fugger in 1584. It consists of six streets, has its own artesian well, and shelters one hundred and six families.

My quarters at the Three Moors, one of the oldest hotels in Europe, and still one of the best, were so pleasant that I was sorry when the time came for me to return to Munich. But work called me back, and I was obliged to return long before I had exhausted the beauties of the old city of Augustus.

CHAPTER XIV

NUREMBERG

SPRING came early that year, and even in March we had weather so hot that the open cars ran through the streets. When the Salvator beer was tapped, and all Munich streamed forth to the Nockherberg to taste the heady brew, it found the spacious gardens ready to receive it, and warm enough in the blazing sun to make one wish for leaves on the trees. When the Hofbräuhaus Bock was ready, the young leaves on the chestnuts gave a grateful shade in the gardens. And so, day by day, and evening by evening, as the warm weather came in, we tasted the delights of spring in Munich, delightful little meals in pairs and parties on the Künstlerhaus terrace, in the restaurant gardens, at the old Café Controlor in the Schlossrondel at Nymphenburg; boat rides at Kleinhesselohe; walking trips in the Isarthal, excursions to villas on the Starnberger-

see and the Ammersee, and much besides of pleasant memory.

Betzy and her sister spent a good deal of their time in Munich that spring, and Phil was with them much of the time. It was perfectly evident that the younger sister was well pleased with his society, and so was the elder for a time. Then there appeared on the horizon a cloud the size of a man's hand, which speedily enlarged to a tempest in the Stümke family. There appeared in Munich from his ancestral estates in Austria a young and wealthy nobleman who bore the sonorous name of Carl Alexander Graf von und zu Messelrode-Pfeiffenburg, only scion of a family of great antiquity and vast estates, as we verified in the Almanach de Gotha.

Having nothing to do except spend his income, this proud descendant of an ancient name gravitated to the Sport Club, where he soon found at the poker-table an unwontedly easy way of getting rid of his ready cash. Somebody introduced him to the Stümkes, however, and his passion for cards waned. He spent all his waking hours in the pursuit of Betzy, aided and abetted by her sister, and stoutly resisted by Phil and

the young lady herself. Frau Stümke, finding her plans often checkmated, played a master card by retreating to Nuremberg with Betzy, where she was followed by the count, whose loss was truly mourned by the poker and skat brigade of the Sport Club.

Not to be outdone, Phil moved over to Nuremberg, where he established himself at the Rother Hahn. He played a strong card, also, by letting Frau Stümke know casually, in the course of a private conversation, the extent of his personal means, which, while not equal to those of the count, were still sufficiently imposing, measured by German standards. The result was that, while still showing her preference for the count, she ceased to oppose Phil's intercourse with Betzy. Lieutenant Stümke took the part of the count, and arranged excursions and dinners to which Phil was not invited. Still he and Betzy managed to see each other every day, and with that they had perforce to be content.

Phil invited me over to Nuremberg early in May to stay as long as I could, so I arranged my laboratory work for an absence of four or five days and visited him. Phil told me all that I have related above and

said, "I want to marry Betzy, and I think she's willing. I haven't dared to ask her yet, and I couldn't marry her yet if she were willing. My father didn't believe in early marriages, and he left my money in charge of a trustee. If I marry without the trustee's consent before I am twenty-five, I lose three-quarters of my estate. Thank goodness, my birthday comes in a month, and then I can do as I like."

"But if Betzy cares for you as you think she does, she will wait," I said.

"That confounded count is bound to marry her, and he has Stümke on his side. Betzy isn't of age and can't marry without her father's consent, and he will do just as Stümke says. I am afraid they will try to force her to marry the count before I am free. If they wait until then, I'll get her to run away with me to London, and get a special license."

I advised him to consult Betzy in the matter, telling her to keep silent. Whether he did or not just then, I do not know, but after his next interview with her, he brightened up wonderfully. He told me that Betzy had advised him not to see her so much, and told him she would be a little more pleasant

to the count, in order to prolong matters. If her relatives should see the ice, apparently, beginning to melt, she thought there might be less disposition to force matters.

So Phil went back to Munich for a few days and left me in Nuremberg. As this was my first visit to the city, I spent my time doing the sights, and saturated myself deeply with the spirit of the middle ages. I discovered, however, that if one stays long in Nuremberg, he is apt to lose his perspective of German art, owing to the extraordinary space assigned by the Nurembergers to their forefathers and townsmen in its development. Even the Germanic Museum, designed to be wholly national, and only by accident located here, begins to be dominated by the Nuremberg spirit. Still, though Nuremberg art is not German art, the city has reason to be proud of its achievements.

Nuremberg has not the antiquity of Augsburg by more than a millennium. There is indeed a legend to the effect that the city was founded B. C. 12 by Tiberius Claudius Nero, later the Emperor Tiberius. While it stimulates the imagination to conceive of the massive rough stone Pentagonal Tower, which even in the middle ages was known

as "Alt-Nürnberg," as the sole remnant of a Roman castellum, the cold light of history gives us no right to do so. So we must give up the idea that Nuremberg takes its name from Nero.

The first historical mention of the city is in 1050, when it is named as an imperial property in a royal warrant. As numerous towns in the city are named much earlier, and as in 1025 the Emperor Conrad II. camped at Mogeldorf, a village close by, the assumption is strong that no imperial castle existed at the earlier date.

In viewing the castle as it to-day crowns its hill, the unity of the architecture almost makes one regard it as a definite whole, planned and carried out at one time. It is, on the contrary, the creation of long centuries, and so far from being one building, comprises three separate parts, once the property of antagonistic owners. To the extreme east lies the square Luginsland, with its four perky turrets, which the Nurembergers built in 1377, "darumb dass man in des Markgrafen Purk möcht gesehen," "so that they might look into the Margrave's castle." Next to this comes the tall granary with its window-set roof. This was often

used as a stable on the occasion of imperial visits, and is therefore called the Kaiserstallung. Then comes the Pentagonal Tower, part of the original Burgraves' Castle, to which also belonged the Amtmann's Dwelling. The empty space between was created when this castle was destroyed in 1420.

This free space is protected on the side toward the deep moat by a wall. On this are shown the hoof-marks of the noted robber, Eppelein von Gailingen. This wicked knight lived in a stronghold not far away, from which he sallied forth to rob wayfarers and burn the homes of the people. He owned a wonderful steed, so swift that every pursuit was in vain, and he pursued his nefarious deeds in safety for a long time. Finally he fell into a trap and was brought in great triumph, heavily bound, to the castle, to die an ignominious death on the gallows-tree. He preserved a defiant bearing even to the foot of the scaffold, but then asked, as a last favour, to be allowed to say farewell to his loved steed. When the horse was brought, he begged to be set on its back once more. Bound and surrounded by his enemies in a courtyard with closed gates, there seemed no danger in this, so the bonds

about his ankles were cut, and he was placed in the stirrups with his hands still fastened behind his back.

He leaned forward on the horse's neck, as if to whisper a farewell, and gave the well-known word of command, at the same time driving his spurs in deep. The faithful animal responded nobly, and with a mighty leap reached the breastwork, the effort sinking his steel shoes into the stone. Then, rising in his stirrups, Eppelein shouted back to the amazed citizens, "The Nurembergers hang no man unless they have him," and disappeared from view. Rushing to the wall, they discovered that horse and man had survived the frightful plunge into the moat far below, and were just struggling out of the water. So Eppelein escaped and pursued his evil career for many years longer, but was finally smoked out of his castle and perished in its ruins.

The burgraves of this castle were, from 1191 on, the Hohenzollerns, and waged war for centuries with the city. Nuremberg was a free city and would brook no intermediary between it and the emperor. The citizens captured and destroyed the Hohenzollern castle in one of the periodical collisions, and

thereafter purchased its ruins. The nobles refused, though, to give up their alleged rights of sovereignty, and to their lasting hostility, continually marked by acts of open war, Nuremberg owes its strong fortifications.

On the west end of the rocky plateau stands the imperial castle, so often rebuilt that it shows little of its original appearance. The round Vestnerthurm, now capped with a roof similar to those of the round towers of the principal gates, and the Heidenthurm, with its plain hip roof, once had tall, peaked roofs with four turrets apiece, a far more picturesque finish.

At the foot of the Vestnerthurm stands the picturesque little well-house with the famous well. This remarkable provision for a siege dates back to the earliest years of the castle. It is hewn from the rock and is no less than three hundred and thirty-five feet deep. The bottom of this is connected by an underground passage with the Rathhaus.

Passing through the romantic gateway into the castle itself, we find in the courtyard the ivy-covered stump of the linden planted eight hundred years ago by the Em-

press Kunigunde, as a remembrance of a fortunate escape from death of her husband.

The most interesting things in the castle itself are the two chapels, one above the other. The lower was a mortuary chapel, while the upper was intended for the private devotions of the emperor. The lower is solid and heavy in its Romanesque architecture, while the upper in the same style is far more light and graceful. It is supported by four slender columns of yellow marble, three of which are monoliths, while the fourth is in two pieces and has a ring around its shaft. The popular legend is that the devil brought these columns from Italy on a bet that he could get them back before Father Cyrillus could say a mass. Angered to find himself defeated, he threw down the last column with such force that it broke.

The castle contains one collection sought with shudders by all visitors, the instruments of torture, including the famous Iron Maiden contained in the Pentagonal Tower.

Around the base of the castle the town grew up, at first not reaching the Pegnitz on account of the swampy nature of its banks. Its first fortification was a wall

crowned with wooden stakes, which was, however, strong enough to withstand a siege of two months in 1105, when the Emperor Henry IV. took refuge there from his unruly son. This was soon replaced by fortifications of stone, and again in 1127 the city withstood a two months' siege by the Emperor Lothar, who, however, entered in triumph three years later and gave the city to Bavaria. In 1138 it became a free city, and so continued until 1806.

The city was a special favourite of the German emperors. As early as 1219, Frederick II. gave it a very liberal charter and especial privileges "because it possesses neither vineyards nor ships and lies on a very barren soil." So its commerce speedily grew into importance, and its trade became a source of wealth to the city and burghers. It enjoyed the special favour of royalty and the Church, those two great creative and protective forces of the middle ages, and speedily developed a most determined body of burghers. These were the true defence of the town. They manned the walls against all attacks, and in all the embittered strife with the Hohenzollerns, who never ceased to regret their lapsed rule over the

castle, and again and again strove to reimpose it by force of arms, the city never failed to repulse the enemy.

In the first half of the twelfth century the city had so far outgrown its bounds as to find it necessary to build a new ring wall stretching across the Pegnitz, and still traceable in most of its extent. To this belongs the picturesque Henkersteg and other old towers still standing in the heart of the city. Again in the fourteenth century so many houses stood outside the walls, and the introduction of firearms had made so great a change in warfare, that new walls were erected where they stand to-day, although they were many times strengthened and rebuilt after this period.

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the most important period in the development of German municipal spirit, and during this time Nuremberg advanced to the position of one of the great cities of Germany. Then were laid the material foundations which enabled the city to so decorate itself with sacred and profane buildings as no other city of Germany could, and to develop the great artists and artisans who flourished there before and during the

Renaissance. The prosperity of the place is evident from the continual attacks on the city by envious nobles, and the happy condition of its burghers is apparent from the saying of Aeneas Sylvius: "The kings of Scotland might well wish to dwell as well as an ordinary citizen of Nuremberg."

Nuremberg's prosperity lasted until the Thirty Years' War, but after this came a period of decay. When the city became Bavarian, a hundred years ago, it experienced a renewed prosperity, and is now one of the important manufacturing centres of Europe. The progress of the city is continually modernizing its appearance, and a new spirit fills the air.

I have not the space to describe Nuremberg; this book would be none too big. I shall not even refer to its artists and their work; better critics than I have written volumes about them. Who goes to Nuremberg will find guide-books enough and exhaustive.

The city as a whole disappointed me. It is no longer a lovely relic preserved for study, but a bustling modern town carefully preserving such portions of its old-time appearance as are in situations not invaded

by the march of progress and unsuitable for factory sites. The loveliest view of the old walls and the castle, that from the Ludwigsthor, is spoiled by the intrusion of a collection of factory chimneys.

My fondest recollections of Nuremberg are of the old walls, within and without which I wandered day by day; the castle, which I never failed to visit once in each twenty-four hours; and the Germanic Museum, in which I have never failed to get lost, many times as I have visited it. There are rooms there which I have seen once and never been able to find again. It is truly a wonderful maze, but every room is so interesting that the loss of a few does not matter.

On the castle hill, my favourite viewpoint at sunset was the parapet of the Freiung, of old a sanctuary for any rascal who could escape there. Here I would sit and gaze over the wilderness of sharp peaked roofs, broken here and there by a tower, and melting into the haze made by the factory smoke of modern progress. The blue vapour of a thousand evening meals curled up from the chimneys, and from the narrow lanes came the mingled noises of a great city. As

the ruddy light faded in the west, and the lights twinkled from the garret windows, it was easy to go back in fancy through the centuries and hear the songs of Hans Sachs as he cobbled his shoes, or the martial tramp of the burghers hastening to the walls. So I would muse until a practical guard would bring me back to the present by reminding me that supper-time had come.

The other sights of Nuremberg I did not so much care for. The wonderful Gothic churches, the fountains, the old houses, the Bratwürstglöcklein, etc., I visited of course. I studied Albrecht Durer till I knew him by heart, a feat easily accomplished by mere observation of the book-shop windows, which never by any chance contain anything but reproductions of his work. I learned the Pegnitz from inflow to outflow. I wandered in all the little lanes and photographed right and left. But my heart ever went out and out to the mediæval picture of the castle and the sky-line of the walls.

One day I met by chance at the Deep Well an English artist with whom I wandered about a whole morning, and when I expressed my feelings in this way to him, he said, simply, " Go live in Rothenburg on the

Tauber; it is to Nuremberg what Nuremberg is to the rest of Europe." But I could not go to Rothenburg then, for my time was up and my work was waiting for me in Munich. So I bid Betzy farewell one morning, and that night was at my regular seat in the Café Luitpold.

Phil had gone back to Nuremberg and soon wrote that he was going to Rothenburg, as were the Stümkes. Betzy was going to paint there awhile, until after Whitsuntide and the festival, at least. Of this he gave a glowing description, and urged me not to miss it, all the more as the university would be closed for the holidays, and I could get away for three or four days as well as not.

I decided to go, and urged Stephens to invite the Hollistons to go also. So we went that evening and asked them. Mrs. Holliston declared it was the very place of all places which she wanted to visit, and so it was arranged. Then Josephine and Stephens went out for a walk, and Mrs. Holliston and I played cribbage for an hour. Then the two came back, and Josephine said, "Mother, we want to tell you something," but there she stopped, turned red, and could

say no more, and I saw my place was somewhere else. So I grasped Stephens by the hand in silent congratulation, and escaped to walk slowly home alone, and rather envy him for his good luck.

CHAPTER XV

ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

ON the Thursday before Whitsunday our party of four left Munich in the afternoon and spent the night at Nuremberg. Early the next morning, we took the train for Ansbach, where we changed to a branch road. A few miles up this we got off again at Steinach and changed to a narrow-gauge road, the baby train on which carried us puffing and shrieking up the valley of the Tauber. At the extreme end of this road, just on the edge of Württemberg, stands the town of Rothenburg, once a free city, though never counting more than eight thousand inhabitants.

The station stands half a mile from the town, and here we found Phil waiting for us. There were many arrivals, but Phil said he had good rooms reserved for us at the Stag, and so, after placing our luggage in the omnibus, we decided to walk ourselves.

The first question which I asked Phil was naturally as to Betzy. He said that his birthday was the next day, and that he then intended to ask Betzy to run away to London with him and marry him, as he was sure the Stümkes were planning a marriage with the count, to which Betzy's father would give his sanction when asked. Betzy, he knew, did not want to marry the count, and he felt equally sure that she would agree to his plan. I was not able to get much chance for private conversation, as the ladies began to ask questions about the town which we were approaching, and further conversation on the subject was deferred until a more favourable opportunity should offer.

We approached the town by means of the Röderthor, the principal gate. Once inside the outermost gate, we found ourselves in a little courtyard, across which we had to proceed diagonally to gain the bridge across the moat. This was part of the defensive plan, to prevent a direct rush from carrying both gates at one assault. The moat is now mostly turned into gardens, although one or two parts of it are preserved as ponds. The old drawbridge is replaced with a solid stone bridge, below which grows an orchard. The

charming little bastion on the walls to the left of the bridge is one of the most picturesque bits of the walls. We passed through the gate and down the Rödergasse. This led us under the Markusthurm, a relic of the earliest ring wall, into the heart of the old town. A continuation straight ahead leads to the market-place, but we turned off to the right to get more quickly to our hotel. After getting our rooms and disposing of our baggage, we decided to see the town, and spent the rest of the day in a survey of its picturesque and interesting buildings and streets.

The history of Rothenburg leads us farther back than that of Nuremberg, for it was originally a stronghold held by the Franks against the Suabians. As early as the beginning of the tenth century, it was the residence of the Frankish dukes. Later it was in the possession of the counts of Rothenburg, and when the race died out the Hohenstaufens came into possession. Here resided Frederick the Rich, who accompanied Barbarossa to Rome. In 1251 Conrad IV. pawned the city to the Hohenlohes, but it soon paid off the pledge itself.

Frederick Barbarossa made the city an

imperial possession, but not until a hundred years later, in 1274, was its freedom confirmed by Rudolf of Hapsburg. From this time on, the city enjoyed great prosperity. It added to its territory by purchasing the estates of impoverished nobles, which it let to its citizens. During the fourteenth century the walls, the double bridge over the Tauber, and the Jakobskirche were built. The great Burgomaster Heinrich Topler was the moving spirit in much of the town's progress, and after his death the territory belonging to Rothenburg was never increased.

The fifteenth century was one of storm. The prosperity of the town led to continual feuds with powerful neighbours, especially the Burgraves of Nuremberg and the Bishop of Würzburg. In 1415 the guilds and people rebelled against the oligarchy, but without permanent results. The town council continued to consist of patricians, who were even more haughty than in Augsburg and Nuremberg, as they would not descend to commerce of any kind.

In the sixteenth century the humanistic movement found fertile ground here. The monks of various orders had abused their

rights and lived in continual strife with the people; the Dominican nuns scandalized the people, who strove vainly to hold them to their vows of seclusion. The preaching of the Reformation began here in 1519, and in 1525 the city was the centre of the Franconian Peasant War, which saw its bloody end in the market-place of Rothenburg. The old order triumphed, and it was not until the young patricians, who had sat under the teaching of Luther and Melancthon in the University of Wittenberg, came into power that the Reformation was introduced here in 1544.

About this time was Rothenburg's high tide of prosperity. The city could not grow beyond a certain size because of its lack of commerce. It suffered in the war of the Franconian cities against Albrecht Alcibiades, but the heaviest stroke was dealt by the Thirty Years' War. In 1631, the affairs of the League were going badly. Gustavus Adolphus had penetrated as far south as Würzburg, and Tilly was forced back into Southern Bavaria. Rothenburg opened its gates to a Swedish force under Colonel von Usslar, and was garrisoned by sixty horsemen under Cornet von Rinkenberg.

The town at this time had a population of six thousand. Because of its situation on an isolated ridge partly surrounded by the deep valley of the Tauber, and its strong wall well furnished with towers, it was a very defensible place. The citizens were trained to arms and well equipped with arms and munitions, and in addition good Protestants, glad to emphasize their independence of both spiritual and temporal authorities. The dependencies of the town comprised one hundred and seventy-six villages, and its adhesion to the Protestant cause was a source of great concern to Tilly.

After he had received reinforcements from Alsace under Ossa to the extent of fourteen thousand men, and thereby become numerically superior to the Swedes, he attempted an expedition against Rothenburg. General Ossa therefore received orders to capture the town at all hazards, and his advance-guard appeared before the city on the 28th of October, 1631. The first attack was made on the land side, where the walls, then as now, were surrounded by gardens and orchards, in which the imperial troops entrenched themselves. The burghers were confident of the strength of their walls and

defiantly refused Ossa's demand for a surrender. Ossa surveyed the walls, and decided that the Kummereckthurm, at the northeast corner, where the walls made a right angle, was the weakest spot. So on the next morning at the break of dawn a battery of six heavy cannon began to batter down the walls at this point. The light artillery in the towers could make no effective reply, and after twenty-four hours a breach was effected. Time after time the imperial troops delivered assaults, only to be driven back at each attempt. Meanwhile fresh troops continually arrived, until Tilly and his whole army of more than forty thousand men were on the field. Tilly repeatedly demanded the surrender of the town, threatening it with the fate of Magdeburg, but the burghers stood fast, hoping for the arrival of Gustavus Adolphus to rescue them.

So Tilly brought up new batteries and renewed the assault on every side of the town. The burghers made desperate resistance, more than once repulsing attacks after the stormers had gained portions of the walls, and held out all day, but at evening a terrible detonation resounded, and it soon became known that a bomb had exploded the

powder-magazine. Still the burghers continued to fight hand to hand with the ever increasing multitudes of stormers, but the Swedish garrison saw the impossibility of successful resistance and hung out the white flag from the Galgenthurm.

Tilly refused to treat. He allowed the Swedes to march out and off, but required unconditional surrender from the town, and marched in at the head of his generals. Women and children clung to his stirrups in the market-place, begging for mercy and protection against the troops, who were already burning and plundering. Tilly refused to listen to them, took possession of the Rathhaus, and summoned the council before him. Them he sentenced to death by the hangman for their valiant resistance. The wives and daughters, who had crowded in, begged so pitifully for mercy that Tilly finally ordered that four be selected by lot for death. The entire council refused this decision, saying that they would live or die together.

Meanwhile the daughter of the town cellarer had brought forth the town "Humpe," a glass drinking-vessel used on state occasions, and filled it with generous wine. Tilly

and his seven generals were hot and thirsty with their thirty hours of fighting, and drank deeply. Still, after the cup had passed around twice, it was not emptied.

"This does little honour to you as drinkers, my generals," said Tilly, "that you have made so little impression on this cup of the council of Rothenburg. I wager that at the town banquets it was better punished." Then turning to the council, he added, "What say you, councillors of Rothenburg? If there be one among you that can empty yonder goblet at a draught, I will grant life to the town's council and mercy to its inhabitants."

The councillors looked aghast at each other, as well they might, for the mighty vessel holds thirteen Bavarian schoppens, about three quarts. None ventured to speak for awhile, but finally George Nusch, a former burgomaster, attempted the task. The beaker was filled to the brim and, putting it to his lips, he drank and drank and drank. Finally he emptied the vessel to the last drop and fell senseless into the arms of the bystanders. He soon recovered, and history relates that he was uninjured by his mighty draught.

Amazed by this feat, Tilly kept his word

and spared the lives of all the inhabitants, but exacted a heavy money payment from the town, and delivered it to the soldiers for a week for pillage, in which they committed such excesses that the town never recovered from the blow.

In 1645 the city was bombarded by Turenne, and again in 1688 by the French under Feuquières. These repeated blows, coupled with a rotten government, which misused the town's funds for its own advantage, prevented any progress or recovery, and the city remained dead until our times. Meanwhile it was given to Bavaria in 1806 and half its territory annexed to Württemberg.

Not until the seventies of the last century did any spirit of enterprise stir the town, but then the citizens awoke to the attractiveness of the place to tourists, and sought for ways to attract visitors. The result was the institution of an annual historical pageant and play, depicting the siege and the capture of the town, the Master Draught and Tilly's camp. This is given on Whitmonday, and more than eight hundred people, dressed and equipped with historical exactitude, take part each year. This event draws a multitude of visitors from near and far.

The scenic beauty of Rothenburg has also gained renown, especially in America, whence come the majority of foreign visitors, and the town is a favourite resort of artists. In the summer, it is impossible to walk about in the streets without being confronted by an easel or a tripod at every turn.

In the completeness of its picture of a mediæval town, Rothenburg has no peer in Europe. Its ring wall is complete and still defensible, according to the military standards of the time when it was constructed. It is guarded by twenty-eight towers, besides several of the earlier walls still standing inside the town. When to these are added the towers of the churches and the Rathhaus, the result is a sky-line as picturesque as that of Carcassonne or San Gimignano.

Within the walls still stands the mediæval town. There are no modern buildings there. All repairs or new buildings must be carried out under the direction of a building commission, and in harmony with the surrounding structures. Thus the artistic picture is destined to be lasting, assuring a permanent prosperity from tourist visits. Every street and building in the town is

interesting, but the casual visitor will find his interests chiefly inside the old walls and about the Hospital.

The centre of interest of the town is the market-place, in times past the scene of all great events in its history. Here German emperors, foreign kings, conquering generals, all have held triumphal entry. Here also was the place of execution; more than once the place has been drenched with blood, as when the Peasant War came to a gory end.

The most imposing building is the Rathhaus, built in 1572 and embellished with a colonnade in 1681. This great structure was paid for out of its treasury by the town at a time when it had just been saddled with a war-tax of eighty thousand guldens. The building contains an interesting hall, the fine effect of which is usually spoiled by the properties of the Festival Play, which are stored here. In the inner court is a beautiful Renaissance doorway, so often photographed from one spot that it is to be feared that the iron points of the tripods will in time wear holes through the stone pavement.

The great hall was the scene every year of the election of town officers by the council.

This took place three hours before dawn on the 1st of May. It contains several interesting antiquities, including weapons and imperial flags.

Under the floor of the archive chamber a small winding stair leads to the torture chamber and dungeons. The Iron Maiden which once stood here is long since removed, and only a few instruments of torture remain. The dungeons are absolutely black and airtight, and most horrible places. Here died Rothenburg's greatest man, Heinrich Topler, by poison, after his friends had tried in vain to drive a tunnel to his cell. Here criminals died by the sword until 1804, after which Bavaria took away the city's rights of justice.

After the Rathhaus, the most interesting building in the town is the Jakobskirche. This imposing structure stands on the site of a pilgrimage chapel, where once was worshipped a crystal vial containing some drops of the blood of Christ, now on the blood altar of the church. The building was begun in 1373 and finished in 1436, in which year Abbot Ulrich of Heilsbronn asked who had endowed so noble a building, and received the proud answer, that "it has been

built and bettered from gift and counsel and help and alms of our own burghers, as the custom is in the land." The building is one of the masterpieces of the Franconian Gothic. It has a three-aisled nave supported by twelve finely decorated clustered columns, and is externally and internally richly decorated.

The choir offers an interesting view of the interior of the church, and is historically noteworthy as the place where Florian Geyer, on the 15th of March, 1525, read the articles of association of the Peasant League to the assembled burghers and invited them to join in the Peasant War. The choir is supported on arches, under which the Klingengasse, one of the principal streets of the town, passes. On the roof of this tunnel is an indelible dark spot which, according to the legend, is a human soul irretrievably damned.

It appears that the people of Rothenburg never had much fear of the devil, because one day, while in an angry mood, he attempted to destroy a chapel in the valley below with a mighty boulder. An old woman, seeing the danger, taunted his satanic Majesty on his lack of strength, and

so angered him that he exerted all his might and landed the rock fully a league beyond the chapel, where it may still be seen in the woods. Ashamed, he disappeared, and was supposed to have lost his power over the region.

Happening by one day, he discovered this scorn of the burghers, and determined to make a striking display of his power. So, on a Sunday, as a peasant passed under the church and foolishly uttered a flood of profanity, the devil appeared before him and dashed him to pieces on the vaulting. His mangled body fell back to earth, but the lost soul remained fixed on the stone, a brown spot with black markings, where it remains to this day as a warning.

On the south side of the roof is the reclining figure of a man, of which the following story is told: When the church was finished it was decided to adorn it with the two towers which still stand. The master builder erected one himself and entrusted the construction of the other to a young architect. The latter finished his tower first, and produced a far more graceful and beautiful work than the master, who was so overcome with envy and rage that he leaped from his

scaffold and perished. The young man then carved his statue on the roof as a memorial of the incident.

One of the chapels inside the church contains the tomb of the great burgomaster Heinrich Topler, who died in 1408. The arms on his tomb are two dice, explained by the legend as assumed because he cast dice for the city with the Burgrave of Nuremberg, and won.

After visiting the Jakobskirche, the sexton led us through a short lane and across the Herrengasse to the Franciscan church, now belonging to the same foundation. This was formerly the church of a monastery founded in 1281 by monks from Hall. It is an early Gothic structure, and contains many interesting monuments and pictures.

From here it was only a step to the Burgthurm. This high tower is guarded day and night by a fire-watch, and can be ascended by a series of crazy stairs and ladders, which creak ominously under the visitor's steps. The climb is well worth the effort, as the finest view of the walls and towers of the city is to be had from here. North and south the walls stretch along the edge of the steep bluff overhanging the Tauber. Tower be-

yond tower, of all sorts of picturesque shapes, rise the old guardians of the wall. Close inside lift the sharp red-tiled roofs of the ancient high-gabled houses, dominated by the stately churches and the town hall. Outside the walls are orchards and gardens, and then the fertile plain, stretching away to the Franconian hills. Below winds the Tauber, a silver ribbon bordered by tall poplars, crossed by the curious double bridge, with two tiers of arches, as if first built too low and then raised; and lined with mills, many of which date from gray antiquity.

Reluctantly we descended and wandered about in the park, which now occupies the spur of hill which was the site of the ancient castle. Not even a ruin is left, except a fragment used as a tool-shed, but the park offers many wonderful views of the picturesque roof-lines of the town. Below us in the valley we can easily see the charming little Kaiserstuhl or Toplerschlösschen, a little square castle with projecting upper stories, and a romantic stone bridge of two arches leading to it. It would seem to be an eminently defensible place. It was built in 1389 by the great Burgomaster Topler, and he often entertained there his friend, the

Emperor Wenzel. Near this castle stands the gray Bronnenmühle, where a pump erected in the fifteenth century still forces water up to the top of the Klingenthurm, whence it feeds the fountains of the town.

South of the Burg and just above the double bridge is the hill known as the Essigkrug or Vinegar Jug. Here Pluvemund, Duke of the Franks, built him a fort, and when it was done, said, "I have given the Suabians a jug here that will set their teeth on edge." At its foot is the little Gothic Kobeltzeller Church, built in 1472. It contains a double spiral staircase, which two persons can ascend at once without seeing each other.

The whole region about this church was once a place of pilgrimage, because travellers returning from the Holy Land stated that it was exactly similar to Jerusalem in the contour of hills and vales, and built there replicas of some of the holy places. These have long since disappeared, however.

From the castle we wandered north outside the walls, above the valley, ever finding new and pleasing view-points, until we came to the graceful Klingenthurm, with its termination of projecting turrets. Inside the

gate is a picturesque wooden staircase leading to the ramparts. Ascending this, we reached the top of the wall and found ourselves in a stone-floored passage, roofed over, and open only on the town side. The outer wall was pierced with loopholes every few feet, and here the defenders, well protected themselves, could fire unseen on the enemy outside. The steep tiled roof with which the ramparts were covered rendered scaling-ladders useless. If an enemy did get to the top, the defenders were still protected from him, and, galled by fire from the towers, he had the option of going back whence he came, or of dropping forty feet to the stone-paved street beneath. A successful assault could be made only after the wall was completely battered down.

This passage we followed nearly around the town. At times it opened out into a good-sized room at a tower, but was in most places about four feet wide. As the town is least interesting on this side, we finally descended at the Röderthurm, and made our way through the streets to the southern end of the ancient town, where stands on one side the Johanniskirche, once a chapel of the Knights of St. John, and on the other the

house of the Burgomaster Nusch, the hero of the Master Draught.

Not far beyond here we passed through the romantic Kobeltzellerthor, the most picturesque of all the city gates, and then outside the walls to the Spitalbastei at the extreme end of the town. This bastion is a tremendously strong fortification. The walls are five feet thick, and cannon still glare from the ports. Inside, the ramparts are wide enough for a carriage to pass through. Passing through the gate, which bears the hospitable motto, —

> "Pax intrantibus,
> Salus exeuntibus," —

we find inside no less than seven walls, each formerly guarded by a heavy door or a grated portcullis. This series of defences was formerly completed by a tower, which was burned by Tilly.

Just inside the gate are the buildings of the Hospital. This is partly devoted to charitable uses, partly to a series of studios. In the midst of the court is the interesting House of the Hegereiter, with its picturesque round tower. This was formerly the home of an official whose weekly duty it was

to ride the bounds of Rothenburg's two hundred and fifty square miles of territory, and see that all the towers and outposts were in a defensible state. After a look into the Hospital Church we came out into the street called the Kappenzipfel (cap-tassel) in popular phrase. It appears that the burghers once begged the emperor to allow them to extend the walls to include the Hospital, and that he finally granted the request with the words, "Since your city now has the shape of a nightcap, you can take this for the tassel."

A little farther on, close to the walls, is the old Rossmühle, a mill erected to grind meal during sieges, and requiring sixteen horses to drive it. The machinery is long since gone, and the building now serves as a gymnasium. From here it was only a step to our hotel, and after our long excursion around the town, we were well satisfied to spend the evening quietly reading up for the Festival Play on Monday.

Sunday morning we wandered about a little in the picturesque streets, already thronged with sightseers come for the play, though still but a fraction of the thirty thousand who would be here on the morrow,

and then attended services in the Jakobskirche. In the afternoon we all went for a long walk in the Tauber valley and stopped on the way for Phil and Betzy. The latter had for once been able to escape the attentions of the count, who had gone to Würzburg on some mysterious errand. Phil announced that it was his birthday, and that he was at last free from guardianship. To celebrate, he had provided two immense baskets of refreshments for a picnic, and engaged two sturdy youths to bear them after us. We found a delightful spot in the orchard of a farmhouse across the Tauber, about a mile from the town, and dismissed our porters, telling them to come for the baskets the next morning. The lunch was left in the farmhouse, and we walked farther afield, naming six o'clock as the time for the rendezvous.

Phil and Betzy seemed inclined to loiter, so the rest of us soon lost sight of them, and strolled on, leaving them to their own devices. We saw no more of them, and, when we got back to our picnic place at six, they were not to be seen. It was not until the cloth was laid on a borrowed table, and all was ready for the repast, that they appeared, arm in arm.

Then we sat down to our supper and ate in the long rays of the declining sun. The drinkables had been laid in a brook to cool, and everything went well. Finally Phil went to the brook and came back with a large bottle of champagne, a surprise to the rest of us. He opened and poured it, and then Stephens jumped up and said: "We are here to celebrate the birthday of our good friend Phil. Let us drink a bumper to his health and good fortune."

As we rose, Phil said: "If that is the toast, for which I thank you all from the bottom of my heart, you must know what my good fortune is. Let us drink also to the health of Betzy, my affianced wife."

"And shiver the glasses!" said Stephens, and so it was done. Then we all congratulated both of them most heartily, and asked when the wedding was to be. That made Phil look grave.

"I think we shall have to make a runaway match of it," he said. "Betzy's father will be here to-morrow, and the count has gone to Würzburg to meet him. If he asks for Betzy's hand, he will have the support of the Stümkes, and, as Betzy is not of age, her father can force her to marry him. I shall

ask her father for Betzy to-morrow, and, if he refuses, I will marry her in spite of him."

Evidently he did not wish to further reveal his plans, for we could not get anything definite out of him, and so the conversation gradually drifted to other subjects. We sat in the orchard in the sunset and gazed on the glowing roofs of the old city on the height above us, then watched the red glare fade into cold gray and brighten again into the silver of full moonlight. It was late when we toiled up the steep road to the dark town and reached our hotel, wondering what the morrow would bring forth.

Whitmonday dawned fair and bright to the rattle of drums, the blare of trumpets, and the tramp of marching men. The streets were full of swaggering soldiers attired in the picturesque garb of the seventeenth century, on their way to man the gates and walls. Tilly's army was already approaching the town, and soon camped in the fields outside, much hampered by crowds of curious sightseers. The siege was opened in due form. A battery of heavy guns began to boom forth, and from the walls the rattle of musketry replied. The battle raged for some time, but finally a white flag hung out from

the Galgenthurm, and the imperial troops entered the city and took over the gates.

Then came the entry into the market-place, followed by the Festival Play in the Rathhaus, on the lines of the story as told above. After this was finished, the characters, to the number of eight hundred, streamed forth to the camp outside the walls, where the better part of the night was spent in feast and revelry.

Phil flitted around all day like an uneasy spirit. Betzy's father had arrived, accompanied by the count, and was present at the play with the Stümkes. After that they disappeared, and were not to be found around the Stag, where they had rooms as well as we. Finally Phil discovered from a waiter that they were dining in a private parlour, and a little while later a chambermaid approached him as he was going to his room. After a whispered communication and the exchange of something which I did not see, she departed, and Phil came back to me.

"What shall I do?" he said. "Betzy's father announced at dinner that he had consented to her engagement to the count. She made a scene and declared she would not marry him. Her father said that she should,

and furthermore, that he would take her home with him to-morrow and keep her there until the wedding. She broke down, and went to her room and locked herself in. Then she sent me a note by the chambermaid, and wants me to help her. She is willing to run away with me, I am sure."

"There are lots of special trains to Würzburg to-night, taking the crowd away," I said. "When you get there, you can get an express to Cologne, and be out of Germany before morning, and in London in time to be married to-morrow. You get Betzy and disappear, and I'll have your luggage sent after you."

So Phil found his chambermaid, and sent a note to Betzy, asking her to get the maid to smuggle her out the back way, and meet him in the alley back of the hotel and under the city wall as soon as possible. Five minutes later, as we paced along by the wall, the two women appeared. The chambermaid was given the key to Betzy's room, and a bank-note secured her promise to report that Betzy had locked herself in in a fit of temper, and had cried herself to sleep.

Meanwhile I had found a cab in the Her-

rengasse, and we were soon at the station, just in time to catch a crowded express for Würzburg. I wished them "Bon voyage," and went back to the hotel. When I got there, and went to my room, I found the chambermaid hovering in the corridor. She told me that Herr Edelstam had come up to see his daughter, and had knocked in vain at her door. She had happened along and assured him that Betzy would not even let her in to prepare the room for the night, and had cried herself to sleep in a fit of temper. The old gentleman fumed awhile, but finally went away muttering that he would cure her temper in the morning, entirely unsuspicious that she was not there.

I did not dare to let my friends into the secret, and went to bed in a fever of excitement which kept me awake most of the night. Early in the morning the waiter brought me a telegram from Cologne, and at breakfast-time another from the Belgian frontier, so that I knew the fugitives were safely beyond the reach of the German police. Soon after breakfast Herr Edelstam became suspicious of the obstinate silence which surrounded his daughter's room, and insisted on having the door opened with a pass-key.

When he found that she was gone, his rage knew no bounds.

He immediately sent for the police, who questioned all the servants, but discovered nothing. Then he began telegraphing to the frontier to have the fugitives stopped, for Phil's absence was soon known. He stormed about all afternoon, but in the evening, when he got a telegram from his daughter, dated London, and saying simply, "Ich bin geheiratet," "I am married," his anger cooled off, and he wrote her a letter, telling her to come back and be forgiven. Presumably he had heard from the Stümkes that Phil was not a poor man, and made up his mind to accept the situation. As the newly married pair refused to come back, he went to London and formally forgave them there.

I did not know this for some time, for I was on my way back to Munich before Betzy was known to be gone. My holiday was over and I had to get back to my laboratory, for the term was growing short, and I had much yet to do. As it proved, this was my last trip away from Munich, and my last experience of Bavarian inns.

THE END.

INDEX

Absam, 109, 134.
Ache, 62.
Achenkirchen, 139.
Achen Pass, 140.
Achensee, 117, 133, 134, 136-139.
Adalbert of Tegernsee, 143.
Adelaide, Duchess of Savoy, 35.
Adriatic, 35.
Albrecht III., Duke, 118, 273, 274, 276.
Albrecht IV., Duke, 26.
Albrecht Alcibiades, 304.
Allgauer Mountains, 33.
All Saints Day, 208.
Alpenstocks, 70.
Alps, 30, 32, 57, 117, 127, 151, 152, 165, 265, 267.
Alpsee, 46, 52, 54.
Alpspitze, 78.
Amati, Nicolo, 109.
Amberger, Christoph, 132.
Ambras, Castle, 274.
Ammergau, 83, 86.
Ammersee, 117, 283.
Ammer Valley, 85, 99.
Amper, 249, 251.
Anna, Princess of Brunswick, 275.
Ansbach, 300.
Arnulph, Duke, 144.
Arthur of the Table Round, 131.
Asam, Hans Georg, 148.
Aschbacher, Anton, 138.
Attila, 266.
Auf dem Fern, 58.
Augsburg, 26, 59, 84, 99, 108, 131, 179, 196, 264-282, 287, 303.
  Fuggerei, 282.
  Fugger House, 279.
  Golden Hall, 281.
  Hotel Three Moors, 264, 282.
  Jakoberstrasse, 281.
  Jakober Vorstadt, 281, 282.
  Maximilianstrasse, 281.
  Perlach Tower, 281.
  Rathhaus, 281.
  St. Ulrich, 266, 281.
Augsburg Confession, 278.
Augsburg Interim, 278.
Augsburg, Peace of, 278.
Augstgau, 267.
Augusta Vindelicorum, 84, 265.
Augustus Cæsar, 265, 273, 282.
Austria, 59, 65, 99, 120, 133, 135, 136.
Avars, 267.

Badersee, 100, 101, 103.
  Badersee Hotel, 102.
Balthasar, 220.
Balthes von Kochel, 120.
Barmsee, 105.
Beer, 18.
Beer-duels, 20.

Index

Benedictines, 29, 85, 86, 91, 137, 143, 157.
Benediktbeuern, 110, 120.
Benediktenwand, 32, 117.
Berchtesgaden, 94, 164. 165, 166.
Berg, Castle, 33, 34.
Berg Isel, 133.
Berlin, 18, 235.
Bernauer, Agnes, 273, 274.
Bernhard, Abbot of Tegernsee, 148.
Bernried, 37, 38.
Bertha, 48-50.
Berzenkopf, 50.
Biessenhofen, 43.
Bismarck, 33.
Böcklin, 104.
Bologna, 277.
Bozen, 107, 108, 109.
Brandenburg, Margrave of, 277.
Braun, Julius, 33.
Breitenwang, 61.
Brenner Pass, 272.
Brixlegg, 89.
Brzesnitz, 273.
Bucintoro, 35.
Burgau, Margrave of, 274.

Cajetan, 277.
Carnival, 218-248.
Caspar, 220.
Cemeteries, 208.
Charlemagne, 48, 50, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 267.
Charles I. of Spain, 271.
Charles V., Emperor, 56, 271, 277, 278.
Chiemsee, 31, 152-158.
Christ-child, 220.
Christmas, 210.
Claude Lorrain, 27.
Claudia di Medici, Archduchess, 123.
Cologne, 220, 325, 326.
Conrad II., Emperor, 288.
Conrad IV., 302.
Conradin, Emperor, 47.
Conradshöhe, 28, 29.
Constance, Lake of, 268.
Constantinople, 33.
Cremona, 109, 134, 135.

Dachauer Moos, 249.
Daisenberger, Pastor, 92.
Dance of Death, 61.
Danube, 134, 275, 276.
Dedler, Rochus, 92.
Detten, Clara von, 273.
Dialect, 25, 105, 252.
Dietrich von Bern, 266.
Diets, 273, 277, 278, 279.
Dominicans, 304.
Drahn, 126.
Drechsel, Count von, 149.
Dreithorspitze, 78, 79.
Drusus, 265.
Dürer, Albrecht, 297.

Eberhard II., Abbot of Tegernsee, 146.
Ebers, George, 37.
Eckbauer, 76, 81.
Ehrenburger Klause, 56.
Eibsee, 100, 102.
Eisbach, 168.
Eiskapelle, 170.
Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, 35.
Ernst, Duke of Bavaria, 275, 276.
Eschenbach, Wolfram von, 52.
Eschenlohe, 89.
Esting, 251, 253, 260, 262.
Ettal, 85, 92, 110.
Ettalberg, 83, 84, 86, 89, 93.

Farchant, 101.
Fasching, 226, 227, 231.
Feldafing, 33, 36.
Ferchenbach, 78.
Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, 273, 274.
Ferdinand I., Emperor, 273.

Fernpass, 44, 53, 56, 59, 60, 65, 272.
Fernstein, 59.
Ferry, Wire-rope, 22.
Festival Play at Rothenburg, 309, 311, 320, 323, 324.
Feuquières, 309.
Field of Death, 270.
Field of the Ravens, 267.
Fishers' Inn, 29.
Frankfort-on-the-Main, 110.
Franks, 267, 302, 317.
Frauenalple, 78.
Fraueninsel, 156, 157.
Linden Inn, 156.
Frauenwörth, 153, 157.
Frederick Barbarossa, 100, 147, 158, 302.
Frederick, Count of Tyrol, 130.
Frederick the Victorious, Elector, 273.
Frederick the Rich, 302.
Frederick II., Emperor, 293.
Freilassing, 158.
Freising, 48.
Froumund, 145.
Fugger, Hans Jakob, 282.
Fugger, Markus, 282.
Fuggers, 271, 272.
Fürstenhaus, 137.
Fürstenstrasse, 54.
Füssen, 42, 43, 44, 45, 54.
Spitalkapelle, 45.

Gaëta, Thomas de Vio von, 277.
Gailingen, Eppelein von, 289.
Gaisberg, 152.
Garatshausen, 36, 38.
Garmisch, 65, 101.
Gartnerwand, 57.
Geyer, Florian, 313.
Gisila, 120.
Gmund, 151.
Godl, Stephan, 132.
Golden Horn, 33.
Gosbert, Abbot of Tegernsee, 145.
Goths, 267.
Graswang, 95.
Graswangthal, 95.
Gregory II., Abbot of Tegernsee, 148.
Griesen, 65.
Grosshesselohe, 17, 21.
Grünwald, Castle, 24, 26.
Schlosswirt, 24.
Hohlgasse, 28.
Gudden, Dr., 34.
Guelphs, 47.
Gustavus Adolphus, 304, 306.

Haberfeldtreiben, 160.
Hackelwand, 170.
Hall, 134, 315.
Hammersbach, 101, 103.
Hanns, 148.
Haspinger, Joachim, 131.
Heilsbronn, 312.
Heimgarten, 118, 119.
Heiterwang, 57.
Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria, 100.
Henry II., Duke of Bavaria, 145.
Henry IV., Emperor, 293.
Herrenchiemsee, 153, 154.
Herrenwörth, 153.
Herzogstand, 32, 117, 119.
Hofer, Andreas, 131, 133.
Hohenlohes, 302.
Hohenschwangau, 45, 50, 51, 52, 53, 277.
Castle, 46.
Hotel Schwegerle zur Alpenrose, 45, 52, 53.
Liesl Inn, 45.
Hohenstaufens, 47, 302.
Hohenzollerns, 290, 293.
Hollauer von Hohenfelsen, 128.
Höllenthalklammbrücke, 103.
Höllriegelskreuth, 28.
Holzkirchen, 151.

Hopfensee, 53.
Huchen fishing, 249-263.
Huns, 120, 144, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270.

Inn, 58, 59, 117, 122, 126, 127, 129, 134, 137, 152.
Innsbruck, 56, 128, 129, 130, 131, 133, 274.
Golden Roof, 129.
Hofgarten, 133.
Hofkirche, 130.
Hotel Kreid, 129.
Irmengard, 157.
Isar, 16, 17, 21, 23, 26, 28, 29, 105, 114, 116, 123, 126.
Isarthal, 17-30, 283.
Italy, 44, 58, 61, 99, 100, 108, 109, 134, 266, 271, 272, 292.

Jenbach, 133, 136.
Jochberg, 117.
Jocheralm, 32.
Johann von Baychenbach, 148.
Jugend, 52.

Kaiderach, 65.
Kainzenbad, 81, 82, 105.
Karl Theodor, Duke of Bavaria, 140, 149.
Karwendel, 105, 107, 115, 117.
Karwendelgebirge, 32, 78, 117, 135.
Kaspar, Abbot of Tegernsee, 148.
Kesselberg, 118, 119.
Klais, 105.
Klotz, Matthias, 108, 109.
Kneipes, 20.
Knorr Hut, 67.
Kochel, 119, 120.
Orterer Hotel, 119.
Kochelnixie, 119.
Kochelsee, 32, 114, 116, 117, 118, 119.
Königssee, 115, 136, 167-171.
Schiffmeister Inn, 171.
Konrad V., Abbot of Tegernsee, 148.
Kramer, 78.
Krautinsel, 153.
Kreuth, 140, 141.
Krottenkopf, 78.
Kuhflucht, 100.
Kunigunde, Empress, 292.

Lac d'Oo, 170.
Lähn, 57.
Lake dwellings, 36, 105.
League, 304.
Lech, 43, 45, 51, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 62, 265, 266, 267, 269, 280.
Lechfeld, 269.
Leipzig, 110, 179.
Leoni, 30, 33.
Lermoos, 57, 58, 65.
Leutaschklamm, 124.
Linder Forsthaus, 95.
Linderhof, 64, 95, 100, 154.
Loisach, 29, 57, 65, 78, 83, 101.
London, 235, 286, 301, 325, 327.
Lothair, Emperor, 61.
Lothar II., Emperor, 270, 293.
Louis XIV., of France, 96, 154.
Loxan, Katharina von, 273.
Ludwig the Bavarian, Emperor, 26, 85.
Ludwig the German, King, 157.
Ludwig the Rich, 271.
Ludwig I., King of Bavaria, 29, 157.
Ludwig II., King of Bavaria, 33, 50, 52, 53, 95, 117, 153, 154.
Ludwigsinsel, 102, 103.
Luitpold, Prince Regent of Bavaria, 50, 118.
Luther, Martin, 276, 277, 278, 304.

Index

Maeterlinck, 198.
Magdeburg, 306.
Magyars, 267.
Maisach, 251, 252, 263.
Mangfall, 152.
Marie, Queen of the Two Sicilies, 35.
Marienbrücke, 51, 53.
Martinswand, 128.
Matriculation, 172.
Maurice, Elector of Saxony, 56, 59.
Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, 35.
Maximilian I., Emperor, 128, 130.
Maximilian I., King of Bavaria, 141, 149.
Maximilian II., King of Bavaria, 36, 48, 117.
Maximilianshöhle, 128.
Mechildis, Duchess, 26.
Melancthon, Philip, 278, 304.
Melchior, 220.
Messobrunn, 110.
Metellus, 145.
Meyerheim, Paul, 106.
Mittenwald, 89, 104, 105, 107, 108, 110, 112, 114, 121, 122, 123, 126.
  Post Inn, 106, 122.
Mogeldorf, 288.
Muhlbergersee, 53.
Mühlthal, 29.
Munich, 1-17, 40, 101, 116, 151, 172-248, 264, 282, 283, 284, 287, 298, 300, 327.
  American Reading Room, 40, 183, 236.
  Au, 177.
  Auer Dult, 177-183.
  Augustiner Restaurant, 214, 216, 238.
  Bavaria Statue, 187, 189.
  Bayerischer Hof, 237, 242.
  Bogenhausen, 17, 177.
  Briennerstrasse, 184.
  Café Controlor, 283.
  Café Hoftheater, 175, 218, 227.
  Café Kaiser Franz Joseph, 227.
  Café Leopold, 201, 235, 242, 251.
  Café Luitpold, 9, 186, 207, 212, 216, 225, 227, 246, 249, 262, 298.
  Café Neue Börse, 184, 186, 214, 217, 227.
  Café Peterhof, 207.
  Café Stephanie, 207, 241.
  Deutsches Theater, 221.
  Domhof, 6, 8, 237, 241.
  English Garden, 15, 16, 208, 227, 233, 235.
  Feldherrnhalle, 183.
  Friedrichstrasse, 19.
  Haidhausen, 224.
  Hall of Fame, 187.
  Herzogstrasse, 194, 196.
  Hofbräuhaus, 283.
  Hofgarten, 41, 208, 233.
  Hofstatt, 4, 194.
  Hoftheater, 243.
  Hohenzollernstrasse, 194, 207.
  Isarthalbahnhof, 17.
  Isarthor, 177.
  Karlsplatz, 3.
  Karlsthor, 3.
  Kaufingerstrasse, 42.
  Kleinhesselohe, 283.
  Kohleninsel, 177.
  Künstlerhaus, 283.
  Leopoldstrasse, 175, 193.
  Marienplatz, 191, 237.
  Maximilianeum, 17.
  Maximilianplatz, 186.
  Maximiliansanlage, 17.
  Maximilianstrasse, 15, 243, 244.
  Monopteros, 16, 233.
  Münchener Kindl Keller, 224.
  Neuhauserstrasse, 5, 214, 240.
  Nockherberg, 283.

Nymphenburg, 95, 283.
Odeon, 236.
Oktoberfest, 184-192.
Old Academy, 3, 177.
Ottostrasse, 249, 250.
Parade, 183, 208, 236, 237.
Park Hotel, 211.
Peace Monument, 16.
Prinz Regentenstrasse, 16.
Pschorrbräu, 186.
Rathskeller, 207.
Russian Tea House, 198.
Russischer Hof, 41, 209.
Salvator Beer, 283.
Schack Gallery, 104.
Schwabing, 8, 193, 235, 238, 241.
Siegesthor, 193, 242.
Stachus, 186.
State Library, 149, 174.
Thal, 177.
Theatinerkirche, 87, 236.
Theatinerstrasse, 40, 186.
Theresienwiese, 184, 186.
Ungererstrasse, 194.
Volksbad, 17.
Murnau, 84.

Nantwein, 30.
Napoleon, 90, 120, 279.
Napoleon III., 96.
Nassereit, 56, 58, 59.
Gasthaus zur Post, 59.
Nauheim, 213.
Nazihöhe, 30.
Neuschwanstein, 51, 52, 53, 154.
Nixies, 101, 119.
Nuremberg, 134, 208, 235, 265, 281, 283-299, 302, 303, 315.
Amtmann's Dwelling, 289.
Bratwürstglöcklein, 297.
Deep Well, 291, 297.
Freiung, 296.
Germanic Museum, 287, 296.
Heidenthurm, 291.
Henkersteg, 294.
Iron Maiden, 292.
Kaiserstallung, 289.
Ludwigsthor, 296.
Luginsland, 288.
Pentagonal Tower, 287, 289, 292.
Rathhaus, 291.
Rother Hahn, 285.
Vestnerthurm, 291.
Well-house, 291.
Nusch, George, 308, 319.

Oberammergau, 44, 53, 83, 88, 89, 91.
Alte Post, 88.
Oberau, 83.
Obergrainau, 103.
Obermeimingen, 59.
Obernach, 115.
Obersee, 170.
Odoacer, 266.
Olching, 251, 252, 260, 262, 263.
Ossa, General, 305, 306.
Othmar, Abbot of St. Gallen, 144.
Otkar, Duke of Burgundy, 144.
Otto II., Emperor, 145, 268, 269.
Otto of Wittelsbach, 100.

Partenkirchen, 53, 60, 65, 66, 67, 70, 81, 82, 83, 89, 98, 99, 100, 104, 105.
Gasthaus zur Post, 65, 66, 104.
Parthians, 99.
Partnach, 65, 66.
Partnachklamm, 71.
Passau, 278.
Passion Play, 84, 87, 88-94.
Peasant War, 304, 311, 313.
Pegnitz, 292, 294, 297.
Pepin the Little, 48, 49, 144.
Pertisau, 137.
Pfaffenwinkel, 29, 153.

Pflach, 54.
Pinzwang, 54.
Pirna, 179.
Plansee, 62, 63.
  Forelle Inn, 63.
Pluvemund, Duke of the Franks, 317.
Pöllat, 51, 53.
Porta Claudia, 123.
Possenhofen, 35, 36.
Prien, 152, 158.
Pullach, 22.

Quirinalia, 145.

Reformation, 276, 304.
Regenfried, 146.
Regensburg, 268, 270.
Reichenhall, Bad, 152, 158, 163, 164.
  Golden Stag, 165.
  Salt-works, 164.
Reinthal, 79, 80.
Reismühle, 49, 50.
Renaissance, 295, 311.
Reutte, 54, 55, 56, 59, 60, 61, 62, 67.
  Post Inn, 55.
Riffelspitze, 102.
Riffelwand, 102.
Rinkenberg, Cornet von, 304.
Roman Roads, 26, 28, 84, 99, 105, 108, 122.
Romulus Augustulus, 266.
Rosenheim, 151, 164.
Roseninsel, 36, 38.
Rosner, 91.
Rothenburg on the Tauber, 297, 298, 300-327.
  Bronnenmühle, 317.
  Burg, 317.
  Burgthurm, 315.
  Double Bridge, 303, 316.
  Essigkrug, 317.
  Franciscan Church, 315.
  Galgenthurm, 307, 324.
  Herrengasse, 315, 325.
  Hospital, 311, 319, 320.
  Hospital Church, 320.
  House of the Hegereiter, 319.
  Jakobskirche, 303, 312, 321.
  Johanniskirche, 318.
  Kaiserstuhl, 316.
  Kappenzipfel, 320.
  Klingengasse, 313.
  Klingenthurm, 317.
  Kobeltzeller church, 317.
  Kobeltzellerthor, 319.
  Kummereckthurm, 306.
  Market-place, 311.
  Markusthurm, 302.
  Master Draught, 308, 309, 319.
  Rathhaus, 307, 310, 311, 324.
  Rödergasse, 302.
  Röderthor, 301.
  Röderthurm, 318.
  Rossmühle, 320.
  Spitalbastei, 319.
  Stag Hotel, 300, 324.
  Toplerschlösschen, 316.
Rottmanshöhe, 33.
Rudolf of Hapsburg, Emperor, 26, 132, 302.
Rumford, Count, 15.
Ruotlieb, 145.
Rupert, Abbot of Tegernsee, 146.

Saalach, 158.
Sachs, Hans, 297.
St. Afra, 266.
St. Bartholomä, 167, 168.
St. Gallen, 144, 268.
St. Gallus, 44.
St. George, Rock of, 28.
St. Lawrence, 30.
St. Magnus, 44.
St. Quirin, 145, 146.
Saletalpe, 170.
Salmo hucho, 249.
Salt-works, 134, 152, 163, 164, 165.
Salzburg, 26, 91, 152, 165,

211, 212, 252.
Salzburg Alps, 158.
Salzkammergut, 94, 151.
Sassen, 116.
Saxony, Elector of, 277.
Schachenalp, 78.
Schäftlarn, 28, 29.
Scharnitz, 123, 125, 126, 272.
Schlehdorf, 110.
Schleissheim, 95.
Schliersee, 152, 156.
Scholastika, 138.
Hotel Messmer, 138.
Schrainbach Fall, 170.
Schwansee, 52.
Schwaz, 136, 137.
Seebruck, 152, 157.
Seefeld, 126, 127.
Seeshaupt, 37.
Seespitz, 136.
Seifried, Abbot of Tegernsee, 145.
Sendling, Battle of, 120.
Sennerin, 113.
Sesselschreiber, Gilg, 132.
Sigismund, Archduke, 107.
Sigismund, Emperor, 276.
Simssee, 152.
Sonnenspitz, 57.
Speckbacher, Joseph, 131.
Staffelsee, 117.
Stainer, Jakob, 109, 134, 135.
Starnberg, 32, 34, 37.
Starnbergersee, 30-39, 50, 116, 117, 142, 283.
Steinach, 300.
Steingaden, 110.
Steub, Dr., 138.
Straubing, 275, 276.
Student cards, 174.
Stuiben Falls, 55, 62.
Suabians, 302, 317.
Swedes, 120, 304, 305, 307.
Switzerland, 110, 268.
Sylvester, 212.
Sylvius, Æneas, 295.

Tacitus, 265.
Tauber, 298, 300, 303, 305, 315, 316, 321.
Tauern, 61.
Tegernsee, 117, 133, 141-151.
Hotel Steinmetz, 142, 151.
Thanksgiving, 209.
Theodoric the Ostrogoth, 56, 131, 266.
Thierhaupten, 269.
Thirty Years' War, 36, 56, 89, 123, 279, 295, 304.
Thompson, Benjamin, 15.
Thörlenwand, 103.
Three Kings, 218.
Tiberius, Emperor, 287.
Tilly, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 319, 323.
Todtenweis, 270.
Topler, Heinrich, 303, 312, 315, 316.
Torgau Articles, 278.
Tratzberg, 136.
Traunstein, 164.
Trent, Council of, 278.
Tunis, 272.
Turenne, 309.
Turks, 277.
Turnvereins, 133.
Tutzing, 36.
Twelfth Night, 218.
Tyrol, 44, 57, 59, 70, 89, 107, 108, 110, 117, 122, 123, 125, 130, 131, 134, 136, 274.

Ulrich, Bishop of Augsburg, 268.
Ulrich, Abbot of Heilsbronn, 312.
Untergrainau, 101.
House with the Beautiful View, 101.
Untersberg, 158, 159, 161, 162.
Urfeld, 117, 118.
Usslar, Colonel von, 304.

Venezuela, 271, 273.

Venice, 35, 99, 100, 107, 108, 134.
Verona, 84.
Versailles, 39, 95, 154.
Violin Making, 106-112, 134, 135.
Vischer, Peter, 131.
Vohburg, 275.
Vorder-Graseck, 76.
Vorder-Hohenschwangau, 51.

Walchensee, 114, 115, 117, 119, 136.
Walther von der Vogelweide, 147.
Wartburg, 51.
Washing, Annual, 196.
Watzmann, 168, 169, 170.
Waxenstein, 102.
Weihenstephan, 48.
Welf I. of Bavaria, 270.
Welser, Bartholomaeus, 271, 273.
Welser, Phillipine, 131, 273.
Wendelstein, 30, 152.
Wenzel, Emperor, 317.
Werinher, 146.
Wernher, 146.
Wertach, 265, 267, 280.
Westphalia, Peace of, 279.
Wetterschroffen, 57.
Wetterstein, 32, 57, 115.
Wettersteinwand, 78, 79, 117.
Whip cracking, 138.
Wildbad Kreuth, 140.
Wildsee, 127.
Wilhelm, Emperor, 273.
Wittelsbachs, 100.
Wittenburg, 277, 304.
Wolfratshausen, 29.
  Naziwirt, 30.
Würm, 31, 50, 116.
Würmsee, 31.
Würzburg, 303, 304, 321, 322, 325, 326.

Zinnenburg, Baroness von, 274.
Zirl, 127, 128.
  Star Inn, 127.
Zugspitze, 30, 32, 57, 65, 67-70, 78, 79, 95, 102, 117.

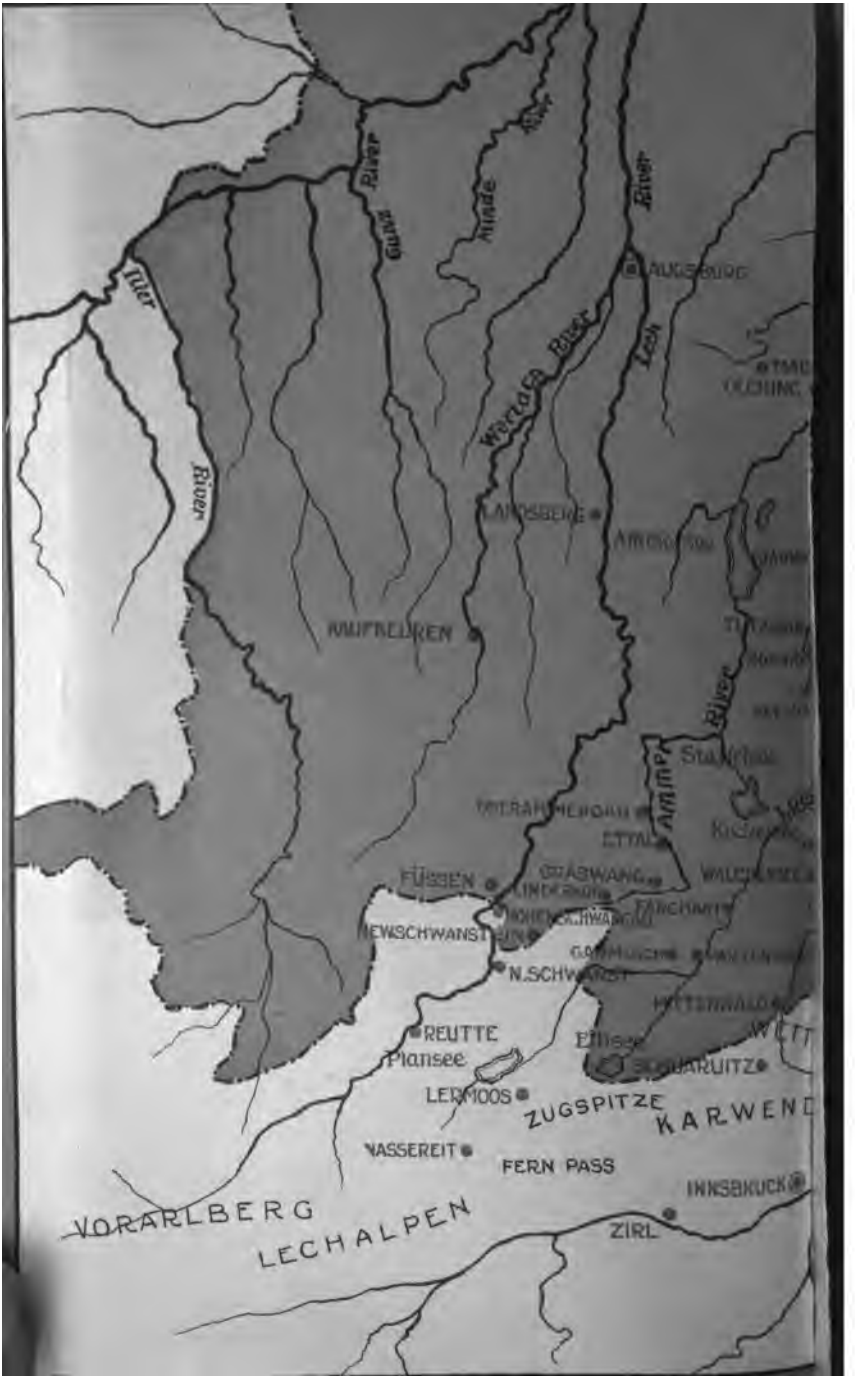
The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

*Non-receipt of overdue notices does **not exempt** the borrower from overdue fines.*

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413

WIDENER
SEP 1 1 2000
SEP 0 1 2000
BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve library collections at Harvard.


Iller
River
Iller
River
Wertach
River
Lech
River
Ammer
River
AUGSBURG
KAUFBEUREN
Füssen
GRASWANG
NEUSCHWANSTEIN
N.SCHWANGAU
REUTTE
Plansee
Eibsee
LERMOOS
ZUGSPITZE
KARWEND
WASSERAIT
FERN PASS
INNSBRUCK
ZIRL
VORARLBERG
LECHALPEN

This book should be returned to
on or before the last date

3 2044 055 329 148

This book should be returned to
on or before the last date